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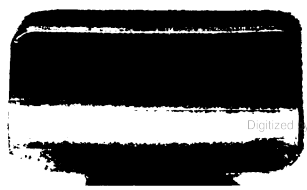
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# THE ILIAD OF HOMER

VOL. I.



THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R

TRANSLATED BY  
T. S. BRANDRETH ESQ.

VOL. I.



LONDON  
WILLIAM PICKERING  
1816



**LOAN STACK**

**C. WHITTINGHAM, CHISWICK.**



## PREFACE.



WITHOUT detracting from the merit of the many beautiful poems, which we possess as translations of Homer, it might be a sufficient apology for the present attempt to say, that there is none, which does not depart widely from the original. It may be thought, that a prose translation would present the most accurate representation; but I am not aware, that anything agreeable to read has been executed in this manner. As the original is in verse, it may be doubted, if any prose translation can preserve a good likeness; like a print, it may give the outline of a picture, but it is without the warmth and charm of colouring. Not only does no existing translation in verse give the letter, but it is the opinion of scholars, that none has succeeded in embodying the spirit. Probably that of Pope is still the best; it is certainly the most read; yet no one can avoid agreeing in the justice of Bentley's

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criticism, that though a pretty poem, it is not Homer. Being a poet himself, and as such, having his mind cast in a particular mould, he could see no beauties in Homer, which did not agree with his own notions; he is constantly aiming at improving his original; he rejects whatever he dislikes, and inserts whatever he thinks an embellishment. To do this with success, a greater than Homer is required; to many the gilding will appear tinsel, and a poor substitute for the solid metal. Two distinguished poets have endeavoured to remedy the defects of Pope. The translation of Sotheby is in rhyme, which brings it less into comparison with the present attempt. The necessity of rhyming is sure to lead astray. If in original poems, "One line for sense, and one for rhyme, Is quite enough at any time," in translation, the temptation is irresistible to put in some sentiment, which is not in the original; thus we have in Sotheby,

He all the present, past, and future, knew,  
which is word for word what Homer says, and  
all that he says; but the rhymer adds,

All at his pleasure rose before his view,  
which is neither in Homer, nor Homeric. From

the same necessity, one line is constantly expanded into two, and extraneous matter is introduced. To many, as to myself, rhyme, in a long poem, is disagreeable; elegiacs, or hexameters and pentameters, may properly be rendered into couplets; but the more free hexameter suffers from being so broken; it is a further want of likeness, and it makes it impossible to imitate the cadence of the original.

Of Cowper, it may be said, that if he had realized his own intentions, he might have produced a satisfactory translation; but he also was a poet, and could not forget, what he himself had written; the poems of Homer must be squeezed into the mould, from which the poems of Cowper had issued. He unfortunately adopted the theories, that all or nearly all lines must be broken, and that variety must be obtained by inharmonious lines; instead therefore of the melody of Homer, he has produced a poem, which is harsh and disagreeable. Homer constantly concludes a sentiment in a single line; in simple narratives, he has often a great number in succession, and he has always been admired on this account by his critics; whether they be right or not, it is at least an unfaithfulness not to

imitate him. To have all broken lines is as tedious and uniform as to have none; it is the mixture, which produces an agreeable variety; and of this no person is a greater master than Homer. Even in Wordsworth, there is a great want of the variety of short sentences, though he is far less deficient in harmony than Cowper. This theory has produced in Cowper almost as much unfaithfulness as rhyme; he has been sometimes obliged to contract, and sometimes to expand; thus, "Who in the host now boasts to be far best," he contracts into, "sov'reign of us all," in which the sentiment is wholly lost. His language also is too familiar; if it is impossible to imitate in English the majesty of the Greek hexameter, at least we should endeavour to make use of the most elevated expressions, that our language affords. In sweetness and variety it is perhaps not inferior to the Greek.

Dismissing however the invidious task of criticising the performances of others, I will now shortly give an account of the principles, on which the present translation has been conducted. No other praise has been sought, than that of fidelity. I have sometimes been betrayed into writing, what seemed to me fine lines, but they

have invariably been sacrificed, if they did not accord with the original, and I have been mortified to find, that they seldom or never lost by the exchange. My endeavour has been to let Homer speak for himself; the English reader may depend upon it, that he has the words, as nearly as possible, of the original, of which he may approve or disapprove, and form his own judgment. Where Homer walks upon the ground, he has not been put upon stilts; where he slumbers, his repose has not been disturbed; where however he burns, I have endeavoured not to extinguish the flame; and where he soars, I have sought not to clip his wings. The translation is line for line, and, as far as possible, word for word. There may be no great merit in having merely the same number of lines, though there may be some convenience for reference; but my endeavour has been to give the whole, and nothing but the whole. By following my author line by line, I have put it out of my power to add anything; the Greek hexameter contains from thirteen to seventeen syllables, or an average of fifteen, while the English line has only ten; I have therefore been obliged in general to use the Saxon part of our language, which contains the

shortest words, but not therefore the least poetical; I have also been sometimes obliged to leave out a few epithets; it must be admitted that Homer occasionally inserts a word to fill up his line; where compelled to use the pruning hook, I have endeavoured to cut off, what could best be spared; my offences will be found more of omission than of commission, and scarcely a word has been added, that is not to be found in the original. I have endeavoured to make my lines as musical, as I can; where harsh lines are left, it has been from my inability to make better; I have never, like Cowper, introduced an inharmonious line on purpose. Milton indeed has some unmetrical lines; these we excuse amongst so many of exquisite sweetness; yet I cannot but think, the *Paradise Lost* would have been better without them; nor should his example lead us to imitate his faults. Shakespear's lines, though exquisitely musical, are frequently careless; but least so, where the subject is the highest. I might with him, perhaps sometimes with advantage, and undoubtedly with much ease to myself, have admitted a redundant syllable at the end of the line; but in this I have thought proper to follow my author; Homer

has no redundant syllable, and it seems to me to interrupt the even tenour of the versification, which, like music, should be confined within definite rules. A trochee has rarely been admitted instead of an iambic except in the first foot. My lines may be open to being called “drumming decasyllables,” but the regularity is agreeable to many, as I confess, it is to myself. Sometimes, the Greek idiom has been retained, where not inconsistent with grammar; at other times, where there was any ambiguity, a more English turn has been given to the sentence. The inflection of the ancient languages allows of more transposition and parenthesis, than can be rendered clear in English. Sometimes, one epithet has been changed for another, as the verse might require, but one used by Homer has always been chosen; for instance, the ships have been called *swift* or *hollow* or *well-benched*, as suited my convenience, and occasionally the *well-greaved* Greeks have been changed into *warlike* Greeks. The letter e has been retained in participles, where it is part of the verb, though it is seldom to be pronounced as a distinct syllable. So *heaven* is always to be read as one syllable, and *every* as two. The elision of the article has



been avoided, and contractions have seldom been made use of. Where they both precede the verb, the nominative has generally been put before the accusative, unless it be a pronoun distinguished by inflection. A few explanatory notes have been added, but not many, as Homer is the clearest of all writers, and seldom omits anything without good reason. In proper names, the accent is placed according to quantity, which Pope constantly, and Cowper and Sotheby not unfrequently, neglect. The English mode of spelling has been adopted, where established, as in Troy and Priam, and in other cases the Latin, as in Ilium instead of Ilion, which is neither Greek nor Latin; so Aides is called Pluto, and not Hades. The work, though humble, has not been without labour; besides numerous revisions, the whole has been translated twice over, and many passages a dozen times, before I could satisfy myself. I do not lay claim to Chapman's facility. I shall be glad, if my efforts shall lead to the study of the original, and I hope, they may afford some assistance to the young student.

Though Homer has shown great judgment in hurrying his reader into the midst of events, and

has explained many previous transactions in various parts of his poem, it may not be without use to the English reader, who has not been early imbued with Grecian History, to premise in chronological order some of the particulars, which bear more directly upon the Trojan War. From the earliest times, Greece was divided into numerous principalities, which were constantly at war with each other. At first there was little agriculture, and cattle formed the principal wealth; numerous flocks of horses, oxen, sheep, goats, and swine, were spread over the country, for which there was no safety but in the valour of their owners, from whom it was considered the height of glory, and a legitimate mode of acquiring wealth, to take them by force. Various strangers from Phrygia, Syria, and Egypt, from time to time settled in the country, and introduced the arts of more civilized life. Of Uranus, Saturn, and Jupiter, the earliest sovereigns of Greece, very little is known, and that little is obscured by fable. Saturn appears to have been deposed by his son Jupiter, and to have migrated into Italy with his brothers the Titans. Jupiter had a numerous family, and was worshipped as the Supreme God by

his descendants. He was succeeded in the kingdom of the Peloponnese by his son Mercury. Pelops, the son of Tantalus, a king of Phrygia, succeeded Mercury, and acquired great wealth. He and his descendants possessed a great number of ships, and ruled over the islands, and had great influence throughout the whole of Greece. Pelops was succeeded by his son Atreus, and Atreus by his brother Thyestes, who at his death restored the sceptre to his nephew Agamemnon, the son of Atreus. Agamemnon and his brother Menelaus married Clytemnestra and Helen, the daughters of Tyndarus, the king of Sparta. On the death of Tyndarus, and of his sons Castor and Pollux, Menelaus assumed the rule of Sparta. The beauty of Helen was so great, that she was reputed to be the daughter of Jupiter. All the princes of Greece sought her in marriage, and to put an end to their differences, they agreed to leave the choice to herself, and entered into an engagement to protect her husband. On the opposite shores of the Ægean Sea, the rival kingdom of Troy was placed; it was founded by Dardanus, a son of Jupiter; it was extremely wealthy, and comprised a large tract of country.

**Dardanus** was succeeded by his son **Erichthonius**, **Erichthonius** by **Tros**, **Tros** by **Ilus**, **Ilus** by **Laomedon**, and **Laomedon** by **Priam**, who had numerous sons and daughters, of whom **Hector** and **Paris** were the principal. The latter built ships, and sailed to **Sparta**, where he was hospitably received by **Menelaus**, but in his absence, he seduced his wife **Helen**, and carried her off to **Troy**. To avenge this insult, **Agamemnon** and **Menelaus** collected an army of a hundred thousand men with all the princes of **Greece**, and after a siege of ten years took and destroyed the city of **Troy**. This was far the greatest expedition, that ever sailed from the shores of **Greece**, and exhausted the resources of the country. It is therefore very properly chosen by our author as the subject of his poem. Of **Homer** himself very little authentic is known, except what is drawn from his own poems. Some persons indeed, with that modern scepticism which believes nothing, have doubted, whether such a person ever existed. The poem however must have been written by somebody, and as it possesses more consistency and unity than any other poem in the world, that person must have been one. He possesses also such

an intimate knowledge of all the families of Greece, that he probably did not live very long after the events. He is said to have been born at Cumæ in Asia Minor, which was a mixed colony of Æolians and Ionians, and this is confirmed by his language, which is a mixture of the dialects of those two nations. From his knowledge of all countries, he must have travelled extensively. Like his heroes Podalirius and Machaon, he was intimately acquainted both with war and medicine. His work is a manual, from which the soldier may learn all the duties of his profession, and be inspired with the noblest motives of action. He is eminently pious, and ascribes all events to an overruling Providence. He teaches, that though wickedness may be crowned with temporary success, the righteous cause is sure ultimately to prevail. With these few observations, I dismiss my reader to the author himself, from whom, I trust, he will derive gratification and improvement.



# ILIAD,

## BOOK I.



CHILLES' wrath accurst, O Goddess  
sing,

Which caused ten thousand sorrows to  
the Greeks,

And many valiant souls of heroes sent  
To Pluto, and their bodies made a prey  
To dogs and birds;—but Jove's will was perform'd—  
From that day, when at first contending strove  
Atrides king of men, and Peleus' son.

Who then of Gods in contest made them strive?  
Latona's son; he, angry with the king,  
Sent evil sickness, and the people died; 10  
Because Atrides Chryses, sacred priest,  
Despised; for he unto the Greeks' swift ships  
To free his child with boundless ransom came,  
And holding in his hands Apollo's wreath  
On golden sceptre, all the Greeks he pray'd,  
But chief the host's two leaders, Atreus' sons;

O Atreus' sons, and other warlike Greeks,  
To you the Gods, who on Olympus dwell,  
Give Priam's town to waste, and home return;  
But free my daughter, and the ransom take, 20

Revering Phœbus, Jove's far-darting son.

The other Greeks with one consent approved  
The priest to honour, and the ransom take ;  
But so it pleased not Agamemnon's mind,  
Who him with scorn and stern command dismiss'd ;

Let me not find thee, old man, by the ships  
Or now delaying, or again return'd,  
Lest nought thy sceptre and God's wreath avail.

I will not loose her, ere old age comes on,  
While in our house, in Argos, far from home,      30  
She tends the loom, and of my bed partakes.  
Go, vex me not, that safer thou return.

So said he ; and the old man trembling went  
In silence by the many-surged sea ;  
Much there, apart retired, the old man pray'd  
To king Apollo, whom Latona bore ;

Hear, Silver-Bow, who Chrysa dost defend,  
And Tenedus and holy Cilla rule,  
Smintheus ; if e'er thy lovely fane I crown'd,  
Or if I e'er to thee have burnt fat thighs      40  
Of bulls and goats, this prayer to me confirm ;  
May by thy darts the Greeks my tears repay.

So said he praying ; and Apollo heard,  
And went down angry from Olympus' tops  
With bow and quiver o'er his shoulders slung ;  
And on his shoulders, as he angry moved,  
The arrows rattled ; and like Night he went.  
He sat apart, and sent a shaft amidst ;  
And dread the clang was of the silver bow.  
First he the mules and the white dogs attack'd ;      50

Then 'gainst the Greeks a bitter dart he sent ;  
And of the dead the pyres unceasing burnt.  
Nine days the God's darts through the army went ;  
The tenth Achilles an assembly call'd ;  
For Juno, white-arm'd Goddess, moved his mind,  
Pitying the Greeks, whom dying she beheld.  
And when together they assembled met,  
Amidst them rising swift Achilles said ;

'Atrides, now, I think, we wand'ring back  
Must home return, if we would death avoid ; 60  
Since war and plague together tame the Greeks.  
But come, some priest or prophet let us ask,  
Or dream-discerner,—for of Jove are dreams—  
Who may declare, what moves Apollo's ire ;  
Whether for vow or hecatomb he blame ;  
If haply, fat of perfect lambs and goats  
Obtaining, he from us will death avert.

So saying, he sat down ; and 'midst them rose,  
Far best of prophets, Calchas, Thestor's son,  
Who all the present, past, and future knew, 70  
And who the Grecian ships to Ilium led  
With skill divine, which him Apollo gave.  
He spoke with wisdom, and amongst them said ;

Achilles loved of Jove, thou bidst me tell  
The wrath of Phœbus, the far-darting King.  
I then will speak ; but weigh it well and swear,  
Thou ready aid with word and hand wilt give.  
I fear a man to anger, who o'er all  
The Argives rules, and whom the Greeks obey.  
Dread is a king, when angry with the weak ; 80



For though to day he anger may repress,  
He still retains resentment in his breast,  
Until fulfill'd ; say, wilt thou me defend.

To him replying swift Achilles said ;  
The Gods' will boldly, as thou know'st, declare ;  
For by Apollo, to whom praying, thou,  
Calchas, the Gods' will to the Greeks declarest,  
None, while I live, and while this earth I tread,  
Shall raise his hand against thee by the ships  
Of all the Greeks, though thou Atrides name, 90  
Who in the host now boasts to be the best.

Encouraged then the blameless prophet spoke ;  
Neither for vow nor hecatomb he blames,  
But for his priest, whom Agamemnon scorn'd,  
Nor free'd his daughter, nor the ransom took.  
Hence Phœbus woes hath sent, and still will send,  
Nor will the heavy hands of plague remove,  
Ere to her sire the black-eyed maid be given,  
Unbought, unransom'd, and a hecatomb  
Be sent to Chrysa ; then we him might soothe. 100

So saying, he sat down ; and 'midst them rose  
King Agamemnon, Atreus' noble son,  
Indignant ; much with fury his dark soul  
Was fill'd ; his eyes like shining fire appear'd.  
He Calchas first with evil looks address'd ;

Prophet of ills, ne'er pleasing things thou say'st ;  
Thy mind loves ever evils to foretell ;  
Nor hast thou any good e'er said or done.  
And now thou 'midst the Greeks divining say'st,  
That the Far-darter woes for this hath sent, 110

That I the splendid ransom of the maid  
Would not receive ; since her I much desire  
At home to keep ; not Clytemnestra more,  
My virgin bride, I prize, who her excels  
Neither in beauty, nature, mind, or works.  
But still, if better, I will her restore ;  
I would, the people should be safe, nor die.  
But choose another prize, that I alone  
Be not unhonour'd ; since it is not meet ;  
For ye all see, my honour elsewhere goes. 120

To him divine Achilles then replied ;  
Glorious Atrides, ever bent on gain,  
How shall the noble Greeks give thee a prize ?  
We know no common stores apart reserved ;  
But all, we took from cities, has been shared ;  
And 'tis not meet to gather it again.  
But to the God now send her, and we Greeks  
Threefold and fourfold will repay, if e'er  
Jove grant, Troy's well-wall'd city we o'erthrow.

King Agamemnon answ'ring him address'd ; 130  
Godlike Achilles, cheat not thus thy mind ;  
Since thou wilt not deceive me, nor persuade.  
Wouldst thou thine honour keep, while I sit here  
Bereft, and at thy bidding send the maid ?  
But let the noble Greeks an honour give  
Of equal value, suited to my mind ;  
If such they give not, I myself will take  
Or thine, or Ajax', or Ulysses' prize,  
And he, to whom I come, will anger feel.  
But these things shall hereafter be our care ; 140

We now will draw a rapid ship to sea,  
And choose meet rowers, and a hecatomb  
Embark, and fair Chrysëis place on board.  
And let some counsellor the leader be,  
Ajax, Ulysses, or Idomeneus,  
Or thou, Pelides, wondrous chief of men,  
That thou with victims mayst the God appease.

Him swift Achilles frowning then address'd ;  
O clad in impudence, O bent on gain,  
How willing shall each Greek thy words obey, 150  
To go a journey, or to fight with men.  
I came not for the warlike Trojans' sake  
Hither to war ; since me they have not wrong'd.  
For ne'er did they my kine or horses drive,  
Nor e'er in fertile Phthia, nurse of men,  
Injure my crops ; since many lie between  
Both shady mountains and the sounding sea.  
But thee we follow, shameless, for thy sake,  
A fine demanding for thy brother's wrong 159  
From Troy ; of which nor care nor thought thou takest.  
And now thou threaten'st my reward to take,  
For which I toil'd, and which the Argives gave.  
My honour thine ne'er equals, when the Greeks  
Some well-built city of the Trojans spoil.  
For aye my hands perform the chiefest part  
Of strenuous war ; but when the sharing comes,  
Thy prize is greatest ; to my ships I bear  
Little and dear, when I have toil'd in war.  
I now seek Phthia, since with beaked ships  
'Tis better to return ; nor think I, thou, 170

While I am here dishonour'd, wealth shalt heap.

King Agamemnon then to him replied ;  
Fly, if thy mind desires, nor thee I beg  
For me to tarry ; there are others here,  
Who me will honour, and chief sov'reign Jove.  
Thee most of all Jove-nurtured kings I hate ;  
For dear to thee are battles, wars, and strife.  
If thou be strong, it is the gift of God.  
Now with thy ships and comrades home return,  
And rule the Myrmidons ; I prize not thee, 180  
Nor heed thy wrath ; and I will threat thee thus.  
Since Phœbus now from me Chrysëis takes,  
Her with my ship and comrades I will send ;  
But I Brisëis, thy reward, will take,  
Seeking thy tent myself ; that thou mayst know,  
How much I thee excel, and each may dread  
Himself with me to equal and compare.

So said he ; and Pelides, grieved at heart,  
Within his shaggy breast divided weigh'd, 189  
If his sharp sword he from his thigh should draw,  
And push them back, and Agamemnon slay,  
Or check his anger, and his mind restrain.  
While this he in his soul and mind revolved,  
And drew forth his great sword, Minerva came  
From Heaven ; for white-arm'd Juno her had sent,  
Who felt for both an equal care and love.  
Pelides by his golden hair she seized,  
To him appearing, but from others hid.  
Wond'ring Achilles turn'd, and quickly knew  
Athenian Pallas ; for her eyes shone dread. 200

And speaking, he wing'd words to her address'd ;

Daughter of Jove, why hither art thou come ?

To see the insolence of Atreus' son ?

But I will tell thee, what, I think, shall be ;

He with his insults soon his life shall lose.

Blue-eyed Minerva him again address'd ;

I came to check thy rage, if thou wilt hear,

From heaven ; for white-arm'd Juno hath me sent,

Who feels for both an equal care and love. 209

But come, from contest cease, nor draw thy sword ;

With words indeed reproach him, as thou wilt.

For thus I say, and so it shall be done ;

Thou erst shalt triple splendid gifts receive

For this proud insult ; cease, and us obey.

Replying swift Achilles her address'd ;

'Tis meet your words, O Goddess, to obey,

Though much in mind enraged ; for so 'tis best ;

Whoe'er obeys the Gods, they him will hear.

He said, and placed his hand upon the hilt,

And push'd back his great sword, nor disobey'd 220

Minerva's word ; and she Olympus sought,

The house of sov'reign Jove, 'midst other Gods.

But Peleus' son again with wrongful words

Address'd Atrides, nor yet ceased from wrath ;

Insensate, with dog's eyes and heart of deer,

Thou ne'er to battle with the people arm,

Or sit in ambush with the Grecian chiefs,

Darest in thy heart ; for this to thee seems fate.

Far better is it through the Greeks' wide host

His gifts to ravish, who against thee speaks. 230

Injurious king, o'er worthless men thou rulest,  
Or this, Atrides, were thy last offence.  
But I will speak, and swear a mighty oath ;  
Yea, by this sceptre, which no leaf nor branch  
Shall bear, since first its mountain stock it left,  
Nor bud again ; for brass hath lopp'd around  
The leaves and bark ; and now the sons of Greeks,  
The judges, who the laws before Jove guard,  
Bear it in hand ; and great shall be this oath.  
Some day the Greeks Achilles shall desire, 240  
Nor shalt thou them, though grieved, in aught avail,  
When many 'neath manslaying Hector's hands  
Shall dying fall ; and thou shalt dearly rue,  
That angry thou the best of Greeks hast wrong'd.

So said Pelides, and to earth he threw  
The studded sceptre, and himself sat down.  
So too Atrides raged ; but quickly then  
Sweet-worded Nestor, Pylus' king, arose,  
Whose voice flow'd sweet as honey from his tongue.  
To him two races now of mortal men 250  
Had perish'd, who before with him were bred  
In Pylus, and amongst the third he reign'd.  
He spoke with wisdom, and amongst them said ;

Ah me, what woes the Grecian land assail !  
Much now would Priam and his sons rejoice,  
And much the other Trojans would be glad,  
If they should of this contest hear ; since ye  
In war and council all the Greeks excel.  
But be persuaded ; ye are younger both ;  
And I with better men, than ye, have lived 260

In days long past ; and ne'er they me despised.  
For ne'er such men I saw, nor e'er shall see,  
As Dryas, Cæneus, and Pirithous,  
Great Polyphemus, and Exadius,  
And godlike Theseus, noble Ægeus' son.  
The strongest they of earthly men were bred ;  
Strongest they were, and with the strongest fought,  
The mountain Pheres, and them with might o'erthrew.  
I then from Pylus came, and with them stood,  
Distant from Apian land ; for me they call'd ;      270  
And by their side I fought ; against them none  
Could fight of mortals, such as earth now bears ;  
Yet they my counsels heard, and me obey'd.  
But be persuaded, for it so is best.  
Neither do thou, though powerful, take the maid,  
But leave to him the prize, the Argives gave ;  
Nor thou, Pelides, 'gainst the king contend  
In hostile strife ; since ne'er hath sceptred king  
Such rule attain'd, to whom Jove glory gave.  
If thou be strong, and thee a Goddess bore,      280  
Yet he is better, since o'er more he reigns.  
And thou, Atrides, check thy rage, and cease  
From anger 'gainst Achilles, who to all  
A mighty bulwark is of evil war.

King Agamemnon answ'ring him address'd ;  
With truth, old man, thou all these things hast said ;  
But this man would above all others be,  
O'er all he seeks to reign, o'er all to rule,  
To order all ; which I can ne'er concede.  
If him eternal Gods a warrior made,      290

Do they for this such taunts to him permit?

To him Achilles interrupting said ;

I base indeed, and worthless should be call'd,

Did I each work, thou badest me, undertake.

Enjoin these things to others, and no more

Bid me ; for thee I think not to obey.

But I will speak, and cast it in thy mind ;

I will not for the maid with thee contend,

Nor with the rest ; since ye your gift resume.

The other stores, which in my ship remain,

300

Against my will, thou shalt not seize or take ;

But come, I bid thee try, that all may know ;

Quickly thy blood around my spear shall gush.

So they contending with opposing words,

Rose, and the meeting by the ships dissolved.

Pelides to his tents and goodly ships

Went with his comrades and Menœtius' son.

And Atreus' son drew down a hollow ship,

Chose twenty rowers, and a hecatomb

Embark'd, and fair Chrysëis placed on board ;

310

And wise Ulysses as the leader went.

So they embarking sail'd the wat'ry paths ;

But Agamemnon bade the people cleanse ;

And they the cleansings threw into the sea ;

And perfect hecatombs of bulls and goats

They offer'd to Apollo on the shore ;

And whirling in the smoke, the fat reach'd heaven.

Such care employ'd the host ; nor did the king

Cease from the threaten'd wrath 'gainst Peleus' son ;

But he Talthybius and Eurybates,

320



His trusty heralds and attendants, bade ;

Go ye to Peleus' son Achilles' tent,  
And by the hand fair-cheek'd Brisëis lead.

And if he will not send her, I myself  
Will come with more, which will for him be worse.

So saying, them with harsh command he sent ;  
And they unwilling trod the barren shore,  
And sought the Myrmidons' fair tents and ships.

They found Achilles sitting by his tent ;  
And he with grief beheld them, as they came. 330

They then, the king revering, fearful stood,  
Nor aught to him address'd, nor question ask'd.  
But he within his mind well knew, and said ;

Hail, heralds, messengers of Gods and men ;  
Come near ; not you I blame, but Atreus' son,  
Who you hath hither for Brisëis sent.

But come, Jove-born Patroclus, bring the maid  
For them to lead ; and let them witness be  
Before the blessed Gods, and mortal men,  
And the proud king, if need of me arise 340  
To ward destruction from the other Greeks.

For he in his accursed soul is mad ;  
Nor knows he back and forward how to look,  
That safe beside the ships the Greeks may fight.

So said he ; and his comrade him obey'd,  
And brought the fair Brisëis from the tent  
For them to lead ; and they the Greeks' ships sought ;  
And she unwilling with them went ; but far  
Achilles from his comrades weeping sat,  
And gazing by the shore on the dark sea, 350

Stretch'd forth his hands, and to his Mother pray'd ;

Mother, since thou hast borne me for short space,  
To me Olympius, loudly thund'ring Jove,  
Should honour give ; but me he nought regards ;  
For Agamemnon, widely ruling king,  
Hath scorn'd me, and himself my prize hath seized.

So said he weeping ; and his Mother heard,  
Sitting in sea-depths by her aged Sire ;  
And like a mist, she rose from the grey sea,  
And sat before him, as sad tears he shed, 360  
And soothed him with her hand, and words address'd ;

Why weep'st thou, son ? what sorrow fills thy soul ?  
Speak, and conceal not, that we both may know.

Deep-groaning, swift Achilles her address'd ;  
Thou know'st ; why tell it thee, who all things know'st ?  
We Theba sought, Eëtion's sacred town,  
And razed it to the ground, and took the spoil ;  
All this the Greeks amongst them duly shared,  
And fair Chrysëis for Atrides chose.

But Chryses, king Apollo's sacred priest, 370  
To the swift ships of the brass-coated Greeks  
To free his child with boundless ransom came,  
And holding in his hands Apollo's wreath  
On golden sceptre, all the Greeks he pray'd,  
But chief the host's two leaders, Atreus' sons.  
The other Greeks with one consent approved  
The priest to honour, and the ransom take ;  
But so it pleased not Agamemnon's mind,  
Who him with scorn and stern command dismiss'd ;  
He then retired in anger ; and his prayer 380

Apollo heard ; for dearly him he loved ;  
Against the Greeks he sent an evil shaft ;  
And thick the people died ; and the God's darts  
Went through the Greeks' wide army ; and a seer  
The will of the far-darting King declared.  
I then first counsel'd to appease the God ;  
But rage seized Atreus' son ; and starting up,  
A word he threaten'd, which is now fulfill'd ;  
For home the black-eyed Argives in a ship  
Chryseïs send, and to the King bear gifts ; 390  
And now the heralds from my tent have led  
The fair Briseïs, whom the Argives gave.  
But, if thou canst, do thou thy son defend ;  
Seeking Olympus, Jove entreat, if e'er  
His favour thou by word or deed hast gain'd.  
For oft in Peleus' house I thee have heard  
Boasting, thou from dark-clouded Saturn's Son  
Alone of Gods unseemly wrong didst ward,  
When the Olympians him essay'd to bind,  
Juno, and Neptune, and the blue-eyed Maid. 400  
But, Goddess, thou didst him from bonds release,  
Calling the Hundred-handed up to heaven,  
Whom Gods call Briareus, but mortals name  
Ægæon ; he his Sire in strength excels ;  
He then by Saturn's Son exulting sat ;  
And him the bless'd Gods fear'd, and bound not Jove.  
Of this remind him, and embrace his knees,  
If he awhile the Trojans will assist,  
And to the ships and sea the Greeks compel  
With slaughter ; that their king they may enjoy ; 410

Then Agamemnon, Atreus' son, would know  
His wrong, when he the best of Greeks contemn'd.

To him fair Thetis, shedding tears, replied ;  
O son, why thee, sad bearing, did I rear ?  
Thou without tears or harm shouldst here remain ;  
For thy short term of years shall quickly end ;  
And now both short and evil are thy days ;  
So with sad fate I bore thee in my house.  
I will myself snow-capp'd Olympus seek  
To say this word to thunder-bearing Jove. 420

But thou now, sitting by the hollow ships,  
Bear anger 'gainst the Greeks, and cease from war.  
For Jove to Ocean with the Gods is gone  
To banquet with the blameless Æthiops.  
The twelfth day to Olympus he returns.

I then for thee Jove's brazen house will seek,  
And clasp his knees, and him, I trust, persuade.

She then so saying went, and left him there  
Enraged for his well-cinctured spouse, whom men  
By force had taken. But Ulysses came 430  
To Chrysa with the sacred hecatomb.

And when within the haven they arrived,  
They dropp'd the sails, and placed them in the ship,  
And quickly by the forestays struck the mast,  
And to the quay impell'd her with their oars,  
And cast out anchors, and stern-cables bound,  
And then themselves descended on the beach,  
And landed for the God the hecatomb ;  
And from the hollow ship Chrysëis went.

Her then Ulysses to the altar led, 440

And placed her in her father's hands, and spoke ;

O Chryses, Agamemnon hath me sent  
To bring thy child, and for the Greeks perform  
A sacred hecatomb to soothe the King,  
Who to the Argives grievous woes hath sent.

So saying, her he gave ; and he with joy  
His child received ; and they the hecatomb  
In order round the well-built altar placed.  
And then they wash'd their hands, and took the meal,  
And Chryses pray'd aloud with lifted hands ; 450

Hear, Silver-Bow, who Chrysa dost defend,  
And Tenedus and holy Cilla rule ;  
Thou didst before give ear unto my prayer,  
And me hast honour'd, and the Greeks chastised.  
Again to me this further vow confirm ;  
Now from the Greeks unseemly fate avert.

So said he praying ; and Apollo heard.  
When they had pray'd, and thrown the sacred meal,  
They first drew back, and then they slew and flay'd,  
And cutting out, they cover'd o'er the thighs 460  
With double fat, and laid raw pieces on ;  
And these the old man burnt, and ruby wine  
Pour'd o'er ; and youths held near five-pronged spits.  
They then the entrails tasted, and the rest  
In slices cut, and pierced them through with spits,  
And roasted them with skill, and drew all off.  
But when they ceased from toil, and spread the board,  
They feasted, and the goodly banquet shared.  
And when they thirst and hunger had allay'd, 469  
The young men crown'd fair bowls of sparkling wine,

And made libation, and to all gave cups.  
And then all day the sons of Greeks with song  
The God appeased, and to the darting King  
Fair Pæan sang ; and hearing he rejoiced.

But when the Sun was set, and twilight came,  
Near the stern-cables on the ground they lay ;  
And when rose-finger'd early Morn appear'd,  
Then to the Greeks' wide army they return'd ;  
And darting Phœbus sent a fav'ring breeze.  
They set the mast, and spread the snowy sails. 480  
The wind the mid sail fill'd ; and round the prow  
The blue wave shouted, as the swift ship went ;  
And her path cutting, o'er the sea she ran.  
And when they 'midst the Greeks' wide army came,  
They drew the black ship on the solid ground,  
High on the sands, and set long props beneath ;  
And then they to the tents and ships dispersed.

But he, Jove-born Achilles, Peleus' son,  
Still sitting by his swift ships, wrath retain'd,  
Nor to the man-ennobling meeting went, 490  
Nor yet to battle ; but in heart he pined,  
Remaining there, and shout and war desired.

But when from that day the twelfth Morn arose,  
The Gods together to Olympus went  
All, and Jove led ; nor Thetis had forgot  
Her son's behests, but she the sea-wave left,  
And early great heaven and Olympus sought,  
And found Jove sitting from the rest apart  
On many-neck'd Olympus' highest top ;  
She then before him sat, and clasp'd his knees 500

With her left hand ; and with her right she touch'd  
His chin, and praying, Saturn's Son address'd ;

Jove Sire, if e'er I aided thee in heaven  
With word or deed, this prayer to me confirm ;  
Honour my son, of mortals shortest lived.  
Him now hath Agamemnon, king of men,  
Despised ; for he himself his prize has seized.  
But grant him honour, great Olympian Jove,  
And aid awhile the Trojans, till the Greeks  
Honour my son, and ample fine repay.

510

So said she ; and Jove nought to her replied,  
But long sat silent ; and she clasp'd his knees,  
And closely held, and him again address'd ;

Promise me truly, and with nod confirm,  
Or else refuse,—thou know'st not fear—that I  
May know myself least honour'd of all Gods.

Her greatly moved cloud-gath'ring Jove address'd ;  
Strifes will arise, if Juno, as thou bidst,  
I vex ; and she with taunting words will chide.  
E'en now she chides me 'midst immortal Gods,  
And says, the Trojans I in battle aid.  
But thou again depart, lest Juno thee  
Perceive ; and I all these things will perform.  
But come, I with a nod will thee assure ;  
For this is 'mongst the Gods my firmest sign ;  
And ne'er is that deceitful, nor revoked,  
Nor unperform'd, which I with nod confirm.

520

Jove said, and nodding, with dark brows confirm'd ;  
And from the king's immortal forehead flow'd  
Ambrosial hair ; and great Olympus shook.

530

So they from council parted; and she then  
 From bright Olympus to the deep sea leap'd;  
 And Jove his own house sought; and all the Gods  
 To meet their Sire arose, nor any dared  
 Await his coming, but revering stood.  
 So on his throne he sat; but Juno soon  
 Perceived the Sea-King's silver-footed child,  
 Thetis, with him had secret council held;  
 And she with taunts Jove, Saturn's son, address'd;

What God, deceiver, council with thee held? 540  
 Thou ever lovest, from me apart retired,  
 In secret to consult, nor freely e'er  
 Dost thou to me thy hidden thoughts impart.

To her the Sire of men and Gods replied;  
 Expect not, Juno, all my thoughts to know,  
 Hard e'en for thee my wife to understand.  
 For what is fit to hear, before thee none  
 Of blessed Gods or mortal men shall know;  
 But what apart to counsel I desire,  
 Do thou inquire not, nor of all things ask. 550

To him fair honour'd Juno then replied;  
 Dread Son of Saturn, what is this, thou say'st?  
 I ne'er before have ask'd thee, or inquired;  
 But at thine ease thou counsel'st, what thou wilt.  
 And now I fear, lest Thetis hath prevail'd,  
 The aged Sea-King's silver-footed child;  
 She early sought thee, and embraced thy knees;  
 And thou, I think, hast promised to avenge  
 Her son, and many at the Greeks' ships slay. 559

Her greatly moved cloud-gath'ring Jove address'd;



Thou aye perceivest, nor I thee escape ;  
But thou canst nought prevail, and from my mind  
Wilt be estranged, which will for thee be worse.  
If this be so, such now is my intent ;  
Sit down in silence, and my word obey,  
Lest nought avail thee all Olympian Gods,  
Should I lay on thee my unconquer'd hands.

So said he ; and fair honour'd Juno fear'd,  
And sat in silence, bending her dear heart ; 569  
And in Jove's house the Heaven-born Gods were grieved.  
But the famed artist, Vulcan, rose to speak,  
His mother, white-arm'd Juno, bent to please.

Strifes will arise, no longer to be borne,  
If ye for mortals thus contend, and raise  
Such tumult 'midst the Gods ; nor aught will please  
The goodly feast, while thus the worse prevails.  
My mother I exhort, herself though wise,  
To please my father Jove, lest he again  
Should chide us, and the goodly feast disturb.  
For if the mighty Thund'rer from our seat 580  
Would us expel, resistless is his power.  
But him do thou with honied words appease,  
And quickly the Olympian will be sooth'd.

He said, and rushing, a full double cup  
Placed in his mother's hand, and her address'd ;  
Endure, my mother, and hold up, though grieved ;  
Lest thee I beaten with mine eyes behold,  
Dear as thou art, and should in vain, though grieved,  
Desire to help ; for none can Jove resist.  
For once before, when thee I would defend, 690

He seized me by the foot, and threw from heaven ;  
All day descending, with the setting Sun  
I fell in Lemnus, and scarce life remain'd ;  
There falling me the Sintian men received.

So said he ; and the white-arm'd Goddess smiled,  
And smiling from her son the cup received.  
And he in order to the other Gods  
Pour'd out sweet nectar, drawing from the bowl.  
And 'midst the blest Gods ceaseless laughter rose,  
When Vulcan serving in the house they saw. 600

So all the day until the setting Sun  
They feasted, and the goodly banquet shared ;  
Nor harp was wanting, which Apollo held,  
Nor Muses, who with sweet voice answ'ring sang.

And when the Sun's resplendent light was set,  
Each then to sleep to his own mansion went,  
Where the lame artist with his skilful mind,  
Vulcan, for each a beauteous house had made.

And to his couch Olympian Jove retired,  
Where erst he slept, when sweet sleep o'er him came ;  
There mounting, he by gold-throned Juno lay. 611





# ILIAD,

## BOOK II.



HE other Gods and horse-arraying men  
Slept all the night; but sweet sleep held  
not Jove;

For he in mind revolved, how best he might  
Achilles honour, and slay many Greeks.

And this to him the wisest counsel seem'd,

To send a troubled Dream to Atreus' son;

And speaking, he wing'd words to him address'd;

Go quickly, Dream, unto the Greeks' swift ships,

And seek Atrides Agamemnon's tent,

And tell him all exactly, as I bid.

10

Exhort him all the long-hair'd Greeks to arm

In haste; for now he Troy's wide-streeted town

Might take; the Gods, who on Olympus dwell,

Differ no more; for Juno all with prayer

Hath bent; and sorrows o'er the Trojans hang.

So said he; and Dream went, when this he heard,

And quickly at the Greeks' swift ships arrived,

And Agamemnon sought, and in his tent

Found him; and sweet sleep was around him pour'd;

And at his head, like Nestor, Neleus' son,

20

Whom he most honour'd of the chiefs, he stood.  
Him in this likeness sacred Dream address'd ;

Sleep'st thou, horse-taming warlike Atreus' son ?  
Not all the night a counsellor should sleep,  
To whom the care of such a host belongs.  
But now attend ; my message is from Jove,  
Who thee with pity from above regards ;  
He thee exhorts the long-hair'd Greeks to arm  
In haste ; for now thou Troy's wide-streeted town  
Mightst take ; the Gods, who on Olympus dwell, 30  
Differ no more ; for Juno all with prayer  
Hath bent ; and sorrows o'er the Trojans hang  
From Jove ; but hold this in thy mind, nor aught  
Forget, when thee soul-soothing sleep forsakes.

He then so speaking went, and left him there  
In mind revolving, what should ne'er be done.  
For he that day thought Priam's town to take ;  
Fool ; he perceived not, what great Jove design'd ;  
For still he many woes and groans would bring  
On Greeks and Trojans in the strifes of war. 40  
He woke ; and round the heavenly voice was pour'd ;  
He upright sat, and put a soft vest on,  
New-woven, fair, and cast a great robe o'er,  
And bound fair sandals to his shining feet,  
And o'er his shoulder hung his studded sword,  
And took his father's sceptre incorrupt,  
And with it sought the brass-clad Argives' ships.

Now sacred Morn to great Olympus climb'd,  
Proclaiming light to Jove and all the Gods ;  
And Agamemnon clear-voiced heralds bade 50

The long-hair'd Argives to assembly call ;  
And they proclaim'd ; and soon the people met.

But first a council of the chiefs he call'd  
Near Nestor's ship, who was in Pylus born.

These calling, he a close design proposed ;

• Hear, friends ; in sacred Night a heavenly Dream  
Came near me, and to noble Nestor most,

In form, and size, and nature, like appear'd ;

And o'er my head he stood, and me address'd ; 59

“ Sleep'st thou, horse-taming warlike Atreus' son ?

Not all the night a counsellor should sleep,

To whom the care of such a host belongs.

But now attend ; my message is from Jove,

Who thee with pity from above regards.

He thee exhorts the long-hair'd Greeks to arm

In haste ; for now thou Troy's wide-streeted town

Mightst take ; the Gods, who on Olympus dwell,

Differ no more ; for Juno all with prayer

Hath bent ; and sorrows o'er the Trojans hang

From Jove ; but this retain.” So saying, he 70

Went flying ; and sweet sleep my eyes forsook.

But come, let us the sons of Greeks array.

I first with words will try them, as is meet,

And bid them fly in many-benched ships ;

But ye each man with gentle words restrain.

So saying, he sat down ; and 'midst them rose

Nestor, who was of sandy Pylus king ;

He spoke with wisdom, and amongst them said ;

O friends, the kings and leaders of the Greeks,

If any other had this dream declared, 80

We false should call it, and the more reject ;  
But he has seen it, who of all is best ;  
Come then, let us the sons of Greeks array.

So saying, from the council he arose ;  
And rising up, the sceptred kings obey'd  
The people's shepherd ; and the host came round.

As when thick swarms of countless bees go forth,  
Aye freshly coming from a hollow rock ;  
They hang, like grapes, upon the vernal flowers,  
And some close this way, and some that way, fly ; 90  
So many nations from the ships and tents  
Went on the deep shore of the sounding sea,  
In troops collecting ; and Jove's messenger,  
Rumour, exciting, was amongst them spread.  
The host was troubled, and earth groan'd beneath,  
As crowded they sat down ; and shouting loud,  
Nine heralds check'd them, that they might from cries  
Refrain, and listen to Jove-nurtured kings.  
And soon the people sat, and kept their seats,  
Ceasing from noise ; and Agamemnon rose, 100  
Holding the sceptre, which skill'd Vulcan made ;  
But Vulcan gave it to Jove, Saturn's son ;  
And Jove it to the Argus-slayer gave ;  
And Mercury to Pelops, guide of steeds ;  
Pelops again to Atreus, chief of men ;  
And Atreus this to rich Thyestes left ;  
And he to Agamemnon it restored  
O'er many islands and all Greece to reign.  
On this he leaning, winged words address'd ;  
Friends, Danaan heroes, followers of Mars, 110

Me Saturn's Son with grievous wrong constrains;  
Wretch, he to me erst promised and confirm'd,  
I, well-wall'd Ilium wasting, should return.  
But now he hath a base deceit contrived,  
And bids me home with shame and loss return.  
Such is the will of all-disposing Jove,  
Who hath the heads of many cities loosed,  
And still will loose; for matchless is his power.  
For shameful this for future men to hear,  
That such a mighty army of the Greeks 120  
So long in vain a fruitless war should wage  
With fewer men; nor yet the end appears.  
For if the Greeks and Trojans should agree  
To be both number'd, bound by faithful oaths;  
They choosing those, who in the city dwell;  
And we the Greeks in decads were array'd,  
And each a Trojan chose to pour out wine,  
Full many tens a cupbearer would want.  
So many more, I say, the Greeks than those,  
Who dwell within the city; but allies 130  
From many cities shake the shining spear,  
Who much retard me, and my will prevent  
The well-built town of Ilus to destroy.  
Nine years indeed of mighty Jove are pass'd,  
And rotted are our ships, and loosed the ropes;  
And far from hence our wives and helpless babes  
Sit in our houses waiting; and the work  
Is still unfinish'd, for which here we came.  
But come, as I advise, let all obey;  
Let us in ships to our dear country fly; 140



For we no more wide-streeted Troy shall take.

So saying, in their breast the mind he moved  
Of all, who had not his close counsel heard.

The host was troubled, like the mighty waves  
Of the Icarian sea, when them arouse  
The East and South-Winds, rushing from Jove's clouds;  
And as the West-Wind a deep corn-field stirs,  
Raging tremendous, and bows down the ears;  
So all the host was moved; and they with cries  
Rush'd to the ships; and underneath their feet 150  
The dust stood raised; and they each other cheer'd  
To seize the ships, and drag them to the sea;  
They clear'd the channels; and the shout reach'd heaven,  
As they sought home; and they the props removed.

Then had the Argives home 'gainst fate return'd,  
If Juno had Minerva not address'd;

Unconquer'd child of ægis-bearing Jove,  
Shall thus indeed the Argives homeward fly  
To their dear country o'er the sea's wide backs?  
Would they to Priam and to Troy a boast 160  
Leave Argive Helen, for whom many Greeks  
In Troy have perish'd, from their country far?  
But go now 'midst the brass-clad Argives' host,  
And with thy gentle words each man restrain,  
Nor let him draw the swift ships to the sea.

So said she; nor did Pallas disobey,  
But went down rushing from Olympus' tops,  
And quickly at the Greeks' swift ships arrived.  
She found Ulysses, wise as sov'reign Jove,  
Standing; nor did he touch his well-bench'd ship; 170

For sorrow had his heart and mind o'erwhelm'd.  
And standing near, blue-eyed Minerva said ;

Jove-born Ulysses, wise Laertes' son,  
Will ye indeed to your dear country fly,  
Thus falling in your many-benched ships ?  
Would ye to Priam and to Troy a boast  
Leave Argive Helen, for whom many Greeks  
In Troy have perish'd, from their country far ?  
But go now 'midst the Greeks' host, nor delay,  
And with thy gentle words each man restrain, 180  
Nor let him draw the swift ships to the sea.

So said she ; and the Goddess' voice he knew,  
And quickly ran, and cast his cloak aside ;  
Eurybates, his herald, this received.  
He, seeking Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
Received his father's sceptre incorrupt,  
And with it sought the brass-clad Argives' ships.

When any king and leader he approach'd,  
Him, standing near, with gentle words he stay'd ;  
It suits not thee to tremble, like the base ; 190  
Thyself sit down, and seat the other crowd ;  
For yet thou know'st not well Atrides' mind ;  
He now but tries, and soon will scourge, the Greeks ;  
We heard not all in council, what he said ;  
I fear, lest angry he the Greeks chastise ;  
Great is the mind of the Jove-nurtured king ;  
And honour is of Jove, and Jove him loves.

But when some baser man he shouting found,  
Him he with sceptre struck, and sharply chid ;  
Sit down in quiet, and hear others' words, 200

Who thee excel ; unwarlike thou and weak,  
Nor e'er in council number'd, or in war.  
'Tis not for all the Argives here to reign ;  
Ill is the sway of many ; let one king,  
One sov'reign rule, to whom great Jove has given  
To bear the sceptre, and the laws dispense.

So he the army ruled ; and they again  
Rush'd back to council from the ships and tents  
With noise ; as when the surging sea's great wave  
Roars on the shore ; and loud the deep resounds. 210

The rest were seated, and their seats retain'd.  
Alone foul-mouth'd Thersites chatter'd still,  
Who many idle and disorder'd words  
Knew in his breast to brawl against the kings,  
Whate'er he thought, might laughter 'midst the Greeks  
Excite ; the basest he to Ilium went.

He limp'd, and squinted, and his shoulders hung  
Crook'd o'er his narrow chest ; his head above  
Was pointed, and thin down was sprinkled o'er.  
Him most Achilles and Ulysses scorn'd ; 220  
For them he chid ; and then on Atreus' son  
He, sharply bawling, foul reproaches cast ;  
And him the Greeks with scorn and anger heard.  
He, loudly shouting, Agamemnon chid ;

What now, Atrides, dost thou blame, or want ?  
Thy ships are full of brass, and in thy tents  
Are many chosen dames, whom we the Greeks  
Give first to thee, when we a city take.  
Or dost thou gold desire, from Ilium brought  
By car-borne Trojan to redeem his son, 230

Whom I, or other Greek, may captive lead?  
Or some new damsel, whom thou mayst enjoy,  
And for thyself retain? It is not meet,  
A chief foul slanders on the Greeks should cast.  
O friends, he calls us shames, Greek dames, not Greeks;  
Then let us home return, and leave him here  
To nurse his stores in Troy, that he may see,  
If any aid we him afford, or no.  
He now Achilles, his superior far,  
Dishonours, and himself his prize has seized. 240  
But no ire moves Achilles' patient soul;  
Or this, Atrides, were thy last offence.

Thus said Thersites, chiding Atreus' son;  
But quickly near divine Ulysses stood,  
And frowning, him with bitter speech reproved;  
Wordy Thersites, orator renown'd,  
Refrain, nor seek alone to strive with kings.  
There is no baser man, than thou, I say,  
Of all, who came with Atreus' sons to Troy.  
Hence learn less freely to descant of kings, 250  
Nor cast reproaches, nor advise return.  
We know not clearly, how these things shall be;  
If well or ill we Greeks shall home return.  
For this now Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
Thou sits reviling, that the Danaan host  
To him gives much; and thou heart-cutting speak'st.  
But I will say, and so it shall be done;  
If thee again I venting folly find,  
Let not Ulysses still his head retain,  
Nor of Telemachus be call'd the sire, 260

If thee I seize not, and strip off thy clothes,  
Thy cloak and vest, and what thy shame conceals,  
And send thee weeping to the hollow ships,  
Driven from the meeting with unseemly blows.

So said he, and his back with sceptre struck.  
Thersites twisted, and shed scalding tears;  
And 'neath the golden sceptre on his back  
A bloody wale arose; he trembling sat,  
And looking foolish, wiped away the tears.  
And they, though grieving, sweetly at him laugh'd, 270  
And thus each, looking to his neighbour, said;

Sure, countless good deeds hath Ulysses done,  
Both wise in council, and in battle brave.  
Now this far best he 'midst the Greeks has done,  
That he this brawler hath from speech restrain'd;  
Not soon will him again his mind incite  
With taunting speeches to revile the kings.

So said the people; and Ulysses rose,  
The city-taker; and in herald's form,  
Minerva silence to the crowd enjoin'd, 280  
That both the nearest and the farthest Greeks  
Might hear the words, and counsel understand.  
He spoke with wisdom, and amongst them said;

Atrides, thee now, king, the Greeks desire  
Amongst all men the most disgraced to make,  
Nor will perform the promise, which they vow'd,  
When hither they from fertile Argos came,  
Thou, well-wall'd Ilium wasting, shouldst return.  
For now, like helpless babes or widow'd dames,  
They to each other mourn their distant homes. 290

And truly to the weary home is dear.  
E'en he, who one month from his wife remains,  
Sits grieving by his many-benched ship,  
Which wintry storms and troubled seas detain.  
And this is now the ninth revolving year,  
That here we linger; hence I wonder not,  
The Greeks should grieve; but shameful would it be  
Long to remain, and empty to return.  
Bear, friends, and wait the time, that we may see,  
If Calchas truly this to us foretold. 300  
For well we know, and ye were witness all,  
Whom death or late or early hath not seized,  
When erst the Greeks' ships were in Aulis met,  
To Priam and the Trojans bearing ill.  
We, by the sacred altars, near a spring,  
Beneath a plane-tree, whence bright water flow'd,  
Full hecatombs to all the Gods perform'd;  
A dreadful serpent there with spotted back,  
A mighty wonder, sent by Jove, appear'd,  
And from the altar to the plane-tree rush'd. 310  
And there a sparrow's helpless brood was seen  
Upon the top bough, flutt'ring 'neath the leaves,  
Eight, and the ninth the mother, who them bore.  
He them shrill chirping piteously devour'd;  
Around the mother flew, and mourn'd her young;  
And her too screaming by the wing he seized.  
When he the bird had with her young devour'd,  
The God, who sent him, a new wonder shew'd;  
For wily Saturn's Son him turn'd to stone.  
We then stood wond'ring at the strange event, 320

What signs had enter'd the God's hecatombs.  
And Calchas quickly then divining spoke ;  
" Why silent stand ye gazing, long-hair'd Greeks ?  
To us this great sign sov'reign Jove has shewn,  
Though late accomplish'd, yet of endless fame.  
As he the sparrow's offspring has devour'd,  
Eight, and the ninth the mother, who them bore ;  
Thus we so many years shall there contend,  
And in the tenth the spacious city take."  
So said he, and these things have now their end. 330  
But come, remain ye all, brass-coated Greeks,  
Until we Priam's ample city take.

So said he ; and the Argives shouted loud,  
And dread the ships reëchoed to the shout,  
As they the speech of wise Ulysses praised.  
Amongst them then Gerenian Nestor spoke ;  
Ah me, ye idly here harangue, like boys,  
Who thoughtless care not for the works of war.  
Where would our contracts and our oaths be gone ?  
Men's thoughts and counsels in the fire were cast, 340  
And pure libations, and faith-plighted hands.  
For we in vain with words contend, nor yet  
Can find the end, long time remaining here.  
But thou, Atrides, still with counsel firm  
Rule o'er the Argives in the strifes of war.  
And let them perish, one or two, apart  
Who counsel from the Greeks ; and they in vain  
Hope to reach Argos, ere they know, if false  
Or true the promise of almighty Jove.  
For clearly Saturn's Son, I say, confirm'd, 350

That day, when in sea-passing ships the Greeks  
Went, to the Trojans bearing death and fate,  
When with fair signs he thunder'd from the right.  
So then let no one hasten to return  
Before he with some Trojan's consort lie,  
And fair-hair'd Helen's woes and groans avenge.  
If without measure any long for home,  
Let him now touch his well-bench'd sable ship,  
That first of all he death and fate may meet.  
But, king, both counsel well, and others hear ;      360  
Not vain shall be the word, which I shall speak.  
In tribes and clans the men, Atrides, part,  
That tribe may tribe, and clan may clan, assist.  
If thus thou do, and thee the Greeks obey,  
Thou soon shalt know, what chief, what band, is base,  
And who is brave,—for each his best will fight—  
And if thou waste not Troy by Jove's decree,  
Or through men's fear and ignorance of war.  
To him king Agamemnon answer'd said ;  
Again, old man, in council thou art best.      370  
I would, O Pallas, Phœbus, and Jove Sire,  
I had ten such advisers of the Greeks ;  
Then soon would Priam's lofty city fall,  
Subdued and wasted by our conqu'ring hands.  
But ægis-bearing Jove hath sent me woes,  
And cast me amidst endless strifes and broils.  
For I and swift Achilles for a maid  
With words have fought, and I the strife began.  
But if we ever counsel join, no more  
Shall evil to the Trojans be delay'd.      380



Now take ye food, that we may battle join ;  
Each sharpen well his spear, and brace his shield,  
And each give food to his swift-footed steeds,  
And viewing each his car, for war prepare,  
That we all day in battle may engage.  
For not the least cessation shall be given,  
Till coming night shall part the strength of men.  
The belt of each man-circling shield shall sweat  
Around the breast, and each hand toil with spear,  
And each steed sweat, that draws the polish'd car. 390  
But whom apart from battle I behold  
Staying beside the beak'd ships, he in vain  
Shall hope from dogs and vultures to escape.

So said he ; and the Argives shouted loud ;  
As when the South-Wind on a steep shore drives  
The waves against a jutting rock ; and ne'er  
They leave it, when the changeful winds arise.  
And rising, they rush'd scatter'd to the ships,  
And lighted fires, and feasted in the tents.  
And each one offer'd to some deathless God, 400  
Praying from death and battle to escape.  
And Agamemnon offer'd up a bull,  
Fat, five-year-old, to Saturn's mighty Son,  
And summon'd all the elders of the Greeks,  
First Nestor, and then king Idomeneus,  
And either Ajax, and brave Tydeus' son,  
And sixth Ulysses, wise as sov'reign Jove.  
But warlike Menelaus came uncall'd ;  
For he well knew his brother, how he toil'd.  
And they stood round the bull, and took the meal, 410

And 'midst them praying, Agamemnon said ;  
Jove, glorious, great, dark-clouded Lord of air,  
Let not the Sun descend, nor twilight come,  
Before I headlong Priam's mansion cast  
Smoking, and burn with hostile fire his doors,  
And Hector's doublet tear upon his breast,  
Pierced through with brass ; and round him in the dust  
May many comrades bite with teeth the earth.

So said he ; nor did Saturn's Son confirm ;  
But took the gifts, and endless toil prepared. 420  
And when they all had pray'd, and thrown the meal,  
They first drew back, and then they slew and flay'd,  
And cut out, and with fat o'erlaid, the thighs,  
In double folds, and heap'd raw pieces round ;  
And then they burnt them upon leafless logs,  
And piercing, held the entrails o'er the fire.  
They then the entrails tasted, and the rest  
In slices cut, and pierced it through with spits,  
And roasted it with skill, and drew all off.  
And when they toil had ceased, and spread the board,  
They feasted, and the goodly banquet shared ;  
And when they thirst and hunger had allay'd,  
To them Gerenian Nestor words began ;

King Agamemnon, Atreus' glorious son,  
Let us not here remain, nor long time still  
The work delay, which God shall give in hand.  
But let the heralds of brass-coated Greeks  
The people call, and at the ships collect ;  
And let us thus together through the host  
Go, that we quickly may sharp war excite. 440

So said he ; and Atrides him obey'd ;  
And he the clear-voiced heralds quickly bade  
The long-hair'd Argives summon to the war ;  
And they proclaim'd ; and soon the Argives met.  
And round Atrides the Jove-nurtured kings  
With speed array'd them ; and Minerva held  
The ægis, precious, deathless, incorrupt,  
From which a hundred golden tassels hung,  
Well-twisted, and each worth a hundred beeves.  
With this she glancing through the army went,      450  
To march exciting, and in every heart  
She strength awoke in ceaseless war to fight ;  
And war to them far sweeter then became,  
Than home to their dear country to return.

As wasting fire a boundless wood consumes  
On mountain tops ; and far the blaze appears ;  
So from the wondrous brass, as they advanced,  
The dazzling splendour heaven through æther reach'd.

And as unnumber'd flights of winged birds,  
Of geese, or cranes, or swans with outstretch'd necks,  
In Asian meadows by Cayster's streams,  
Fly here and there, rejoicing on the wing ;  
And as they clanging light, the meadow rings ;  
So many nations from the ships and tents  
Pour'd o'er Scamander's plain, and earth beneath  
Resounded with the feet of men and steeds.  
And in Scamander's flowery mead they stood  
Unnumber'd, as the leaves and flowers in spring.

As countless swarms of close-collected flies  
Wander around the shepherd's mountain cot      470

In vernal hour, when milk has wet the pails ;  
So many long-hair'd Greeks in battle stood  
Against the Trojans, eager to destroy.

As goatherds part wide flocks of mountain goats  
With ease, when in the pasture they are mix'd ;  
So them the leaders parted here and there  
To march to war ; and Agamemnon stood,  
In eyes and head like thunder-bearing Jove,  
In girdle Mars, and Neptune o'er the chest.

As in a herd a bull far all excels, 480  
And noble walks amid assembled kine ;  
So Jove 'midst many heroes on that day  
Atrides glorious and distinguish'd made.

Tell me, ye Muses, who Olympus hold,—  
For ye, as Gods, were present, and know all ;  
But we hear fame alone, and nothing know—  
Who were the kings and leaders of the Greeks.  
For ne'er could I the crowd recount or name,  
Not though ten tongues were given me, and ten mouths,  
A voice unbroken, and a brazen heart, 490  
Unless Olympian Muses, born of Jove,  
Should me remind, how many came to Troy ;  
I then will all the chiefs and ships recount.

Peneleus, Prothoënor, Lëitus,  
Arcesilaus, and bold Clonius,  
Led the Bæotians, who in Hyria dwelt,  
Who rocky Aulis, Schœnus, Scholus held,  
High Eteonus, Mycalessus gay,  
Thespia, Græa, Harma, Erythræ,  
Ilesium, Hyla, Eleon, Peteon, 500

Ocalea green, and Medeon, well-built town,  
 Copæ, Eutresis, Thisbè, famed for doves,  
 And Glissas fair, and Haliartus' meads,  
 Who Coronæa, and Platæa held,  
 And who in Hypothebæ, well-built town,  
 Holy Onchestus, Neptune's sacred grove,  
 And vine-clad Arnè, and Anthedon far,  
 And holy Nissa, and Midæa, dwelt;  
 Of these went fifty vessels, and in each  
 Twice sixty warriors of Bœotia sail'd.

510

Ascalaphus and brave Ialmenus  
 Ruled o'er Aspledon and Orchomenus;  
 Them in the house of Actor, Azeus' son,  
 Astyochè, an honour'd virgin, bore  
 To mighty Mars, who her in secret knew;  
 And with them thirty hollow vessels went.

Epistrophus and Schedius Phocians led,  
 The sons of Naubolus' son, Iphitus,  
 Who Cyparissus held, and Pytho's rock,  
 And holy Crissa, Daulis, Panopeus,  
 Anemoræa, and Hyampolis,  
 And those, who dwelt by fair Cephissus' streams,  
 And in Lilæa near Cephissus' springs;  
 And with them forty sable vessels went;  
 They two with care the Phocian ranks array'd;  
 And they on the Bœotians' left were arm'd.

520

Ajax, Oileus' son, the Locrians led,  
 Far less than Ajax, Telamon's huge son,  
 But swift; and he a linen breastplate wore,  
 And with the spear amidst all Greeks excell'd.

530

They Cynus, Opus, and Calliarus,  
Bessa, and Scarphè, and Augëa fair,  
Tarphe, and Thronius by Boagrius, held;  
And with him forty sable vessels went  
Of Locrians, who beyond Eubœa dwell.

The brave Abantes, who Eubœa held,  
Eretria, Chalcis, Histiaëa's vines,  
Sea-wash'd Cerinthus, Dium's lofty walls,  
And who in Styra and Carystus dwelt;  
These Elephenor, branch of Mars, array'd, 540  
Chalcodon's son, the bold Abantes' chief.  
Him the Abantes with long hair behind  
Follow'd, desirous with extended spears  
To break bright corslets on the breasts of foes;  
And with him forty sable vessels went.

Who too in Athens, well-built city, dwelt,  
Land of Erechtheus, whom Jove-gifted Earth  
Produced, and whom Jove's daughter, Pallas, bred,  
And placed in Athens in her unctuous fane;  
Where her with offer'd bulls and lambs appease 550  
The youths of Athens each revolving year.  
These then Menestheus, son of Peteus, led;  
To him no earthly man was equal born  
To order horses and shield-bearing men,  
Excepting Nestor, who was elder born;  
And with him fifty sable vessels went.

From Salamis great Ajax twelve ships led,  
And placed them, where the bands of Athens stood.

Who Argos held, and Tiryns, well-built town,  
Deep-bay'd Hermionè and Asinè, 560

And vine-clad Epidaurus, and the Shores,  
And who Ægina, Trœzen, Mases, held ;  
These Diomedes, good in battle, led,  
And Sthenelus, famed Capaneus' dear son,  
And third Euryalus, a godlike man,  
Son of Mecisteus, Talaïon's son ;  
But warlike Diomedes ruled o'er all ;  
And with them eighty sable vessels went.

And who Mycenæ, well-built city, held,  
And in rich Corinth, and Cleonæ, dwelt, 570  
And in Ornææ, Aræthyrea fair,  
And Sicyon, where first Adrastus reign'd,  
Hyperesïa, Gonoessa high,  
And who Pellenè held, and Ægium till'd,  
And all the Shore, and spacious Helicè ;  
Of these Atrides led a hundred ships,  
King Agamemnon ; him the most and best  
Follow'd ; and he in dazzling brass was clad,  
Glorying, that 'midst all heroes he excell'd,  
Since he was best, and far most people led. 580

And who in hollow Lacedæmon dwelt,  
And Phara, Sparta, Messa, famed for doves,  
And fair Augæa, and Brysæa, held,  
And Amyclæ, and Helos, sea-wash'd town,  
Who Laas held, and who till'd Cætylus ;  
Of these his brother, Menelaus brave,  
Led sixty ships, and they apart were arm'd ;  
And he, relying on his ardour, went,  
To war exciting, and he most desired  
The woes and groans of Helen to avenge. 590

Who sandy Pylus, and Arena, held,  
Thryum, Alphæus' ford, and Æpy's walls,  
Cyparissæis, Helos, Pteleum,  
Amphigenia, and fair Dorium;  
Where erst the Muses Thracian Thamyris  
Deprived of song; when he from Eurytus,  
Cæchalia's monarch, came, and vaunted e'en  
The Muses, great Jove's children, to o'ercome;  
But him with blindness they in anger struck,  
And made him song and harper's skill forget. 600  
O'er these Gerenian car-borne Nestor ruled;  
And with him ninety hollow vessels went.

And the brave men, who 'neath Cyllenè held  
Arcadia by the tomb of Æpytus,  
And who till'd Pheneüs, Orchomenus,  
Windy Enispè, Rhipa, Stratia,  
And who fair Tegea and Mantinea held,  
And in Stymphalus and Parrhasia dwelt;  
These Agapenor led, Ancæus' son,  
In sixty ships; and many in each ship 610  
Arcadian warriors, skill'd in battle, went.  
For Agamemnon, king of men, himself,  
To pass the dark sea, gave them well-bench'd ships;  
For nothing skill'd they of the stormy deep.

Who sacred Elis, and Buprasium, till'd,  
And what Hyrminè, and far Myrsinus,  
The Rock Olenian, and Alesium, hold;  
Four chiefs led these, and each o'er ten ships ruled;  
And in them many brave Epæans sail'd;  
Two parts Amphimachus and Thalpius ruled, 620



The sons of Ctæatus and Eurytus ;  
The third Diores, Amarynceus' son ;  
The fourth part godlike Polyxeinus led,  
Son of Agasthenes, Augæas' son.

Who from Dulichium and Echinæ came,  
Islands, which lie off Elis o'er the sea,  
These Meges led, in battle brave as Mars,  
The son of car-borne Phyleus, dear to Jove,  
Who from his father to Dulichium fled ;  
And with him forty sable vessels went. 630

Ulysses, who in counsel equal'd Jove,  
The noble-minded Cephallenians led,  
Who Ithaca, and leafy Neritus,  
And Crocolæa, and rough Ægilips,  
And Samus and Zacynthus, sea-girt isles,  
Antiperæa, and Epirus, held ;  
And with him twelve vermilion-cheek'd ships went.

Thoas, Andræmon's son, Ætolians led,  
Who Olenus, Pylenè, Pleuron, held,  
Chalcis by sea, and rocky Calydon. 640  
For noble Ceneus' sons no longer lived,  
And he and Meleager were both dead ;  
So over all Ætolians Thoas ruled ;  
And with him forty sable vessels went.

Spear-famed Idomeneus the Cretans led,  
Who Cnossus, and the walls of Gortys, held,  
Lyctus, Miletus, and Lycastus white,  
Phæstus, and Rhytium, thickly peopled towns,  
And all, who dwelt in hundred-citied Crete.  
O'er these spear-famed Idomeneus bore sway, 650

And, like manslaying Mars, Meriones ;  
And with them eighty sable vessels went.

Tlepolemus, huge son of Hercules,  
From Rhodes nine ships of vaunting Rhodians led,  
In triple-parted Rhodes who Lindus held,  
And Ialysus, and Camirus white ;  
O'er these spear-famed Tlepolemus bore sway,  
Whom to Jove's son Astyochea bore ;  
Her, from Sellëis and fair Ephyra,  
He, wasting many towns of brave youths, led. 660  
Tlepolemus, when in the house he grew  
To man's estate, his sire's dear uncle kill'd,  
Now bent with age, Licymnius, branch of Mars ;  
He then built ships, and many people led,  
And fled o'er sea ; for him with threats pursued  
The sons and grandsons of great Hercules.  
He, suff'ring sorrows, wand'ring, came to Rhodes.  
And they in three tribes lived, by Jove beloved,  
Who reigns eternal over Gods and men ;  
And Saturn's Son on them pour'd countless wealth.

Nireus three goodly ships from Syma led,  
Nireus, of Charops and Aglaia son,  
Nireus, who came the fairest man to Troy  
Of all the Greeks, save Peleus' faultless son ;  
But he was feeble, and few people led.

Who Cos, and Casus, and Nisyrus, held,  
And the Calydnian isles, and Crapathus ;  
These Antiphus and bold Phidippus led,  
The sons of Hercules' son, Thessalus ;  
And with them thirty hollow vessels went. 680

In vain now, who Pelasgian Argos held,  
Who Alus, Alopè, and Trachis, till'd,  
And Phthia and fair-maiden Hellas held,  
Achæans, Myrmidons, Hellenians, call'd ;  
Of these Achilles fifty vessels led.  
But they no more remember'd mournful war ;  
For there was no one now to lead their ranks.  
For swift divine Achilles in his ships  
Lay, angry for Brisëis, fair-hair'd maid,  
Whom he, much toiling, from Lyrnessus took, 690  
When he Lyrnessus sack'd and Theba's walls,  
And Mynes and Epistrophus o'erthrew,  
Sons of Eëneus, king Selepus' son.  
For her he grieved, but soon again should rise.

Who Phylacè, and flowery Pyrrhasus,  
Temple of Ceres, and who Iton green,  
Antron by sea, and grassy Pteleum, held ;  
Warlike Protesilaus, while he lived,  
Led these ; but him the dark earth now contain'd.  
His mourning bride in Phylacè was left, 700  
And house half-finish'd ; for a Dardan man  
Slew him, of Greeks first leaping from his ship.  
Yet were they not unrul'd, though him they mourn'd ;  
For them Podarces, branch of Mars, array'd,  
Son of Iphiclus, son of Phylacus,  
Protesilaus' brother, while he lived,  
Younger by birth ; for he was first and best,  
Warlike Protesilaus ; nor his bands  
Wanted a chief, though much they him desired ;  
And with him forty sable vessels went. 710

Who dwelt in Bœbè by Bœbëis lake,  
 And Iaölcus, Pheræ, Glaphyra ;  
 Of these eleven ships king Eumelus led,  
 Whom, fairest of the race of Pelias,  
 Noble Alcestis to Admetus bore.

Who in Methonè, and Thaumacia, dwelt,  
 And Melibœa, and Olizon rough ;  
 Of these, famed archer, Philoctetes led  
 Seven ships, and fifty rowers in each ship  
 Embark'd, well-skill'd with bended bows to fight. 720  
 But bearing sorrows, in an isle he lay,  
 In goodly Lemnus, by the Argives left,  
 Sick with the foul wound of a pois'nous snake.  
 There he lay grieving ; but the Greeks should soon  
 Remember Philoctetes by the ships.  
 Yet were they not unruled, though him they mourn'd ;  
 But them Oïleus' son, bold Medon, led,  
 Whom Rhena to renown'd Oïleus bore.

Who Tricca, and who steep Ithomè, held,  
 And who Œchalia, realm of Eurytus ; 730  
 These Podalirius and Machaon led,  
 Both skilful leeches, Æsculapius' sons ;  
 And with them thirty hollow vessels went.

Who held Ormenius, Hyperæa's spring,  
 Asterius, and Titanus' white tops ;  
 Eurypylus, Evæmon's son, led these ;  
 And with him forty sable vessels went.

Who in Argissa, Oloösson white,  
 Ortha, Elona, and Gyrtona, dwelt ;  
 These Polypoetes, firm in battle, led, 740

Son of Pirithous, whom Jove begot ;  
Hippodamïa to Pirithous  
Bore him that day, when he the shaggy Pheres  
Slew, and from Pelium to the Æthics drove ;  
Not sole ; for with him brave Leonteus went,  
The son of proud Coronus, Cæneus' son ;  
And with them forty sable vessels went.

Guneus from Cyphus twenty two ships led  
Of Enienians and Peræbans brave,  
Who round Dodona wintry mansions hold, 750  
And dwell by Titaresus' lovely stream,  
Who his bright waters to Penëus bears,  
Nor is he with his silv'ry whirlpools mix'd,  
But flows upon the top like shining oil,  
From Stygian water, dreadful oath, derived.

And noble Prothous, Tenthredon's son,  
Led the Magnetes, who by Pelium dwelt,  
Leaf-shaking mount, and by Penëus' stream ;  
And with him forty sable vessels went.

These were the kings and leaders of the Greeks. 760  
Who then of these was best, O Muse, declare,  
Of men and steeds, who follow'd Atreus' sons.  
The mares of Pheres' son were far the best,  
Which king Eumelus drove, as swift as birds,  
Like hair'd, like aged, like measured on the back ;  
These king Apollo in Pieria bred,  
Both mares, the terror bearing of dread Mars.  
Of men was Telamonian Ajax best,  
While swift Achilles raged ; for he was best,  
He, and the horses, which Pelides bore ; 770

But by his beak'd sea-passing ships he lay,  
 Enraged with Agamemnon, king of men.  
 His people idly on the sandy shore  
 The coit, the arrow, and the javelin, threw ;  
 And standing by the well-built cars, their steeds  
 Sweet lotus and marsh-nurtured parsley cropt ;  
 And in the tents the cars well-cover'd stood ;  
 And they, their chief desiring, loved of Mars,  
 Walk'd through the army here and there, nor fought.

They went, as if swift fire the ground devour'd ; 780  
 And earth beneath them groan'd, as when great Jove  
 In anger lashes the upheaving ground  
 In Arima around Typhœus' bed ;  
 So deep beneath the feet of men the earth  
 Groan'd, as they march'd ; and soon they pass'd the plain.

Wind-footed Iris to the Trojans came  
 With mournful embassy from Saturn's Son.  
 They an assembly held at Priam's gates,  
 Together all collected, old and young.  
 And standing near, swift Iris them address'd, 790  
 Like young Polites, Priam's son, in voice,  
 Who sat the Trojans' watch—for swift his feet—  
 On ancient Æsyètes' lofty tomb,  
 Waiting, till from the ships the Greeks should move.  
 Taking this form, swift Iris 'midst them spoke ;

Old man, to thee ne'er-ending speech is dear,  
 As erst in peace ; but now dire war impends ;  
 For I have enter'd many fights of men ;  
 But never saw I such a mighty host.  
 For they, like leaves, or sand upon the shore, 820

March o'er the plain, the city to **attack**.  
Hector, to thee I chiefly this **enjoin** ;  
Many allies round Priam's town are met,  
And mix'd the language of far-scatter'd men ;  
Let each man those, o'er whom he rules, array,  
And each chief order his own city's bands.

So said she ; and he knew the Goddess' voice,  
And loosed the meeting ; and to arms they rush'd.  
The gates were open'd ; and the host rush'd forth,  
Both foot and horse ; and loud the tumult rose. 810

Before the city is a lofty hill,  
On all sides open, on the plain apart,  
Which mortals Batiëa call by name,  
And the Immortals swift Myrinna's tomb ;  
There were the Trojans and allies array'd.

Crest-shaking Hector o'er the Trojans ruled,  
King Priam's son ; with him the most and best  
Were arm'd, desirous with the spear to fight.

Æneas, king of men, the Dardans led ;  
Him noble Venus to Anchises bore 820  
In Ida's depths, a Goddess join'd to man ;  
Not sole ; for with him were Antenor's sons,  
Warlike Archelochus and Acamas.

And who Zelëa held at Ida's foot,  
Rich, Trojans, drinking black Æsepus' flood ;  
These Pandarus, Lycaon's son, array'd,  
To whom himself Apollo gave the bow.

Who Adrastëa, and Apæsus, held,  
And Pityëa, and Terëa's mount ;  
These brave Adrastus and Amphïus led, 830

The sons of Merops, the Percosian seer,  
Who knew the future, nor his sons allow'd  
To go to man-destroying war ; but they  
Obey'd not ; for the fates of black death led.

And who Percotè, and who Practium, till'd,  
Sestus, Abydus, and Arisba fair ;  
These Asius led, the son of Hyrtacus,  
Proud Asius, whom his vast bay horses brought  
From fair Arisba by Sellëis' stream.

Hippothous Pelasgian spearmen led, 840  
Who dwelt upon Larissa's fertile plain ;  
Pylæus and Hippothous led these,  
The sons of Lethus, son of Teutamus.

Brave Pirous and Acamas array'd  
The Thracians, whom swift Hellespont contain'd.

Euphemus the Ciconian spearmen led,  
Son of Trœzenus, noble Ceas' son.

Pyræchmes the bow-bearing Pæons led  
From Amydon by Axius' distant stream,  
Which on the earth the fairest water pours. 850

Pylæmenes the Paphlagonians led,  
From the Henetians, where the mules are wild,  
Who held Cytorus, and Ægialus,  
And Cromna, Erythini, Sesamus,  
And who fair mansions by Parthenius build.

Epistrophus and Hodius from the mines  
Of Alyba the Halizonians led.

Chromis and Ennomus the Mysians led ;  
He, though a seer, escaped not mournful fate,  
But in the river by Achilles' hand 860



Was tamed, when he the other Trojans slew.

Ascanius and Phorcys Phrygians led  
From far Ascania, eager for the fight.

Mesthles and Antiphus the Mæons led,  
Whom to Pylæmenes Gygæa bore ;  
They led the Mæons beneath Tmolus born.

Nastes the Carians led, barbarian-tongued,  
Who leafy Phthira, and Miletus, held,  
Mæander's streams, and Mycalè's high tops ;  
These Nastes and Amphimachus array'd,  
Who of Nomion were the splendid sons ;  
He went all golden, like a girl, to war ;  
But nought did this sad fate from him avert ;  
For in the river swift Æacides  
Slew him, and bore his golden arms away.

870

Godlike Sarpedon led the Lycian bands,  
With blameless Glaucus, from far Xanthus' streams.



# I L I A D,

## BOOK III.



AND when they with their chiefs were each  
array'd,

The Trojans went with clang and shout,  
like birds;

As before heaven the clang of cranes resounds,  
Who, fleeing winter and unceasing rain,  
With clang unto the streams of Ocean fly,  
To Pygmy mortals bearing death and fate;  
And evil contest with the dawn they bring.  
But silent went the courage breathing Greeks,  
In mind resolved each other to defend.

As when the South-Wind pours o'er hills a mist, 10  
Hateful to shepherds, dear as night to thieves,  
And scarce a stone's throw round the view extends;  
So, as they went, beneath their feet arose  
The whirling dust; and soon they pass'd the plain.

And when they near against each other came,  
Before the Trojans godlike Paris strode,  
Bearing a pard skin, and a bended bow,  
And sword; and shaking two brass-pointed spears,  
He all the princes of the Greeks defied  
Opposed in dreadful battle to contend.

When warlike Menelaus him perceived  
Coming before the host with lofty step ;  
As a vast lion o'er a carcass joys,  
Finding an antler'd stag, or mountain goat,  
Hungry ; he fierce devours it, though around  
The nimble dogs and vig'rous youths assail ;  
So Menelaus joy'd, when he beheld  
Fair Paris, trusting to avenge his wrongs ;  
And quickly from his car in arms he leap'd.

When godlike Alexander him beheld 30  
Amidst the foremost, he to heart was struck,  
And to the ranks retired, avoiding fate.  
As when a man, who sees a snake, starts back  
In mountain depths, and terror shakes his limbs ;  
He flies, and paleness o'er his cheeks is spread ;  
So godlike Paris, fearing Atreus' son,  
Enter'd again the haughty Trojans' host.  
Him Hector seeing chid with taunting words ;

False Paris, fair in form, for woman mad,  
O best unborn, or ere thy spousal dead ; 40  
And so I would, and it were better far,  
Than thus to be the people's scorn and shame.  
Merrily now the long-hair'd Argives laugh,  
Saying, 'tis some chief warrior, since thy form  
Is noble ; but no courage stirs thy soul.  
And was it thus, that in sea-passing ships,  
Sailing the deep, collecting comrades dear,  
With strangers mix'd, thou didst a fair wife bring  
From Apian land, the bride of warlike men,  
Thy father's ruin, and thy country's loss, 50

To foes a triumph, to thyself a shame?  
Darest thou not warlike Menelaus meet?  
Thou soon should'st know, whose blooming wife thou  
Not then may harp avail, and Venus' gifts, [hast.  
And hair, and form, when thou in dust art mix'd.  
Base are the Trojans, or a stony vest  
Ere now had clad thee for thine evil deeds.

Him godlike Alexander then address'd;  
Hector, thou me with justice hast reproved.  
Thy heart is ever, as an axe, untired, 60  
Which, when a man cuts out with art a keel,  
Goes through the wood, and aids the strength of man;  
So in thy breast thy soul is aye unmoved.  
Object not golden Venus' lovely gifts;  
None may reject the glorious gifts of gods,  
Free offer'd, which none willing could obtain.  
And now, if thou wouldst me to war excite,  
Bid all the other Greeks and Trojans sit,  
And me and Menelaus in the midst  
Set forth for Helen and the stores to fight; 70  
And he, who conquers and superior proves,  
Shall take the treasures, and lead Helen home;  
The rest shall faithful oaths and friendship join,  
And ye in rich Troy dwell, and they return  
To grassy Argos and fair-maiden Greece.

So said he; and much Hector hearing joy'd,  
And stepping forward, check'd the Trojan bands,  
His mid spear holding; and they all sat down.  
'Gainst him the long-hair'd Greeks their bows discharged,  
And aiming, him with stones and arrows struck. 80

But royal Agamemnon shouted loud ;

Forbear, ye Argives, shoot not, sons of Greeks ;  
For crested Hector would some word address.

So said he ; and they all from battle ceased,  
And silent stood ; and 'midst them Hector spoke ;

Hear now, ye Trojans and well-greaved Greeks,  
The word of Paris, who the strife began ;  
He all the other Greeks and Trojans bids  
Put off their fair arms on the verdant earth ;

And he and Menelaus in the midst 90

Alone for Helen and the stores will fight ;  
And he, who conquers and superior proves,  
Shall take the treasures, and lead Helen home ;  
And we the rest firm oaths and friendship join.

So said he ; and in silence all were mute ;  
And warlike Menelaus 'midst them spoke ;

Hear me too now ; for most this sorrow moves  
My mind ; the Greeks and Trojans now, I trust,  
Will friendship join ; for ye have many ills  
Endured for mine and Alexander's strife. 100

Let him, to whom now death and fate are doom'd,  
Die ; and the rest in friendship quickly part.

Bring ye two lambs, one white, the other black,  
To Earth and Sun ; and we will bring to Jove.

And bring ye Priam's might, that he may swear  
Himself,—since vain and faithless are his sons—

Lest any fraud Jove's sacred oaths offend ;

For fickle ever is the mind of youth ;

But cautious age both back and forwards looks,

How best to both sides the event may fall. 110

So said he ; and the Greeks and Trojans joy'd,  
Hoping, they soon from mournful war should cease.  
And they the horses check'd, and stepping down,  
Put off their arms, and laid them on the ground,  
Near to each other, with small space between.

Hector two heralds to the city sent  
Quickly to bring the lambs, and Priam call ;  
King Agamemnon too Talthybius sent  
To seek the hollow ships, and bade him bring  
A lamb ; nor he Atrides disobey'd. 120

Iris meanwhile to white-arm'd Helen went,  
Like Paris' sister, whom Antenor's son,  
King Helicaon, for his bride possess'd,  
Laodicè, of Priam fairest child.

Her weaving a great web, she found within,  
A shining doublet, where the toils were shewn  
Of car-borne Trojans and brass-coated Greeks,  
Which for her sake they suffer'd in the war.  
And standing near, swift Iris her address'd ;

Come, Lady dear, and view the wondrous deeds 130  
Of car-borne Trojans and brass-coated Greeks.  
They erst bore 'gainst each other tearful war  
Upon the plain, and dreadful fight desired ;  
But now they silent sit ; and war has ceased ;  
And they on shields recline, and fix their spears ;  
And Alexander and brave Atreus' son  
With long extended spears for thee will fight ;  
And he, who conquers, thee his wife shall call.

So saying, she a soft desire awoke  
Of husband lost, of parents, and of home. 140

And quickly, cover'd with a silv'ry robe,  
She left her chamber, shedding a soft tear;  
Not sole; for with her two attendants went,  
Pittheus' child, Æthra, and fair Clymenè;  
And soon they at the Scæan gates arrived.

With Priam, Lampus, Clytius, Panthous,  
Bold Hicetaon, and Thymoetes, sat  
Inspired Antenor and Ucalegon,  
The people's elders, at the Scæan gates,  
By age from war released, but counsellors 150  
Sage, like cicalas, who in sunny groves,  
Sitting on trees, a lily voice send forth.  
Such at the tower the Trojan leaders sat.

When Helen coming to the tower they saw,  
Soft to each other winged words they spoke;  
Justly the Trojans and well-greaved Greeks  
For one so fair long time have sorrows borne.  
In face she an immortal Goddess seems;  
But still, though such, let her in ships return,  
Nor to our own and children's loss remain. 160

So said they; and king Priam Helen call'd;  
Draw near, dear child, and at my side sit down,  
Thy former husband, kin, and friends, to see.  
I blame not thee; the gods alone I blame,  
Who 'gainst me the Greeks' tearful war have roused.  
So now to me this man enormous name;  
Who is this Grecian hero, vast and great?  
Others indeed in height I taller see;  
But one so beauteous ne'er my eyes beheld,  
Nor yet so noble; for a king he seems. 170

Of women noblest, Helen then replied ;  
Dear father, ever honour'd and revered,  
I would, that death had seized me, ere thy son  
I here had follow'd, quitting brothers, spouse,  
And lovely daughter, and dear early friends.  
But 'twas not so ; which I with tears bewail.  
What thou now askest, I to thee will tell.  
This is king Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
At once a good king and a warrior brave ;  
My brother erst, whom now with shame I see. 180

So said she ; and admiring, Priam spoke ;  
Happy Atrides, bless'd of Gods and fate,  
Full many sons of Greeks thy rule obey.  
Erst while I Phrygia's vine-clad vallies sought,  
Where I unnumber'd Phrygian horsemen saw,  
Otreus' and godlike Mygdon's chosen bands,  
Who then beside Sangarius' banks encamp'd ;  
For I too an ally with them was ranged,  
What day the manlike Amazons advanced.  
But not so many were they as the Greeks. 190

Seeing Ulysses next, the old man spoke ;  
Come now, dear child, and tell me, who is this ;  
Though less than Agamemnon by the head,  
Yet broader o'er his shoulders and deep chest.  
His arms lie by him on the verdant earth ;  
And like a ram, he walks the ranks of men.  
I liken him to some broad fleecy ram,  
Who walks amidst a flock of silv'ry sheep.

To him Jove's daughter, Helen, then replied ;  
This is Laertes' son, Ulysses wise, 200



Bred in the land of rocky Ithaca,  
Knowing all counsels and close-woven wiles.

Inspired Antenor her again address'd ;  
Most true this word, O Lady, hast thou said.  
For erst divine Ulysses hither came  
With Menelaus on thy embassy ;  
And them I in my house received and loved,  
And knew their nature and their close designs.  
When they amidst the gather'd Trojans stood,  
In stature Menelaus far excell'd ;  
But when both sat, Ulysses nobler seem'd.  
And when to all they words and counsels wove,  
With easy flow brave Menelaus spoke,  
Little indeed, but clear ; for not diffuse,  
In words he err'd not, though his birth was less.  
But when great wisdom-stored Ulysses rose,  
He stood, down-looking, with eyes fix'd on earth ;  
He neither up nor down his sceptre moved,  
But held it still, like an unskilful man ;  
You would have said, he was some angry fool.  
But when his vast voice from his breast he sent,  
And words like winter's gently falling snows,  
No mortal with Ulysses might contend,  
And him we gazing, as a God, admired.

210

220

Thirdly of Ajax the old man inquired ;  
Who is this other Greek both vast and great,  
Than all the Argives taller by the head ?  
To him fair long-robed Helen then replied ;  
This is huge Ajax, bulwark of the Greeks.  
And 'midst the Cretans there Idomeneus

230

Stands, like a God, by Cretan chiefs begirt.  
Oft warlike Menelaus him received  
Beneath our roof, whene'er from Crete he came.  
And now all other black-eyed Greeks I see,  
Whom well I know, and whom I well could name ;  
But two great chiefs I nowhere can discern,  
Horse-taming Castor, Pollux boxer famed,  
My own dear brothers, whom one mother bore.  
Either they lovely Sparta have not left,  
Or hither came in sea-dividing ships, 240  
But care not now in battle to engage,  
Dreading my foul disgrace and countless shames.

So said she ; but the genial earth them held  
In Lacedæmon, in their fathers' land.

The heralds now the sacred symbols brought,  
Two lambs, and in a goatskin soothing wine,  
The fruit of earth ; and old Idæus brought  
A shining goblet, and the golden cups.

And standing near, the old man he address'd ;

Son of Laomedon, the chiefs thee call 250  
Of car-borne Trojans and brass-coated Greeks  
To seek the plain, and sacred oaths confirm.  
For Alexander and brave Atreus' son  
Will for fair Helen with long spears contend ;  
And her the victor with the stores shall take,  
And all the rest firm oaths and friendship join,  
And we in rich Troy dwell, and they return  
To grassy Argos and fair-maiden Greece.

So said he ; and the old man trembling bade  
His comrades yoke the steeds ; and they obey'd. 260

And Priam mounted, and drew back the reins ;  
And with him in the car Antenor went ;  
And through the Scæan gates they sought the plain.

But when they 'midst the Greeks and Trojans came,  
Descending from the car to verdant earth,  
They to the midst of Greeks and Trojans went.  
Then soon rose Agamemnon, king of men,  
And wise Ulysses ; and the heralds gay  
Brought forth the sacred signs, and in a bowl  
Mix'd wine, and on the chiefs' hands water pour'd. 270  
And Agamemnon, drawing out a knife,  
Which always by his sword's great scabbard hung,  
Cut from the lambs' heads hairs ; the heralds then  
Shared these amongst the Greek and Trojan chiefs.  
And Atreus' son to them with raised hands pray'd ;

Jove Sire, from Ida ruling, glorious, great,  
And Sun, who all things see'st and hearest all,  
Rivers and Earth, and ye, who after death  
Mortals chastise, who 'gainst an oath offend,  
Be witness ye, and guard these sacred oaths. 280  
If Alexander Menelaus slay,  
Let him both Helen and the stores retain ;  
And we will in sea-passing ships return.  
But if bold Menelaus Paris slay,  
The Trojans then shall Helen and the stores  
Return, and to the Argives pay meet fine,  
Which e'en to future ages may remain.  
And if king Priam and his sons refuse  
To pay the fine, when Alexander falls,  
I then remaining, for the fine will fight, 290

Until I find the issue of the war.

He said, and the lambs' stomachs with sharp brass  
Cut out, and laid them struggling on the ground,  
Deprived of life; for brass had tamed their strength.  
And from the full bowl drawing wine with cups,  
They pour'd and pray'd to the eternal Gods;  
And each one thus of Greeks and Trojans said;

Jove, glorious, great, and other deathless Gods,  
Whoe'er shall first against these oaths offend,  
May, like this wine, their own and children's brain 300  
Flow on the ground, and others take their wives.

So said they; nor did Saturn's Son confirm.  
And Dardan Priam words amongst them spoke;  
Hear me, ye Trojans and well-greaved Greeks;  
I now to windy Ilium will return;

Since ne'er I with my eyes could bear to see  
My dear child fighting with brave Atreus' son.  
Jove and the deathless Gods alone can tell,  
To whom the term of mournful death is doom'd.

He said, and in the chariot placed the lambs, 310  
And then he mounted, and drew back the reins;  
And by him in the car Antenor went;  
And they returning, back to Ilium came.

Priam's son Hector and Ulysses wise  
First meted out a fitting space, and then  
Placed in a brazen helm, and shook, the lots,  
Which first should throw the brazen-pointed spear.  
Praying the Gods, the people raised their hands,  
And each one thus of Greeks and Trojans said;

Jove Sire, from Ida ruling, glorious, great, 320

Whoe'er these ill deeds between both hath done,  
Let him, cut off, the house of Pluto seek,  
And friendship give to us and faithful oaths.

So said they; and great crested Hector shook,  
Turn'd back; and quickly Paris' lot leap'd out.  
They then sat down in ranks, where near to each  
Their varied arms and rapid coursers lay.  
And noble Paris, fair-hair'd Helen's spouse,  
Around his shoulders placed his beauteous arms.  
And first his greaves about his legs he placed, 330  
Fair, to his ancles bound with silver clasps,  
And next his brother's breastplate he put on,  
Lycaon's, fitting well his manly chest,  
And round his shoulders cast his brazen sword  
With silver studs, and took his great strong shield;  
And on his head a well-made helm he placed,  
Horse-tail'd, whence dreadful nodded o'er the crest,  
And took a strong spear, fitted to his hand.  
So Menelaus in like arms was clad.

When they on each side of the host were arm'd, 340  
They went between the Trojans and the Greeks  
With threat'ning mien, and as they gazed, dread seized  
The car-borne Trojans and well-greaved Greeks.  
And they stood near within the measured space,  
Shaking their spears, with mutual anger moved.  
First Paris darted his long-shadow'd spear,  
And struck upon Atrides' equal shield,  
Nor broke the brass; and back the point was turn'd  
In the strong shield; and next with spear rush'd on  
Atrides, off'ring first a prayer to Jove; 350

Jove, grant me noble Paris to requite,  
Who wrong'd me first, and tame him 'neath my hands ;  
That each of men hereafter born may dread  
To wrong the faithful host, who friendship shews.

He said, and shaking, darted his long spear,  
And struck the equal shield of Priam's son ;  
Pierced through the shining shield the dreadful spear,  
And through the well-embroider'd breastplate pass'd,  
And near his groin cut through the varied vest ;  
He trembling bent aside, avoiding fate. 360  
And drawing forth his bright sword, Atreus' son,  
Rising, the helm's plate struck ; but crack'd, the sword  
In triple and quadruple fragments fell.  
And looking to wide heaven, Atrides cried ;

Jove Sire, no God is more accurst, than thou ;  
I thought on Paris to avenge my wrong ;  
But now my sword is broken, and my spear  
Has left my hand in vain, nor him hath struck.

He said, and rushing, seized the horse-tail'd helm,  
And twisting, dragg'd him towards the warlike Greeks.  
The broider'd thong his tender neck compress'd,  
The helmet's band, which pass'd beneath his chin.  
He now had dragg'd him, and won endless fame,  
If Jove's child, Venus, had not soon perceived,  
And broke the thong of slaughter'd bull's hide made ;  
And in his hand the empty helm remain'd.  
This then the hero 'midst the warlike Greeks  
Threw whirling ; and his comrades it received.  
And seeking him to slay, again he rush'd  
With brazen spear ; but Venus, as a God, 380

Raised him with ease, and in thick darkness hid,  
And in his sweet well-scented chamber placed.  
She then fair Helen sought, and her she found  
Upon the tower, by Trojan dames begirt,  
And with her hand her nectar'd garment shook ;  
In form she like an ancient dame appear'd,  
Her wool-preparer, who in Sparta erst  
Prepared her fair wool, and who loved her most ;  
In this form noble Venus her address'd ;

Come, Alexander calls thee to his home ; 390  
He in his chamber on his well-turn'd couch  
With beauty shines, and garments, nor appears  
As late return'd from battle, but as one  
Or going to the dance, or late return'd.

So said she, and her mind within her moved ;  
But when she saw the Goddess' beauteous neck,  
And lovely bosom, and resplendent eyes,  
She then astonish'd named her and address'd ;

Why wouldst thou, Goddess, me again deceive ?  
Wouldst thou still further to some peopled town 400  
Of Phrygia lead me, or Mæonia fair,  
If thou hast there some friend of mortal men ?  
Since Menelaus Paris hath o'ercome,  
And now would lead me hateful to his home,  
For this now stand'st thou here with artful wiles ?  
Go, sit by him, and leave the paths of Gods,  
Nor to Olympus with thy feet return ;  
But aye by him bear woes, and guard him well,  
Until his wife he make thee, or his slave.  
I go not thither—foul would be the shame— 410

To tend his bed ; for all the Trojan dames  
Would mock me ; and I countless woes endure.

With anger noble Venus her address'd ;  
Vex me not, wretch, lest thee I angry leave,  
And hate thee so, as I have dearly loved,  
And 'midst both Greeks and Trojans deadly hate  
Contrive ; and thou wouldst perish a sad death.

So said she ; and Jove's daughter, Helen, fear'd,  
And shrouded in her shining mantle, went  
In silence, by the Goddess led unseen. 420

And when they Paris' beauteous mansion reach'd,  
The maidens quickly to their works return'd ;  
And she unto her lofty chamber went.  
For her smile-loving Venus took a seat,  
And placed it near to Alexander's couch.  
There Helen, daughter of great Jove, reclined  
With eyes averted, and her husband chid ;

Thou comest from battle ; thou shouldst there have  
By a brave man, my former husband, slain. [died,  
'Twas erst thy boast, thou far superior wert 430  
In strength, and hand, and spear, to Atreus' son.

Go now, and warlike Menelaus call  
Again to hostile combat ; but to cease  
I thee advise, nor rashly Atreus' son  
Again in battle's angry strife to meet,  
Lest thou beneath his spear be quickly tamed.

Paris replying her with words address'd ;  
Taunt me not, Lady, with reproachful words ;  
He now hath conquer'd with Minerva's aid ;  
So may I him ; for there are Gods with us. 440



But come, let us to gentle friendship turn ;  
For ne'er so much did love my breast inflame ;  
Not e'en when first from lovely Sparta's shore  
I bore thee, sailing in sea-passing ships,  
And thee in Cranaë's rocky isle possess'd ;  
As now I love thee, seized with sweet desire.

So said he ; and his consort him obey'd ;  
And they upon the well-turn'd couch reposed.

Atrides, like a lion, search'd the host,  
If godlike Alexander he might see ;  
Nor could the Trojans and renown'd allies  
Paris to warlike Menelaus shew ;  
For not for friendship had they him conceal'd ;  
For he to all was hateful, as black fate.

450

And Agamemnon, king of men, then spoke ;  
Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies ;  
Brave Menelaus hath the battle won.

Ye Argive Helen, and with her the stores,  
Return, and pay such fine, as shall be meet,  
And which to future ages may remain.

460

So said Atrides ; and the Greeks approved.



# ILIAD,

## BOOK IV.



HE Gods, assembled on the golden floor,  
By Jove were seated ; and fair Hebe pour'd  
Nectar around ; and they with golden cups  
Each other greeted, viewing Troy's wide

Then Saturn's Son sought Juno to provoke, [town.  
And with heart-cutting words comparing spoke ;

Two Goddesses for Menelaus care,  
Fair Argive Juno and the blue-eyed Maid.  
But they, retired apart, delight to gaze,  
While laughter-loving Venus Paris aids, 10  
And hov'ring near, sad fate from him averts,  
And now has saved him, when he thought to die.  
But warlike Menelaus hath o'ercome ;  
Let us consider, how these things shall be ;  
If we again sad war and dreadful strife  
Shall rouse, or faithful peace between them join.  
And if it so to all the best appear,  
Then shall the city of King Priam stand,  
And Atreus' son lead Argive Helen home.  
He said ; and Juno and Minerva groan'd ; 20

They, brooding woes to Troy, together sat.  
Minerva sat in silence, nor said aught,  
Enraged with Jove ; and her fierce anger seized ;  
But Juno check'd not her disdain, and spoke ;

Dread Son of Saturn, what is this, thou sayst ?  
How wouldst thou make the sweat and labour vain,  
Which with my steeds I bore, when I the host  
Gather'd, a bane to Priam and his sons ?  
Not all the Gods this counsel will approve.

Her greatly moved cloud-gath'ring Jove address'd ;  
What wrongs 'gainst thee have Priam and his sons  
Committed, that unceasing thou desirest  
The well-built town of Ilus to destroy.  
If ent'ring now the gates and lofty walls,  
Thou shouldst devour King Priam, and his sons,  
And all his people, would thy wrath be stay'd ?  
Do, as thou wilt, lest this contention still  
A cause of strife between us two remain.  
But this I say, and cast it in thy mind ;  
Whene'er indignant I desire to waste  
A city, where men dear to thee are born,  
Restrain not thou my anger, but permit ;  
For this, though 'gainst my will, I freely grant.  
For of all towns by earth-born men possess'd,  
Which lie beneath the Sun and starry heaven,  
Of these was sacred Ilium in my heart,  
With Priam and his people, honour'd most.  
For ne'er my altar miss'd the goodly feast,  
Nor wine and fat ; for honour we received.

To him fair honour'd Juno then replied ;

40

50

To me three earthly cities are most dear,  
Argos, and Sparta, and Mycenæ wide ;  
All these destroy, when hated in thy heart ;  
I them defend not, nor to thee deny ;  
For if I them denied, and sought to save,  
I could do nought ; for thou art stronger far.  
But thou too shouldst not make my labour vain ;  
For I too am a God, and born, whence thou ;  
And I of Saturn am the eldest child,  
As well by birth, as for that I thy wife 60  
Am call'd ; and thou 'midst all Immortals reign'st.  
But let us these things to each other yield ;  
To thee I, thou to me ; and then the Gods  
Will follow ; but Minerva quickly bid  
Go 'midst the Greeks and Trojans' dreadful strife,  
And try, how first the Trojans 'gainst their oaths  
The too confiding Argives may offend.

So said she ; and the Sire of Gods obey'd,  
And to Minerva winged words address'd ;

Go quickly 'midst the Greek and Trojan hosts, 70  
And try, how first the Trojans 'gainst their oaths  
The too confiding Argives may offend.

So saying, he Minerva willing roused ;  
And she went rushing from Olympus' tops.  
As wily Saturn's Son a meteor sends,  
A sign to sailors, or wide host of men ;  
It shines, and from it many sparks are thrown ;  
So on the earth Athenian Pallas rush'd,  
And leap'd amidst ; and, as they gazed, dread seized  
The car-borne Trojans and brass-coated Greeks. 80

And thus each, looking to his neighbour, said ;  
Surely again sad war and dreadful strife  
Will come, or Jove between us peace will join,  
He, who the Lord of battle is to men.

So each one of the Greeks and Trojans said.  
But like Laodocus, Antenor's son,  
A warrior bold, she search'd the Trojan host,  
Desiring godlike Pandarus to find.  
She found Lycaon's strong and blameless son  
Standing ; and round him were the valiant bands 90  
Of spearmen, who from black Æsepus came.

And standing near, she winged words address'd ;  
Wouldst thou obey me, brave Lycaon's son,  
And a swift shaft 'gainst Menelaus send ?  
Thou favour wouldst with all the Trojan host,  
And most of all with Alexander, gain ;  
Thou first from him wouldst splendid gifts receive,  
If warlike Menelaus he should see,  
Tamed by thy dart, the mournful pyre ascend.

But come, a shaft at Menelaus speed, 100  
And vow to Phœbus, early-born, bow-famed,  
A glorious hecatomb of first-born lambs,  
When thou Zelëa's sacred town shalt reach.

So Pallas said, and moved his senseless mind ;  
Soon from its case he drew his polish'd bow,  
Made of a wild-goat's horns, which 'neath the chest  
He erst had struck, long watching, as it left  
A cave ; and headlong on the rock it fell.  
Full sixteen hands the horns grew from the head ;  
These, working well, a bowyer had prepared, 110

And polish'd all, and added golden tips.  
This, leaning 'gainst the ground, he bent and strung ;  
And his good comrades held before their shields,  
Lest first the warlike sons of Greeks should rise,  
Ere warlike Menelaus should be struck.  
And he the quiver oped, and chose a shaft,  
Ne'er-cast, new-feather'd, source of sable pains,  
And fitted to the string the bitter bolt,  
And vow'd to Phœbus, early-born, bow-famed,  
A glorious hecatomb of first-born lambs, 120  
When he Zelëa's sacred town should reach.  
At once the notch and ox-hide string he drew ;  
The string his breast, the iron touch'd the bow ;  
And when the bow was to a circle drawn,  
The bow creak'd, the string twang'd, and forth the shaft  
Leap'd sharply, eager through the host to fly.

But, Menelaus, thee the blessed Gods  
Forgot not ; for Jove's battle-leading Child,  
Before thee stood, and turn'd the shaft aside,  
And from thy skin so warded, as a fly 130  
A mother chases from her sleeping child,  
And it directed, where the golden clasps  
The girdle join'd, and where the breastplate meets ;  
And on the belt the bitter arrow fell.  
Through the well-broider'd belt the point was driven,  
And through the richly-varied breastplate pierced,  
And vest, which he a fence from arrows bore ;  
This most defended ; and through this it pass'd,  
And slightly grazed the surface of the skin ;  
And quickly from the wound the dark blood flow'd.

As when some Carian or Mæonian dame  
Iv'ry with purple for a frontlet stains ;  
And many horsemen it desire to bear ;  
But in her chamber for a king it lies,  
At once man's glory, and the horses' pride ;  
So, Menelaus, were thy beauteous thighs,  
And legs, and ankles, stain'd with trickling blood.  
Then shudder'd Agamemnon, king of men,  
Seeing the black blood flowing from the wound ;  
And warlike Menelaus shudder'd too ; 150  
But when he saw the string and barbs without,  
His courage gath'ring in his breast return'd.  
But 'midst them groaning Agamemnon spoke,  
Holding his right hand ; and his comrades groan'd ;  
Dear brother, death to thee these oaths I join'd,  
Alone exposing for the Greeks to fight ;  
Thee now the Trojans 'gainst their oaths have struck.  
Yet not in vain are oaths, and blood of lambs,  
And pure libations, and faith-plighted hands.  
For if at once Jove do not them fulfil, 160  
He late fulfils them ; and they dearly pay  
With their own heads, their children, and their wives.  
For well I know this in my soul and mind,  
The day will come, when sacred Troy shall fall,  
And Priam and his people shall be slain ;  
And from his air-borne chariot Saturn's Son  
Against them shall his fatal Ægis shake  
For this deceit ; and all shall be perform'd.  
But, Menelaus, I sad grief shall feel,  
If dying thou the term of life fulfil ; 170

And most disgraced I should to Greece return.  
For quickly will the Greeks remember home ;  
And we to Troy and Priam should a boast  
Leave Argive Helen; and the earth thy bones  
Will rot in Troy, here lying unavenged.  
And then each vaunting Trojan thus will say,  
Leaping on noble Menelaus' tomb ;  
“ May Agamemnon so his wrath fulfil,  
As now the Greeks he here in vain has led,  
And leaving Menelaus, has return'd 180  
With empty ships unto his country dear.”  
So will they say ; then earth wide 'neath me yawn.

Him Menelaus cheering then address'd ;  
Take courage, nor the Grecian host alarm.  
The sharp shaft in no vital part is fix'd ;  
The varied belt has saved me, and beneath  
The girdle, and the brazen-plated vest.

King Agamemnon answ'ring him address'd ;  
Dear Menelaus, may it so be found ;  
A skilful leech shall see the wound, and spread 190  
Simples, which thee from sable pains may ease.

He said, and then his sacred herald bade ;  
Talthybius, quickly here Machaon call,  
The son of Æsculapius, blameless leech,  
That he may warlike Menelaus see,  
Whom one from Troy or Lycia, skill'd in bows,  
With shaft hath struck ; his glory, and our grief.

So said he ; and the herald him obey'd ;  
And down the brass-clad Argives' host he went,  
Seeking divine Machaon ; him he found 200



Standing, and round him the firm ranks of spears,  
Which him had follow'd from green Tricca's plains.  
And standing near, he winged words address'd;

Arise, Machaon; Agamemnon calls,  
That tho' mayst warlike Menelaus see,  
Whom one from Troy or Lycia, skill'd in bows,  
With shaft hath struck; his glory, and our grief.

So said he, and his mind within him roused;  
And they along the Greeks' wide army went.  
But when they came, where Menelaus lay 210  
Wounded, and all the chiefs were gather'd round,  
The godlike hero to the midst advanced;  
Then quickly from the belt he drew the shaft;  
When this was drawn, the barbs were broken back;  
And then he loosed the varied belt, and 'neath  
The girdle, and the brazen-plated vest.  
And when he saw the wound, where fell the shaft,  
He suck'd the blood, and soothing simples spread,  
Which friendly Chiron to his father gave.

While they round warlike Menelaus toil'd, 220  
The ranks of Trojan spearmen forward came;  
And they again put on their arms for war.  
Not then was Agamemnon idle seen,  
Nor shrinking, nor unwilling to engage,  
But much he hasted to ennobling war.  
For he his steeds and varied chariot left;  
The son of Ptolemæus, Piraus' son,  
Eurymedon, these snorting held apart;  
He bade him keep them near, if 'chance fatigue  
Should seize his limbs, while he through many went;

And he on foot walk'd through the ranks of men.  
The car-borne Danaans, whom he hasting found,  
He much encouraged, standing near, with words ;

Relax not, Argives from impetuous war ;  
For Father Jove the perjured will not aid ;  
But who have first offended 'gainst their oaths,  
Loath'd vultures shall their tender skin devour,  
And we their lovely wives and tender babes  
In ships shall lead, when we the city take.

But whom he shrinking found from hateful war, 240  
He much reproach'd them with indignant words ;

Base sluggish Argives, are ye not ashamed ?  
Why stand ye thus astonish'd here, like fawns,  
Who, when they running o'er wide plains have toil'd,  
Stand, and no valour in their breasts is found ?  
So ye astonish'd stand, nor battle join.  
Wait ye, until the Trojans shall approach  
The well-stern'd ships beside the hoary sea,  
To know, if Saturn's Son will you defend ?

Thus went he ruling through the ranks of men. 250  
And passing on, he to the Cretans came ;  
And they round king Idomeneus were arm'd.  
Warlike Idomeneus the foremost led,  
And bold Meriones the last array'd.  
Much Agamemnon, seeing them, rejoiced,  
And with soft words Idomeneus address'd ;

Idomeneus, of all the car-borne Greeks,  
In war and other works, I thee most prize,  
And when in feasts the princes of the Greeks  
In goblets mingle noble ruby wine ;

For though the other long-hair'd Greeks around  
By measure drink, thy cup stands ever full,  
As mine, to drink, whene'er thy mind exhorts.  
But rouse to war, as thou hast ever been.

To him the Cretan king in answer said ;  
Atrides, I to thee a comrade true  
Will be, as first I promised and confirm'd.  
But now the other long-hair'd Greeks arouse  
To battle ; for the Trojans have transgress'd  
Their oaths ; and mournful death shall them o'ertake,  
Since they have first offended 'gainst their oaths.

So said he ; and Atrides joyful went,  
And passing on, to either Ajax came ;  
They, follow'd by a cloud of foot, were arm'd.  
As from a cliff a goatherd sees a cloud  
O'er sea approaching with the West-Wind's blast ;  
And distant yet, it blacker seems than pitch,  
Dark'ning the sea, and bringing dreadful storm ;  
He shudd'ring drives his flock beneath a cave ;  
Such then with either Ajax of brave youths      280  
The serried bands to hostile war advanced,  
Dark, bristling with extended spears and shields.  
King Agamemnon, seeing them, rejoiced,  
And speaking, winged words to them address'd ;

Ajaces, leaders of brass-coated Greeks,  
It were not meet, that you I should exhort ;  
For much yourselves ye bid the people fight.  
I would, O Pallas, Phoebus, and Jove Sire,  
Such courage in the hearts of all were found ;  
Then soon would Priam's lofty city fall,      290

Subdued and wasted by our conqu'ring hands.

Thus saying, them he left, and others sought.  
He then found Nestor, sweet-voiced Pylian sage,  
His comrades ranging, and exciting war,  
Round Pelagon, Alastor, Chromius,  
Hæmon, and Bias, shepherd of the host.  
He first the horsemen with the chariots placed,  
And many valiant foot behind them set,  
Bulwarks of war, but cowards in the midst,  
That, though unwilling, they by force might fight. 300  
First he the horsemen charged, and them he bade  
Their horses check, nor crowd them in the host.

Let none, relying on his skill and might,  
Alone desire before the rest to fight,  
Nor stay behind; for ye would weaker be.  
And who shall from his car another reach,  
Let him his spear extend; for so 'tis best.  
And thus our fathers walls and cities sack'd,  
This thought and mind retaining in their breasts.

Thus charged the old man, long well-skill'd in wars.  
King Agamemnon, seeing him, rejoiced,  
And speaking, winged words to him address'd;

I would, old man, as courage fills thy soul,  
So thy knees aided, and thy strength were firm.  
But thee sad age retards; some other man,  
I would, had this, and thou wert 'mongst the young.

To him Gerenian Nestor then replied;  
Atrides, I myself should much desire  
To be, as when I Ereuthalion slew;  
But the Gods give not all to men at once; 320

And if I then was young, I now am old.  
But still amidst I will the horsemen cheer  
With word and counsel, as beseems old men.  
Let others with the spear contend, who me  
In youth excel, and in their strength confide.

So said he; and Atrides joyful went.

He found Menestheus, Peteus' brave son,  
Standing, and round him the Athenian bands;  
And near him counsel-stored Ulysses stood; 330  
And near the valiant Cephallenian ranks  
Stood; for not yet the tumult had they heard;  
But newly gather'd, had the bands advanced  
Of Greeks and Trojans; and they waiting stood,  
Until some other phalanx of the Greeks  
Should charge the Trojans, and the war begin.  
And seeing, them king Agamemnon chid,  
And speaking, winged words to them address'd;

O son of Peteus', Jove-nurtured king,  
And thou for fraud and evil wiles renown'd,  
Why stand ye shrinking, and for others wait? 340  
Ye ever should the first in battle stand,  
And march before the rest to ardent war.  
For ye the first unto the feast are call'd,  
When we a banquet for the chiefs prepare.  
Then roasted meat to you is dear, and cups  
Of honied wine ye empty, as ye list.  
Now gladly would ye see ten Grecian bands  
Engage before you with unfeeling brass.

Prudent Ulysses frowning him address'd;  
What words, Atrides, have escaped thy lips? 350

How say'st thou, we from battle shrink ? whene'er  
The Greeks and Trojans shall sharp war engage,  
Thou shalt the father of Telemachus  
Contending in the foremost ranks behold,  
If such thy care ; but this thou idly say'st.

King Agamemnon smiling him address'd,  
When him he angry knew, and spoke again ;  
Jove-born Ulysses, wise Laertes' son,  
Not too much do I chide thee and exhort.  
For well I know thy mind within thy breast      360  
Holds gentle counsels, and our thoughts agree.  
But come, if any evil word be said,  
We will amend it, and to air disperse.

So saying, them he left, and others sought.  
And he brave Diomedes, Tydeus' son,  
Found standing by his steeds and firm-built car ;  
And Capaneus' son, Sthenelus, stood near.  
And seeing, him king Agamemnon chid,  
And speaking, winged words to him address'd ;

Oh, son of car-borne Tydeus, brave in fight,      370  
Why shrink'st thou ? why regard'st the paths of war ?  
Not thus was Tydeus wont to shrink behind,  
But far before his comrades to contend.  
So say they, who beheld him toil ; for ne'er  
I met or saw him ; but he all excell'd.  
He erst a stranger to Mycenæ came  
With Polynices to collect a band.

They then were warring 'gainst the walls of Thebes ;  
And much they pray'd them to give famed allies ;  
And they were willing, and approv'd their prayer ;      380

But Jove deterr'd them, shewing hostile signs.  
And when they went, and on the way advanced,  
And now had reach'd Asopus' rushy meads,  
The Greeks an embassy by Tydeus sent.  
He many sons of Cadmus feasting found  
Within the halls of king Eteocles ;  
Nor then did Tydeus, though a stranger, fear,  
Alone amidst the gather'd Theban chiefs,  
But challenged them to contest, and with ease  
In all o'ercame ; such aid Minerva gave. 390  
But the Cadmean chiefs with anger moved,  
As he return'd, a secret ambush set  
Of fifty youths ; and Hæmon's godlike son,  
Mæon, and Lycophontes, the bold son  
Of king Autophonus, the leaders went.  
To them brave Tydeus sent unseemly fate,  
And slew them all, save Mæon, whom alone  
He sent away, relying on Gods' signs.  
Such was Ætolian Tydeus ; but his son  
Is weak in battle, though in council brave. 400

So said he ; and Tydides nought replied,  
Revering the much-honour'd king's reproof.  
But him the son of Capaneus address'd ;

Say not, Atrides, what thou know'st, is false ;  
We boast our fathers greatly to excel.  
We took the city of seven-gated Thebes  
With fewer people 'gainst a better wall,  
On the Gods' signs relying and Jove's aid.  
But they by their own folly were o'erthrown.  
So not in equal honour place our sires. 410

Brave Diomedes frowning him address'd ;  
Friend, sit in silence, and my word obey ;  
I blame not Agamemnon, king of men,  
That he the warlike Greeks to war exhorts.  
For glory him will follow, if the Greeks  
The Trojans slay, and sacred Troy o'erthrow,  
And grief will seize him, should the Greeks be slain.  
But come, let us too valour call to mind.

He said, and from his car leap'd down in arms ;  
And dreadful rang the brass upon his breast,      420  
As forth he rush'd ; and fear might seize the brave.

As when the seawave on the sounding shore  
Rolls frequent 'neath the West-Wind's stormy blast ;  
At first it rises on the sea, and then  
Breaks roaring on the shore, and round the rocks  
It curling swells, and dashes high the spray ;  
So frequent then the Danaan squadrons moved  
Ceaseless to battle ; and each chief his men  
Exhorted ; but the rest in silence went,  
As if no voice were in their breasts contain'd,      430  
Fearing their leaders ; and around them all  
The varied arms shone brightly, as they went.

As in the folds of some rich man, the ewes  
Stand without number, while the milk is drawn,  
And hearing their lambs' voice, they ceaseless bleat ;  
Such rose the clamour through the Trojan host ;  
For not the same the voice and cry of all,  
And much the speech of distant tribes was mix'd.  
These Mars excited, and Minerva those,  
And Fear, and Terror, and insatiate Strife,      440



Sister and comrade of man-slaying Mars.  
At first she small is born, and then to heaven  
She lifts her head, and walks upon the earth;  
She then dire contest in the middle cast,  
Increasing through the host the groans of men.

And when they meeting to one place were come,  
They join'd the shields and spears and powers of men  
In brazen breastplates; and their bossy shields  
Approach'd each other; and much tumult rose.  
Then both the groans and boasts of men were heard,  
Of slain and slaying; and earth ran with blood.  
As wintry torrents, flowing down a hill  
From mighty founts within a hollow cleft,  
In some deep basin mix their angry floods;  
And far the roar is in the mountains heard;  
So, as they join'd, the shout and terror rose.

And first Antilochus a Trojan slew,  
Brave Echepolus, of Thalesus son.  
Him on the horse-tail'd helmet's plate he struck,  
And in his forehead fix'd the brazen point, 460  
Piercing the bone; and darkness closed his eyes;  
And in strong battle, like a tower, he fell.  
Him by the feet king Elephenor seized,  
Chalcodon's son, the bold Abantes' chief,  
And drew him from beneath the darts, intent  
To spoil his arms; but short his onset proved.  
For brave Agenor, seeing this, his ribs,  
Which, as he lean'd, beside his shield appear'd,  
Pierced with a brazen spear, and loosed his limbs.  
So then he fell; and o'er him a fierce strife 470

Of Greeks and Trojans rose ; and they, like wolves,  
Upon each other rush'd, and man shook man.

Then Jove-born Ajax struck Anthemion's son,  
Young Simoïsïus, whom his mother erst,  
When she from Ida with her parents came  
To see the sheep, by Simoïs had borne ;  
Hence named ; nor did he to his parents dear  
Repay his nurture ; and his term of days  
Beneath the spear of Ajax was cut short.  
For him advancing on the breast's right pap 480  
He struck ; and through his shoulder the sharp spear  
Went ; and in dust he, like a poplar, fell,  
Which in the deep recesses of a marsh  
Grows smooth, and spreads its lofty boughs on high ;  
But with bright steel the woodman cuts it down  
To bend a circle for a beauteous car ;  
And drying, by the river's bank it lies ;  
So Jove-born Ajax Simoïsïus slew.  
But Antiphus, of varied breastplate proud,  
Priam's son, darted 'gainst him with sharp spear ; 490  
But him he miss'd, and Leucus on the groin,  
Ulysses' comrade, struck, who dragg'd the dead ;  
And he fell o'er him, and the body dropp'd.  
Much then Ulysses' for his comrade grieved ;  
And he the foremost sought, in dark brass clad,  
And darted, standing close, with shining spear,  
Looking around ; and back the Trojans drew,  
When him they darting saw ; nor he in vain  
Threw, but struck Priam's son, Democoon,  
Who by the swift mares from Abydus came. 500

Him, for his comrade wroth, Ulysses struck  
With shining spear ; and through both temples pass'd  
The brazen point ; and darkness closed his eyes ;  
He falling sounded, and his arms rang o'er.

The foremost then and Hector back retired ;  
The Greeks then shouted loud, and dragg'd the slain,  
And forward push'd ; but wroth from Pergamus  
Phœbus descended, and the Trojans cheer'd ;

Rise, car-borne Trojans ; yield not to the Greeks ;  
Since not of stone or iron is their skin, 510  
To ward the stroke of penetrating brass.  
No more Achilles, fair-hair'd Thetis' son,  
Fights, but his fell wrath nurtures at the ships.

So from the city spoke the dreadful God ;  
And so Jove's daughter, Pallas, through the ranks,  
Where'er she saw them yielding, cheer'd the Greeks.

Then fell Dioreas, Amarynceus' son ;  
Him Pirous, the son of Imbrasus,  
The Thracians' leader, who from Ænus came,  
Near the right ankle with a sharp stone struck ; 520  
The shameless stone the tendons and the joint  
Crush'd pitiless ; and in the dust he fell  
Prone, to his comrades stretching forth his hands,  
And breathing out his soul ; but Pirous  
Ran and his navel push'd with spear ; and forth  
His bowels gush'd ; and darkness closed his eyes.

And him Ætolian Thoas on the breast  
Struck with his spear, and fix'd it in his lungs ;  
He then went near him, and the dreadful spear  
Pluck'd from his breast, and drawing his sharp sword,

Struck his mid belly, and let loose his soul.  
His arms he spoil'd not ; for his Thracian friends  
With long spears in their hands around him stood,  
Who him, though vast and powerful and renown'd,  
Push'd from them ; and he tott'ring back retired.  
So near each other, in the dust o'erthrown,  
The Thracian and Epean leaders lay ;  
And many heroes were around them slain.

Then no one could the work of war reprove,  
Who through the midst, unwounded with sharp brass,  
Should roam, and whom Minerva by the hand  
Should lead, and turn the stroke of darts aside.  
For many Greeks and Trojans on that day,  
Prone in the dust, were near each other stretch'd.





# IL I A D,

## BOOK V.



O Diomedes then Minerva gave [Greeks  
Courage and strength, that he amidst all  
Might be distinguish'd, and great glory  
gain.

From helm and shield a quenchless fire she cast,  
Like the fair star of Autumn, which of all  
The brightest shines, new-wash'd in Ocean's streams ;  
Such fire she from his head and shoulders cast,  
And urged him, where the most and bravest fought.

Amongst the Trojans, Dares rich and good,  
The priest of Vulcan, had two only sons, 10  
Bold Phegeus, and Idæus skill'd in fight.  
They then apart against Tydides went,  
They from their horses, he from earth on foot.  
And when they near against each other came,  
Phegeus first darted his long-shadow'd spear ;  
O'er the left shoulder of Tydides went  
The point, nor struck him ; next with brass rush'd on  
Tydides, nor in vain his dart was thrown,  
But struck his breast, and hurl'd him from the car.  
Idæus flying, left the beauteous car, 20

Nor dared before his slaughter'd brother stand ;  
Nor had he e'en himself from death escaped ;  
But Vulcan saved him, in thick darkness hid,  
Lest grief the old man wholly should o'erwhelm.  
Then Tydeus' son the horses drove away,  
And bade his comrades take them to the ships.  
But when the Trojans Dares' sons beheld,  
The one escaping, and the other slain,  
Their hearts were stricken. Blue-ey'd Pallas then,  
Taking his hand, impetuous Mars address'd ; 30

Man-slaying, blood-stain'd, city-storming Mars,  
Let us now leave the Trojans and the Greeks  
To fight, as Jove to each may glory give,  
And both retire, and Jove's dread anger shun.

Thus saying, from the battle Mars she led,  
And placed him on Scamander's flowery bank.  
The Greeks then push'd the Trojans ; and each chief  
A chief o'ercame ; and Agamemnon first  
The Halizonians' chief, great Hodius, slew ;  
For as he turn'd, he 'twixt his shoulders fix'd 40  
His brazen spear, and drove it through his breast ;  
He falling sounded, and his arms rang o'er.

Idomeneus Mæonian Borus' son,  
Phæstus, who came from fertile Tarnè, slew ;  
Him flying to his car, Idomeneus  
On his right shoulder with his long spear struck ;  
He fell, and hateful darkness seized his eyes ;  
And the king's comrades spoil'd him of his arms.

Next Menelaus, son of Atreus, slew  
Scamandrius, Strophius' son, with thornwood spear, 50

A hunter good ; for him Diana taught  
To strike all beasts, that woods in mountains breed.  
But nought him then the huntress Queen avail'd,  
Nor woodland craft, in which he erst excell'd ;  
But warlike Menelaus with his spear  
Thrust him, before him flying, in the back  
Between the blades, and drove it through his breast ;  
And prone he fell, and o'er him rang his arms.

Meriones Phereclus slew, the son  
Of famed Harmonides, in every work 60  
Of art well skill'd, whom Pallas dearly loved,  
And who good ships for Alexander built,  
To all the Trojans and himself the source  
Of evil ; for he nought the Gods' will knew.  
Him flying then Meriones o'ertook,  
And struck him on the right hip ; and the point  
Straight through the bladder pass'd beneath the bone ;  
He groaning fell, and death him cover'd round.

Meges Pedæus slew, Antenor's son,  
Whom, though base-born, Theano, noble dame, 70  
To please her husband, nurtur'd as her own.  
Him then spear-famed Phylides, coming near,  
With his sharp spear on the head's tendon struck,  
And 'neath his tongue the brass cut through his teeth ;  
And falling in the dust, he bit the brass.

Eurypylus, Evæmon's son, o'ertook  
Noble Hypsenor, Dolopion's son,  
Priest of Scamander, honour'd as a God ;  
Him then Eurypylus, Evæmon's son,  
Flying before him, on the shoulder struck, 80



And rushing, with his sword cut off his arm ;  
The arm fell bleeding on the plain ; and soon  
Black death and powerful fate his eyelids closed.  
So they then labour'd in the strife of war.

But Diomedes, you would scarcely know,  
Whether to Greeks or Trojans he belong'd ;  
For o'er the plain he rush'd, as when a stream,  
With wintry rains o'erflowing, bursts its banks ;  
Nor fenced bridges can its course restrain,  
Nor well-built walls of fertile orchards check ;      90  
But swift descending, by Jove's rain impell'd,  
It many beauteous works of youths o'erthrows ;  
So the close Trojan ranks by Tydeus' son  
Were scatter'd, nor, though many, him sustain'd.

When him Lycaon's noble son perceived  
Scouring the plain, and scatt'ring ranks of men,  
He quickly 'gainst him stretch'd his bended bow,  
And struck him, where the corslet-plates were join'd,  
On the right shoulder ; and the shaft flew through,  
And pressing on, the breastplate stain'd with blood.  
O'er him loud shouted bold Lycaon's son ;

Rise, valiant Trojans, rulers of the car ;  
The best of Greeks is struck, nor will he long  
The powerful dart resist, if me in truth  
Jove's son, Apollo, hath from Lycia roused.

So said he boasting ; but the bitter dart  
Tamed not Tydides ; and retiring back  
Before his car, he Sthenelus address'd ;

Rise, son of Capaneus, and leave the car,  
And from my shoulder draw the bitter dart.      110

So said he ; and soon Sthenelus leap'd down,  
And forth the arrow through his shoulder drew ;  
And through his twisted vest the blood sprang up.  
Then Diomedes, brave in battle, pray'd ;

Hear me, unconquer'd Child of sov'reign Jove ;  
If e'er thou friendly by my side didst stand  
In hostile war, assist me, Pallas, now,  
And grant my pointed spear the man may reach,  
Who now hath struck me, and who boasts, that I  
No more the Sun's resplendent light shall see. 120

So said he praying ; and Minerva heard,  
And render'd light his hands and limbs and feet,  
And standing near him, winged words address'd ;

Boldly, Tydides, 'gainst the Trojans fight ;  
For I have all thy father's courage given,  
Such as of old horse-taming Tydeus felt ;  
And from thy eyes I have the mist removed,  
That thou mayst clearly God and man discern.  
So now if any God should hither come,  
Seek not against immortal Gods to war ; 130  
Unless Jove's daughter, Venus, should descend  
To battle ; her alone with sharp brass wound.

Thus saying, blue-ey'd Pallas went away ;  
And Tydeus' son amongst the foremost mix'd.  
And though before with eager mind he fought,  
He triple courage, like a lion, felt,  
Which in the field a shepherd by his flock,  
Leaping the fold, has wounded, but not tamed ;  
He but his wrath has roused, and now in fear  
His cot he enters, and deserts his sheep ; 140

And they confused are o'er each other pour'd ;  
But he excited o'er the deep fold leaps ;  
So bold Tydides with the Trojans mix'd.

He then Hyphenor and Astynous  
Slew ; one with sharp spear on the breast he hit,  
The other on the shoulder with his sword  
He struck, and lopp'd it from his neck and back.  
He Abas next and Polyides sought,  
Sons of Eurydamas, well-skill'd in dreams ;  
Them, ere they came, the old man had not warn'd ; 150  
But valiant Diomedes spoil'd their arms.

He Xanthus then and Thoon, Phænops' sons,  
Pursued ; they were to him in old age born,  
Nor other heir for all his wealth was left.  
Them both Tydides then of life deprived,  
And bitter sorrow and unceasing grief  
Caused to their father, who returning them  
Received not ; and his wealth to strangers pass'd.

Next Chromius and Echemon in one car,  
Two sons of Dardan Priam, he o'erthrew ; 160  
And as a lion, leaping 'midst a herd,  
The neck of some fat calf or heifer breaks,  
So them Tydides from their horses hurl'd  
Against their will, and stripp'd them of their arms,  
And to his comrades gave the beauteous steeds.

Him wasting ranks of men, Æneas saw,  
And through the battle and the crash of spears  
Went, seeking godlike Pandarus to find.  
He found Lycaon's brave and blameless son,  
And stood before him, and with words address'd ; 170

Where, Pandarus, thy bow, and winged shafts,  
And fame, in which with thee none here contend,  
And none in Lycia boast thee to excel?  
But, praying Jove, at this man send a shaft,  
Whoe'er thus rages, and so many ills  
Hath done, and many good and brave has slain;  
Unless it be some God, for sacrifice  
Offended; dreadful is the wrath of Gods.

Him then Lycaon's noble son address'd;  
Æneas, Trojan counsellor renown'd, 180  
He seems to me like Tydeus' warlike son;  
I know him by his shield, and beaver'd helm,  
And steeds; unless indeed it be some God.  
If, as I say, this man be Tydeus' son,  
He not alone thus rages, but some God  
Stands now beside him, in a cloud conceal'd,  
Who hath a sharp shaft turn'd from him aside.  
For I just now a shaft against him sent,  
And through his breastplate his right shoulder struck.  
I said, I him to Pluto's house had sent, 190  
But tamed him not; sure, 'tis some angry God.  
And now my car and horses are not here;  
Aye in Lycaon's house eleven cars stand,  
Firm, beauteous, newly-finish'd; and around  
Fair robes are spread; and by them each there stand  
Two horses, with sweet oats and barley fed.  
Much me indeed, before I hither came,  
Aged Lycaon in his house advised;  
He bade me, mounting in a car with steeds,  
Rule o'er the Trojans in the strife of war. 200

But I obey'd not, as had better been,  
Sparing my high-fed horses, lest they food  
Amidst the crowd of gather'd men might want.  
So leaving them, on foot to Troy I came,  
Confiding in my bow, which now has fail'd.  
Already I against two chiefs have shot,  
Tydides and Atrides, and from both  
I blood have drawn, which them still more excites.  
So in an evil hour my bended bow  
I took, when first to lovely Troy I led  
The Trojan bands for noble Hector's sake.  
If I return, and with my eyes behold  
My wife, and country, and my lordly house,  
May then some other man my head cut off,  
If I this bow, which follows me in vain,  
Break not, and place it in the shining fire.

210

To him Æneas, Trojan chief, replied ;  
O say not thus ; nor shall aught else be done,  
Ere we with horses and with car opposed,  
Confront this man, and prove him in our arms.  
But come, ascend my car, that thou mayst see  
How swift the Trojan horses o'er the plain  
Know here and there to follow and to fly.  
They to the city us will save, if Jove  
Again shall glory to Tydides give.  
But come, the whip and fair embroider'd reins  
Take, and I from the horses will descend ;  
Or thou await him, while I guide the car.

220

Him then Lycaon's noble son address'd ;  
Thyself, Æneas, thy swift horses guide ;

230

They best a wonted driver will obey,  
If we again from Tydeus' son should fly.  
I fear, lest they be troubled, and refuse,  
Missing thy voice, to bear us from the war,  
And rushing forward, noble Tydeus' son  
Shall slay ourselves, and drive the steeds away.  
But thou thy chariot and thy horses drive ;  
And I will wait his onset with sharp spear.

So saying, they ascended the fair car,  
And 'gainst Tydides the swift horses drove. 240  
Them Capanëan Sthenelus perceived,  
And winged words to Tydeus' son address'd ;

Tydides, ever to my heart most dear,  
I see two men against thee bent to fight  
Of strength enormous ; one with bow is skill'd,  
And of Lycaon vaunts himself the son ;  
The other great Anchises for his sire,  
And lovely Venus for his mother, boasts.  
But let us to the car retire, nor thus  
Rush 'midst the foremost, lest thy life thou lose. 250

Bold Diomedes frowning him address'd ;  
Speak not of flight ; thou wilt not me persuade ;  
It is not noble shrinking back to fight,  
Nor crouching down ; my force is still entire.  
I care not to ascend my car, but thus  
I them will meet ; Minerva forbade fear.  
Their rapid steeds not both of them again  
From us shall carry, e'en if one escape.  
But hear this word, and cast it in thy mind ;  
If sage Minerva to me glory gives 260

To slay them both, do thou these rapid steeds  
Keep here, and from the front the reins suspend ;  
And rushing on, Æneas' horses seize,  
And drive them from the Trojans 'midst the Greeks.  
For they are of the race, which Jove to Tros  
The fine for beauteous Ganymedes gave ;  
The swiftest they beneath the Moon and Sun.  
Anchises, king of men, this race divine  
Stole with his brood mares from Laomedon ;  
From these six foals were by his mansion born ;   270  
Four at his manger he himself retain'd,  
And two he to his son Æneas gave.  
If these we take, we glory should obtain.

So they such things unto each other said ;  
And they, the swift steeds driving, soon approach'd.  
Him first Lycaon's noble son address'd ;

Strong-minded, warlike, noble Tydeus' son,  
The swift shaft hath not tamed thee ; and I now  
Will try again to hit thee with my spear.

He said, and shaking, darted his long spear,   280  
And struck Tydides' shield ; and flying through,  
The brazen point his breastplate near approach'd.  
Then o'er him shouted bold Lycaon's son ;

Thou through the groin art struck, nor wilt thou long  
Hold up ; and thou to me hast glory given.

Him Diomedes without fear address'd ;  
The spear has miss'd me ; but I think, that ye  
Will not retire, ere one of you shall fall,  
And with his blood Mars, patient warrior, sate.

He said and threw ; and Pallas sped the dart ;   290

And near the eye it pierced his nose and teeth ;  
The brass the bottom of his tongue cut off,  
And the sharp point came out beneath his chin ;  
And as he fell, the varied shining arms  
Upon him rang ; and the swift-footed steeds  
Were troubled ; and his soul and force were loosed.  
Æneas with his shield and long spear rush'd,  
Fearing, the Argives might the body drag ;  
And, like a lion, he around him stalk'd,  
And o'er him held his spear and equal shield,        300  
Eager to slay, whoe'er against him came,  
Shouting tremendous ; but Tydides seized  
A stone enormous, which not two could lift  
Of men now born, but he with ease it threw,  
And struck Æneas, where within the hip  
The thigh is turn'd, and which the cup is call'd,  
And smash'd the cup, and both the tendons broke.  
The rough stone stript the skin ; and on his knee  
The hero fell, and rested on the ground  
His hand ; and o'er his eyes dark night was spread.

And there Æneas, king of men, had died,  
If soon Jove's Daughter, Venus, had not seen,  
His mother, who him to Anchises bore.  
Around her dear son she her white arms cast,  
And o'er him of her bright robe spread a fold,  
A fence from darts, lest any car-borne Greek  
Should strike his breast, and take his life away.  
She then her dear son from the battle bore.  
Nor did the son of Capaneus forget  
The word, that brave Tydides had enjoin'd ;        320



But from the tumult he apart restrain'd  
His horses, stretching from the front the reins ;  
And rushing, seized Æneas' beauteous steeds,  
And drove them from the Trojans 'midst the Greeks,  
And gave them to his friend Deïpylus,  
Whom he of all his comrades honour'd most,  
To drive them to the ships ; and he again  
Mounted his car, and seized the broider'd reins,  
And drove it quickly after Tydeus' son.  
He Venus with unfeeling brass pursued,  
Knowing, that she was powerless, nor of those      330  
Dread Goddesses, who rule the war of men,  
Nor blue-eyed Pallas, nor Bellona dire.  
When her, pursuing through the crowd, he reach'd,  
Then stretching forward, warlike Tydeus' son,  
Springing, the surface of her tender hand  
With sharp brass wounded, and just pierced the skin,  
Through the bright robe, which erst the Graces wove,  
Above the palm ; and her immortal blood,  
Ichor, flow'd out, as of the blessed Gods ;      340  
They eat not bread, they drink not sparkling wine ;  
Hence they are bloodless, and immortal call'd.  
She, loudly screaming, from her threw her son ;  
And him Apollo with a sable cloud  
Protecting cover'd, lest some car-borne Greek  
Should strike his breast, and take his life away.  
Then o'er her bold Tydides shouted loud ;  
Retire, Jove's Daughter, from the strife of war.  
Is't not enough weak women to deceive,  
That now thou comest to battle ? thou, I think,      350

Henceforth wilt tremble e'en to hear of war.

So said he ; and distress'd and faint she went ;  
And her swift Iris from the tumult led,  
O'ercome with pain ; and her fair skin grew black.  
On the war's left impetuous Mars she found,  
Leaning his spear and horses 'gainst a cloud ;  
And her dear brother, falling on her knees,  
She much intreated his swift steeds to lend ;

Dear brother, save me, and thy horses lend,  
That I Olympus, the Gods' seat, may reach. 360  
For the wound pains me, which a mortal gave,  
Tydides, who now e'en with Jove would fight.

So said she ; and Mars gave her his fleet steeds ;  
And she the car ascended, grieved at heart.  
And by her Iris went, and took the reins,  
And lash'd the horses ; and they willing flew,  
And soon reach'd high Olympus, seat of Gods.  
There rapid Iris stay'd the car, and loosed  
The steeds, and by them placed ambrosial food.

And noble Venus on Dionè's knees, 370  
Her mother, fell ; and she her child embraced,  
And sooth'd her with her hand, and words address'd ;

Who of Heaven's Sons to thee, dear Child, such  
Hath done, as if he thee in fault had found ? [wrongs

To her smile-loving Venus then replied ;  
Proud Diomedes push'd me, Tydeus' son,  
Because my dear son I from battle bore,  
Æneas, whom of all men most I love.

No more of Greeks and Trojans is the war,  
But now the Argives with Immortals fight. 380

To her revered Dionè then replied ;  
Endure, my daughter, and hold up, though grieved.  
For we Olympians oftentimes suffer ills  
From men, and sharp pains to each other give.  
Much Mars endured, when him Alöeus' sons,  
Otus and Ephialtes, straitly bound ;  
He thirteen months in brazen fetters lay ;  
And Mars, the scourge of war, had perish'd there,  
Had not Eëribœa, beauteous dame,  
Told Mercury, who him from prison stole, 390  
Now wearied ; for the bitter bonds him tamed.  
So Juno suffer'd, when Amphitryon's son  
Her on the right breast with a three-barb'd shaft  
Struck ; and her then resistless pain o'erwhelm'd.  
And giant Pluto a swift shaft endured,  
When him the son of Jove in Pylus struck  
Amidst the dead, and him to sorrows gave.  
But he Jove's house and vast Olympus sought,  
Heart-grieved, and pierced with sorrows ; for the shaft  
In his strong shoulder stood, and grieved his soul. 400  
Then Pæan o'er him soothing simples spread,  
And heal'd him ; for he was not mortal born.  
Infuriate wretch, who nought for justice cared,  
And grieved with arrows the Olympian Gods.  
Minerva this man hath against thee sent ;  
Fool, nought doth this the son of Tydeus know ;  
He lives not long, who with Immortals fights ;  
No children on his knees him father call,  
When he from war and battle's strife returns.  
So let Tydides, though his strength be great, 410

Consider, lest some better come to war ;  
Ægialæa then, Adrastus' child,  
Lamenting shall from sleep her servants rouse,  
Her spouse desiring, of the Greeks the best,  
Horse-taming Diomedes' noble wife.

She said, and wiped the ichor from her hand ;  
The hand then heal'd, and the sharp pain was eased.  
When Juno and Minerva this perceived,  
They Saturn's Son with cutting words provoked ;  
And Pallas, blue-eyed Goddess, words began ; 420

Jove Sire, wilt thou, at what I say, be wroth ?  
Venus, enticing some fair Grecian dame  
To seek the Trojans, whom she dearly loves,  
Hath her caress'd, and gently stroking, torn  
Her tender hand against her golden clasp.

So said she ; and the Sire of men and Gods  
Smiled, and to golden Venus words address'd ;

Not warlike works to thee, my child, are given.  
But thou the lovely works of marriage tend ;  
And those of Mars and Pallas be the care. 430

So they such things unto each other said.  
But Diomedes on Æneas rush'd,  
Knowing, that Phœbus o'er him held his hands.  
But he the God revered not, and aye sought  
To slay Æneas, and strip off his arms.  
Thrice he rush'd on, desiring him to slay ;  
And thrice Apollo push'd his shining shield ;  
But when the fourth time, like a God, he rush'd,  
With dread reproof Apollo him address'd ;

Beware, Tydides, and retire, nor seek 440

The Gods to equal ; not alike the race  
Of deathless Gods, and men, who walk the earth.

So said he ; and Tydides then retired,  
Shunning the wrath of the far-darting King.  
And he Æneas in his temple placed,  
In Pergamus, far distant from the crowd.  
Him there Latona in the lofty fane,  
And shaft-loving Diana, tending heal'd.  
But Phœbus, Silver-Bow, an image made,  
That seem'd Æneas both in form and arms. 450  
And o'er the form the Trojans and bold Greeks  
Contending pierced upon each others' breasts  
The winged targets and round ox-hide shields.  
Apollo then impetuous Mars address'd ;

Man-slaying, blood-stain'd, city-storming Mars,  
Would'st thou not this man from the battle drive,  
Tydides, who now e'en with Jove would fight ?  
For first he wounded Venus on the wrist,  
And then against me, like a God, he rush'd.

So saying, on high Pergamus he sat. 460  
And furious Mars the Trojans quickly roused,  
Like Acamas, a leader brave of men ;  
And he Jove-nurtured Priam's sons address'd ;

Ye sons of Priam, Jove-protected king,  
Why will ye leave the people to be slain,  
Till round the well-made gates the Argives fight ?  
A man lies, whom, as Hector, we revered,  
Æneas, great Anchises' warlike son.  
Let us our comrade from the tumult save.

So saying, he of all the courage roused. 470

Then too Sarpedon noble Hector chid ;

Where, Hector, is thy former courage gone ?

Thou saidst, without the people and allies

Thou with thy brothers could'st the city hold.

Of them I no one now can round me see ;

But they, like dogs around a lion, crouch

And we, though but allies, the fight maintain ;

For I, as an ally, from far am come ;

For distant Lycia lies by Xanthus' stream,

Where my dear wife, and infant son, I left, 480

And many riches, which the poor desire.

Yet so I cheer the Lycians, and myself

With men contend ; though nought of mine is here,

Which in their ships the Greeks may bear away.

Thou standest here, nor e'en the people bid'st

Await the Argives, and their wives defend.

Soon, like two lions in a circle caught,

Ye will a prey unto the foes become ;

And they your peopled city will o'erthrow.

Thou day and night to all things should'st attend, 490

The chiefs intreating of far-famed allies

To stand untired, nor harshly them reprove.

So said Sarpedon, and bit Hector's soul.

And quickly from his car in arms he leap'd,

Shaking two spears, and through the army went,

Rousing to war, and dreadful strife awoke.

The Trojans turn'd, and 'gainst the Argives stood ;

And without fear close-banded stood the Greeks.

As the wind carries chaff across a floor,

When young men winnow, and the breeze is fresh, 500

And yellow Ceres parts the chaff and wheat,  
And all the heaps are whiten'd ; so the Greeks  
Were whiten'd o'er with dust, which through the ranks  
The feet of horses to the brazen sky  
Struck, as the drivers mingling turn'd the cars.  
And they the strength of hands right forward bore ;  
And Mars thick darkness o'er the battle pour'd,  
To aid the Trojans, passing through the host ;  
And he Apollo's hests obey'd, who bade  
Arouse the Trojans, since he Pallas saw                   510  
Departing, who was wont to aid the Greeks.

Then Phœbus sent Æneas from his fane,  
And strength into the people's shepherd breathed.  
And he his comrades join'd ; and they rejoiced,  
When they beheld him living and unhurt,  
And full of courage ; yet they nought inquired ;  
For the toil hinder'd, which Apollo roused,  
And raging Discord, and man-slaying Mars.  
So either Ajax, and brave Tydeus' son,  
And wise Ulysses, roused the Greeks to war ;                   520  
Nor they themselves the Trojan onset fear'd,  
But firm remain'd, like clouds, which Saturn's Son,  
Unmoving, upon mountain tops has placed,  
When all is still, and the rough North-Wind sleeps,  
And other useful Winds, which blowing fresh,  
With their shrill breaths the shadowy clouds disperse ;  
So 'gainst the Trojans firmly stood the Greeks.  
And through the host Atrides cheering went ;

Be men, my friends, and valiant hearts maintain ;  
Revere each other in the strife of war ;                   530

Of valiant men far more are safe, than slain ;  
From flight nor strength nor glory **can arise.**

He said, and darted, and a chieftain struck,  
Æneas' comrade, son of Pergasus,  
Deïcoon, whom all as Priam's sons  
Revered ; for boldly 'midst the first he fought.  
His shield Atrides with his sharp spear struck,  
Which stopt it not ; but on right through it went,  
And through his girdle drove into his groin ;  
He falling sounded, and his arms rang o'er. 540

Æneas then two sons of Diocles,  
Brave chiefs, Orsilochus and Crethon, slew ;  
Their sire in well-built Phera wealthy lived ;  
He from a mighty river drew his race,  
Alphæus, flowing through the Pylian land.  
He got Orsilochus, wide-ruling king ;  
Orsilochus brave Diocles begot ;  
To Diocles two noble sons were born,  
Orsilochus and Crethon, skill'd in fight.  
They, reaching manhood, in sea-passing ships 550  
Went with the Greeks to Ilium, rich in steeds,  
Seeking a fine for Atreus' sons to gain ;  
But them first there the term of death o'ertook.  
As two young lions on a mountain's top  
In woodland depths are by their mother bred ;  
They, seizing well-fed beeves and vig'rous sheep,  
Lay waste the folds of men, until themselves  
By youthful hands with pointed spears are slain ;  
Such they beneath Æneas' powerful hands  
Fell, tamed in battle, like two lofty pines. 560



With pity Menelaus saw them fall,  
And arm'd in bright brass through the foremost went,  
Shaking his spear ; and Mars his courage roused,  
Thinking, he by Æneas' hands would fall.

Him Nestor's son, Antilochus, beheld,  
And sought the foremost, fearing for the chief,  
Lest he should fall, and render vain their toil.  
They now their hands and long resplendent spears,  
Eager to fight, against each other held ;  
And near the chief Antilochus advanced. 570

Æneas then retired, though skill'd in war,  
When he saw two men by each other stand.  
They then the dead amongst the Argives drew,  
And placed them helpless in their comrades' hands,  
And they returning 'midst the foremost fought.

Then, brave as Mars, Pylæmenes they slew,  
The warlike Paphlagonian spearmen's chief.  
Him Menelaus, Atreus' spear-famed son,  
Hit, where he stood, with spear upon the key.  
Antilochus his comrade, Mydon, struck, 580  
Atymnus' son, as he the horses turn'd,  
With stone on his mid elbow ; and the reins,  
With iv'ry white, fell from his hands to earth.  
Then rushing, Nestor's son his temple struck ;  
And breathless from the well-built car he fell,  
Prone in the dust, upon his head and neck ;  
And long he stood there, for the sand was deep,  
Until the horses struck him to the ground.  
Antilochus then drove them 'midst the Greeks.

But Hector saw them, and against them rush'd ; 590

And with him follow'd the strong Trojan bands.  
Impetuous Mars and fierce Bellona led ;  
She holding the dread tumult of sad war ;  
And in his hand Mars shook a giant spear,  
And now before, now after, Hector went.

Brave Diomedes shudd'ring him beheld ;  
As when a man, with toil and travel worn,  
Stands by a swift stream, flowing to the sea,  
And when he sees it white with foam, runs back ;  
So then Tydides back retired, and said ; 600

O friends, how much great Hector we admire,  
So skilful with the spear, and bold in war.  
Some God aye near him stands, who fate averts ;  
And now Mars near him stands in mortal form.  
But to the Trojans turn'd, aye back retire,  
Nor with immortal Gods desire to fight.

So said he ; and the Trojans near them came.  
Then Hector two men slew, well-skill'd in fight,  
Car-borne Menesthes and Anchialus.  
With pity noble Ajax saw them fall, 610  
And near approach'd, and darted with bright spear,  
And struck Amphius, son of Selagus,  
Who wealthy in Apæsus dwelt ; but fate  
Then led him Priam and his sons to aid.  
Him mighty Ajax on the girdle struck,  
And in his groin the shining spear was fix'd.  
He falling sounded ; and great Ajax rush'd  
To spoil his arms ; but thick the Trojans pour'd  
Their sharp bright spears ; and many pierced his shield.  
He from the body then his brazen spear 620

Drew forth ; but could not from his shoulders strip  
The beauteous arms ; for he with darts was press'd ;  
And he the onset of proud Trojans fear'd,  
Who brave and many o'er him stood with spears,  
And him, though great and valiant and renown'd,  
Push'd from them ; and he shaken back retir'd.

So they then labour'd in the strife of war.

But powerful fate Tlepolemus, the son  
Of Hercules, against Sarpedon urged.  
And when they near against each other came, 630  
The son and grandson of cloud-gath'ring Jove,  
To him Tlepolemus first speech address'd ;

Sarpedon, Lycian chief, what need, that thou,  
A man unskill'd in battle, here should'st crouch.  
They falsely say, that thou art of the race  
Of Jove, since much thou wantest of those men,  
Who were from Jove 'mongst former heroes born.  
Far other was the strength of Hercules,  
My patient-minded lion-hearted sire.

He for the horses of Laomedon 640  
With six ships only, and few people came,  
And Ilium conquer'd, and laid waste her streets.  
Thy soul is recreant, and thy people fall ;  
Nor think I, thou the Trojans wilt defend,  
Coming from Lycia, though thy strength be great,  
But tamed by me, thou Pluto's gates shalt pass.

To him Sarpedon, Lycian chief, replied ;  
Tlepolemus, he truly sacred Troy  
Sack'd by the folly of Laomedon,  
Who him with harsh speech for his good deeds chid,

Nor gave the steeds, for which he came from far.  
But thou, I say, shalt slaughter and black fate  
From me receive, and tamed beneath my spear,  
Renown to me, and life to Pluto give.

So said Sarpedon ; and Tlepolemus  
Raised his ash spear ; and from their hands at once  
The long spears rush'd ; Sarpedon his mid neck  
Struck ; and the painful point right through it pass'd ;  
And o'er his eyes the night of death was spread.  
Him too Tlepolemus with long spear struck 660  
On the left thigh ; and through it rush'd the point,  
And grazed the bone ; but Jove yet saved his son.

His noble comrades then from battle bore  
Sarpedon ; and the long spear dragg'd behind,  
And weigh'd him down ; and no one this perceived,  
Nor thought to draw it forth, that he might walk,  
As they all hasted, and around him toil'd.  
So too the warlike Greeks Tlepolemus  
From battle bore ; and him Ulysses saw,  
And much his patient mind and heart were moved. 670  
He then within his soul and mind revolved,  
If he the son of great Jove should pursue,  
Or of more Lycians take the life away.  
Not then to great Ulysses was it given  
To slay with sharp brass the bold son of Jove.  
So Pallas turn'd him to the Lycian crowd.  
He then Alastor, Chromius, Cœranus,  
Alcander, Halius, and Noëmon slew.  
And now Ulysses had more Lycians slain,  
If great crest-shaking Hector had not seen ; 680

He arm'd with dark brass, through the foremost went,  
And 'midst the Greeks bore fear ; and much Jove's son,  
Sarpedon, joy'd, and mournful words address'd ;

Leave me not, Hector, to the Greeks a prey  
Here lying, but defend me ; then may life  
In Troy desert me ; since it is not doom'd,  
That I, returning to my fathers' land,  
Should my dear wife and infant son rejoice.

So said he ; and great Hector nought replied,  
But eager by him rush'd, that quickly back 690  
He might the Argives push, and many slay.  
His noble comrades then Sarpedon placed  
Beneath the beech of Ægis-bearing Jove ;  
And from his thigh a comrade much beloved,  
Bold Pelagon, thrust out the ashen spear.  
His soul then sank, and mist his eyes o'erspread ;  
But soon he breathed again, and from the North  
The fresh'ning breeze his wearied soul revived.

But before Mars, and Hector, clad in brass,  
The Argives turn'd not to the sable ships, 700  
But made no onset, and aye back retired,  
When they heard, Mars amongst the Trojans fought.

Whom then the first, and whom the last despoil'd  
Priam's son, Hector, and man-slaying Mars ?  
Teuthras, and Helenus of CEnops' son,  
Car-borne Orestes, and CEnomaus,  
Ætolian Trechus, and Oresbius,  
Who dwelt in Hyla, careful of his wealth,  
Near lake Cephisis, where around him lived  
Other Bœotians, owners of fat land. 710

When Juno, white-arm'd Goddess, them perceived  
 Slaying the Argives in the strife of war,  
 She to Minerva winged words address'd ;

Unconquer'd Child of Ægis-bearing Jove,  
 In vain did we to Menelaus grant,  
 That he, proud Troy destroying, should return,  
 If thus we suffer furious Mars to rage.  
 But come, let us too of fierce battle think.

So said she ; nor did Pallas disobey.  
 She then her golden-fronted steeds prepared, 720  
 Juno, great Goddess, mighty Saturn's Child.  
 And Hebe round the iron axle placed  
 The brazen circles with eight spokes adorn'd.  
 The golden fellow wears not, and above  
 A brazen tire is fitted, strange to see.  
 The well-turn'd boxes are of silver made ;  
 The floor with gold and silver thongs is laced ;  
 And round the front two circling bands are turn'd ;  
 Of silver is the pole ; and on its end  
 She bound the golden yoke, and o'er it placed 730  
 The golden straps ; and Juno 'neath the yoke  
 Led the swift steeds, desiring strife and shout.

Minerva, Child of Ægis-bearing Jove,  
 Upon the ground her beauteous mantle cast,  
 Which she herself had woven with her hands ;  
 She then the vest of cloud-collecting Jove  
 Took, and her arms for tearful war put on ;  
 She threw the tassel'd Ægis o'er her breast,  
 Dreadful, with Terror circled all around,  
 Wherein are Strife, and Valour, and Pursuit ; 740

And in it is the monster Gorgon's head,  
Dreadful, and dire, the sign of sov'reign Jove.  
And on her head a golden helm she placed,  
Which might a hundred cities' bands contain.  
She then her bright car sought, and seized a spear  
Vast, heavy, strong, with which she tames the ranks  
Of heroes, who the Fearful-born offend.  
And quickly Juno lash'd her rapid steeds.  
The gates self-moved expanded ; to the Hours  
Olympus and great Heaven in charge is given, 750  
To close and open the thick cov'ring cloud.  
They quickly through them drove the goaded steeds,  
And found Jove sitting from the Gods apart  
On many-neck'd Olympus' highest top.  
There Juno, white-arm'd Goddess, stay'd her steeds,  
And Saturn's Son, Jove, question'd and address'd ;  
Jove, do not these bold deeds thy anger move?  
Such and so many people of the Greeks  
This Mars hath slain ; a grief to me ; but pleased  
Venus and silver-bow'd Apollo gaze, 760  
This fool exciting, who no laws regards.  
Jove Sire, would'st thou be angry, should I Mars  
With grievous vengeance from the battle drive?  
Replying her cloud-gath'ring Jove address'd ;  
Come then, against him warlike Pallas rouse,  
Who him is wont with evil pains to chase.  
So said he ; nor did Juno disobey,  
But lash'd her steeds, which not unwilling flew  
Midway betwixt the earth and starry sky.  
Far as a man the dim horizon views, 770

Who from a watch-tower gazes o'er the sea,  
So far the Gods' high-sounding horses leap.  
When they reach'd Ilium, and the flowing streams,  
Where Simois and Xanthus join their waves,  
There Juno, white-arm'd Goddess, stay'd her steeds,  
And loosing from the car, pour'd mist around ;  
And Simois made sweet ambrosia spring.

And they like turtle doves, smooth-gliding went,  
Eager the Grecian warriors to defend.  
But when they came, where stood the most and best  
Gather'd around horse-taming Tydeus' son,  
Like brindled lions panting for the prey,  
Or mountain boars resistless in their might ;  
There standing, white-arm'd Juno shouted loud,  
In form like Stentor, brazen-voiced, great-soul'd,  
Who shouted loud as fifty other men ;

Shame, Greeks, base cowards, but in form admired ;  
While to the war divine Achilles came,  
The Trojans ne'er before the Dardan gates  
Advanced ; for much they dreaded his dire spear ; 790  
Now far from Ilium by the ships they fight.

So saying, she of all the courage roused.  
But blue-eyed Pallas to Tydides rush'd,  
And found him by his horses and his car,  
Cooling the wound, which Pandarus had given ;  
The sweat beneath his rounded shield's broad belt  
Congealing tired him, and his hand was numb ;  
And holding up the belt, he wiped the blood.  
But Pallas held the horses' yoke, and said ;

Ah, little like brave Tydeus is his son.

800



Tydeus was little, but a warrior bold ;  
Erstwhile I him permitted not to fight,  
Nor shew his strength, when he, 'midst many foes,  
To Thebes a message from the Argives bore ;  
I bade him quiet in the mansion feast ;  
But yielding to his courage, as of old,  
He challenged the Cadmeans, and with ease  
In every strife o'ercame ; such aid I gave.  
And aye by thee I stand, and thee protect,  
And bid thee boldly 'gainst the Trojans fight. 810  
But either ceaseless toil thy limbs subdues,  
Or heartless fear detains thee ; surely thou  
Art not from brave horse-taming Tydeus sprung.

Bold Diomedes ans'ring her address'd ;  
I know thee, Goddess, Child of sov'reign Jove ;  
So I will freely speak, nor aught conceal.  
Nor sloth, nor heartless fear have me detain'd ;  
But I remember'd the commands, thou gavest ;  
Thou me forbadeest with blessed Gods to fight ;  
Unless Jove's daughter, Venus, to the war 820  
Should come ; her badest thou me with sharp brass wound.  
Hence I myself retire, and hence I bade  
All other Argives round me here collect ;  
For ruling through the battle, Mars I know.

To him the blue-eyed Goddess then replied ;  
Brave Diomedes, dearest to my soul,  
Neither this Mars, nor any other God  
Fear aught ; such aid I will to thee afford.  
But come, 'gainst Mars thy rapid horses drive,  
And strike him close, nor furious Mars reverse, 830

This madly raging turncoat, born to ill;  
He me and Juno promised erst to fight  
Against the Trojans, and the Greeks defend;  
But now unmindful he the Trojans aids.

So saying, Sthenelus she backward push'd;  
And from the car he quickly leap'd to earth.  
She then by Diomedes in the car  
Leap'd eager; and the beechen axle groan'd;  
For a dread Goddess and bold chief it bore.  
Athenian Pallas seized the whip and reins, 840  
And quickly drove 'gainst Mars the rapid steeds.  
He then gigantic Periphas despoil'd,  
Ætolian chief, Ochesius' noble son;  
Him blood-stain'd Mars then stript; but Pallas took  
Dark Pluto's helm, lest Mars should her perceive.

Soon as man-slaying Mars Tydides saw,  
He let gigantic Periphas remain,  
Where first he slew him, and of life deprived,  
And straight 'gainst car-borne Diomedes went.  
And when they near against each other came, 850  
First Mars stretch'd o'er the yoke and horses' reins  
With brazen spear, desirous him to slay;  
But this Minerva, seizing with her hand,  
Push'd, that in vain it o'er the car might rush.  
Next Diomedes, good in battle, rush'd  
With brazen spear; and in Mars' lowest groin  
Minerva thrust it, where the girdle meets;  
There him he wounded, and his fair skin pierced,  
And drew it back; and brazen Mars roar'd out,  
Loud as nine thousand or ten thousand men 860

In battle shout, when they in conflict join ;  
And terror seized the Trojans and the Greeks,  
Trembling ; so loudly roar'd Mars, scourge of war.

As when a dark mist from the clouds appears,  
And from the heat an evil wind springs up,  
Such brazen Mars to Diomedes seem'd,  
As up to wide heaven with the clouds he flew.  
Quickly he reach'd Olympus, seat of Gods,  
And grieved in mind by Saturn's Son, Jove, sat,  
And shew'd divine blood flowing from the wound, 870  
And moaning, winged words to him address'd ;

Jove, do not these bold deeds thy anger move ?  
We Gods for ever evil pains endure,  
Sent by each other, mortal men to please.  
We all blame thee ; for thou a fool hast got,  
Accurst, who ever loves unseemly deeds.  
For all the rest, who on Olympus dwell,  
Obey thee, and we each thy words revere.  
Thou ne'er dost her by word or deed restrain,  
But aye excitest, since thou her hast got. 880  
She now proud Diomedes, Tydeus' son,  
Has moved to rage against immortal Gods.  
He first fair Venus wounded on the wrist ;  
And then against me, like a God, he rush'd.  
But me my swift feet bore away, or long  
I there had suffer'd sorrows 'midst the dead,  
Or living, I had fainted, struck with blows.

Him with dark frowns cloud-gath'ring Jove address'd ;  
No more, betrayer, sit by me, and wail ;  
Thee most of all Olympian Gods I hate ; 890

For dear to thee are battles, wars, and strife.  
Thou hast thy mother Juno's stubborn soul,  
Whom scarcely I myself with words can tame ;  
And she, I think, these ills on thee hath drawn.  
But thee no longer I will suffering see ;  
For thou art mine, and thee my consort bore.  
If thou from other God, thus base, wert sprung,  
Thou now hadst long beneath the Titans lain.

So said he, and bade Pæan him attend ;  
And Pæan o'er him soothing simples spread, 900  
And heal'd him ; for he was not mortal born.  
As when press'd rennet fixes moist white milk,  
And soon it to the mixer solid turns ;  
So he then quickly heal'd impetuous Mars.  
And Hebe wash'd him, and in fair robes clad ;  
And he, in might rejoicing, sat by Jove.

Alalcomenian Pallas too return'd  
With Argive Juno to the house of Jove,  
When they from war man-slaying Mars had stay'd.





# I L I A D,

## BOOK VI.



THE Greeks and Trojans now alone were  
left ;

And here and there the battle o'er the  
plain,

As they against each other push'd their spears,  
'Twixt Simois and Xanthus' streams was spread.

First Telamonian Ajax, stay of Greeks,  
Broke through the ranks, and gave his comrades light,  
Striking a man, who o'er the Thracians ruled,  
Great Acamas, Eusorus' valiant son.

Him on the horse-tail'd helmet's plate he struck,  
And pierced his forehead ; and the brazen point 10  
Pass'd through the bone ; and darkness closed his eyes.

Next warlike Diomedes Teuthras' son,  
Axylus, slew ; he in Arisba dwelt,  
And rich in substance, was the friend of men ;  
For living by the way, he all received ;  
But none of these then warded off sad fate,  
Or came to aid him ; but Tydides slew  
Him, and Calesius, who his horses drove,  
His servant ; and beneath the earth both went.

Euryalus Opheltius, Dresus, slew ;

Asopus then, and Pedasus, whom erst  
Nymph Abarbarea to Bucolion bore ;  
He was of king Laomedon the son,  
Eldest by birth, but not in wedlock born ;  
Her he in friendship, as he fed his sheep,  
Knew ; and conceiving, she twin children bore ;  
Their strength and vig'rous limbs Mecisteus' son  
Loosed, and their fair arms from their shoulders took.

Bold Polypœtes slew Astyalus ;  
Ulysses with his spear Pidytes tamed, 30  
And Teucer Aretaon, noble chief ;  
Antilochus Ablerus overthrew,  
And Agamemnon Elatus, who dwelt  
In Pedasus by swift Satniois ;  
And Læitus slew Phylacus in flight ;  
And king Eurypylus Melanthius spoil'd.

Then living warlike Menelaus caught  
Adrastus ; for his horses, o'er the plain  
Wild-rushing, 'gainst a tamarisk the pole  
Broke from the car, and to the city ran, 40  
Where all the others in confusion fled ;  
And from the car he by the wheel was hurl'd  
Prone in the dust upon his mouth ; and close,  
Holding his long spear, Menelaus stood.  
Him then Adrastus by his knees besought ;  
Spare me, Atrides, and meet ransom take ;  
For many treasures in my father's house  
Of gold and brass and well-wrought iron lie ;  
Of these my sire would boundless ransom pay,  
If he should hear, that at the ships I lived. 50

So saying, in his breast his mind he moved ;  
And him he soon had to his comrade given  
To lead away ; but Agamemnon ran,  
And near him came, and chiding, him address'd ;

Why, Menelaus, dost thou vainly care  
For men ? scant kindness have the Trojans shewn  
To thee ; let none of them destruction fly ;  
Not e'en the babe, whom still within the womb  
The mother bears ; but let together all  
From Ilium perish, without pity slain. 60

So saying, his dear brother's mind he turn'd,  
Persuading justly ; and he push'd away  
Adrastus ; and king Agamemnon pierced  
His groin, and pressing with his heel his breast,  
From out the writhing body drew his spear.  
Then Nestor, loudly shouting, cheer'd the Greeks ;

Friends, Danaan heroes, followers of Mars,  
Let none, desirous of the spoil, behind  
Remain, that most he to the ships may bear.  
But let us now slay men ; and then at ease 70  
Ye shall the dead upon the plain despoil.

Thus saying, he of all the courage roused.  
And then the Trojans 'neath the warlike Greeks  
Had enter'd Ilium, by their fears subdued,  
If Priam's son, sooth-saying Helenus,  
Had not to Hector and Æneas said ;

O Hector and Æneas, since to you  
The charge is given, because in every path  
Of war and counsel ye the rest excel,  
Stand here, and check the people at the gates, 80



Going around, ere in their consorts' arms  
They flying fall, and to their foes give joy.  
And when ye have exhorted all the bands,  
We here remaining with the Greeks will fight,  
Though much afflicted ; for so need compels.  
But, Hector, seek the city, and there bid  
Thine and my mother lead the aged dames  
To Pergamus, to blue-eyed Pallas' fane,  
And open with the key the sacred doors,  
And place upon fair-hair'd Minerva's knees 90  
The robe, which in the house the best appears,  
And most esteem'd and precious to herself,  
And promise her twelve heifers in her fane,  
Unbroken yearlings, if our wives, and babes,  
And city, she with pity will behold,  
And Tydeus' son from sacred Ilium turn,  
A dreadful warrior, mighty source of fear,  
Whom I the strongest of the Argives call ;  
Ne'er so Achilles, chief of men, we fear'd,  
Though of a Goddess sprung ; but aye this man 100  
Rages, nor any can his might oppose.

So said he ; nor did Hector disobey,  
But quickly from his car in arms he leap'd,  
And shaking two spears, through the army went,  
To war exciting, and dread contest roused.  
They then were turn'd, and 'gainst the Argives stood ;  
The Greeks retreated, and from slaughter ceas'd ;  
They said, some God had from the starry sky  
Come down to aid the Trojans ; so they turn'd.  
And Hector, shouting loud, the Trojans cheer'd ; 110

Ye valiant Trojans, and far-famed allies,  
Be men, my friends, and valour call to mind,  
While I return to Ilium, and enjoin  
Our aged counsellors and wives to pray  
To all the Gods, and hecatombs to vow.

So saying, Hector to the city went ;  
A sable skin his neck and ankles beat,  
The rim, which ran around his bossy shield.

Then Glaucus, of Hippolochus the son,  
And Diomedes in the middle met. 120

And when they near against each other came,  
Him valiant Diomedes first address'd ;

Who art thou, chief of mortal men ? for ne'er  
I thee have seen in man-ennobling fight  
Before ; and now thou far excellest all  
In courage, since thou waitest my long spear.  
The sons of the unhappy meet my force.  
But if from heaven thou some Immortal come,  
I would not with Olympian Gods contend.

Not long did Dryas' son, Lycurgus, live, 130  
When he contended with Olympian Gods.

He erst the nurses of mad Bacchus drove  
Down goodly Nysa ; they at once their rods  
Threw on the ground, by fell Lycurgus struck  
With an ox-goad ; and Bacchus fled dismay'd  
Beneath the sea, where Thetis him received ;  
For dreadful terror seized him from his threats.

With him the Gods, who live at ease, were grieved,  
And Jove with blindness struck him ; and not long  
He lived, since he was hated by the Gods. 140

So with blest Gods I seek not to contend.  
But if thou art of those, who eat earth's fruit,  
Come near, that quickly thou death's term mayst reach.  
    Him then Hippolochus' brave son address'd ;  
Why, great Tydides, dost thou ask my race ?  
Alike the races are of leaves and men ;  
The wind the leaves disperses, and the wood  
Produces others in the hour of spring ;  
So flourishes and fades each race of men.  
If thou would'st these things learn, that thou mayst  
Our lineage, which to many men is known,     [know  
There is a city, Ephyra, in Greece,  
Where Sisypheus, the son of Æolus,  
Of men most skilful, lived ; he Glaucus got,  
And Glaucus good Bellerophontes got ;  
To him the Gods gave beauty and fair grace ;  
But Prætus 'gainst him evil thoughts conceived,  
And drove him from the land ; for he all Greeks  
Excell'd ; and them Jove 'neath his sceptre tamed.  
With him Antæa, Prætus' wife, desired     160  
To join in friendship ; but she nought prevail'd,  
Nor chaste Bellerophontes could persuade.  
She then king Prætus with deceit address'd ;  
“ Die, Prætus, or Bellerophontes slay,  
Who me unwilling would in friendship know.”  
When this he heard, resentment seized the king ;  
Yet him he slew not, for he this revered,  
But writing many soul-destroying things  
In folded tablets, him to Lycia sent,  
And bade him shew them to his consort's sire ;     170

He then to Lycia with Gods' guidance went.  
But when he Lycia and fair Xanthus reach'd,  
With honour him wide Lycia's king received ;  
Nine days he feasted, and nine oxen slew ;  
But when the tenth rose-finger'd Morn appear'd,  
He question'd him, and ask'd to see the sign,  
Which he from his son Proetus to him bore.  
But when the king the evil sign received,  
He bade him first the dire Chimæra slay,  
Which of divine, not mortal, race was sprung, 180  
With lion's head, goat's body, and snake's tail,  
Breathing the dreadful force of burning fire ;  
And her he slew, relying on Gods' signs.  
Next 'gainst the noble Solymans he fought ;  
The strongest battle this of men, he said.  
Thirdly the manly Amazons he slew.  
Then he another secret snare contrived ;  
Choosing the best men of wide Lycia's realm,  
He placed an ambush ; but none home return'd ;  
For good Bellerophontes slew them all. 190  
But when he knew, he was God's favour'd son,  
He kept him there, and gave him his own child,  
And with him all his kingly honour shared.  
For him the Lycians a fair portion cut  
Of fertile vines and tillage to possess.  
And she three children bore, Isander bold,  
Laodamia, and Hippolochus.  
Laodamia was by Jove possess'd ;  
And she divine brass-arm'd Sarpedon bore.  
But when he hateful to the Gods became, 200

Alone he wander'd the Aleian plain,  
Eating his soul, and shunning paths of men.  
Mars, scourge of war, his son Isander slew,  
Contending with the noble Solymans.  
Her angry golden-rein'd Diana slew.  
But me spear-famed Hippolochus begot,  
And sent me hither, and he me enjoin'd,  
Aye to be best, and other men surpass,  
Nor shame my fathers' race, who far the best  
In Ephyra and Lycia wide were born. 210  
From this blood I myself descended boast.

So said he ; and brave Tydeus' son rejoiced,  
And fix'd his sharp spear in the verdant earth ;  
He then the chief with gentle words address'd ;

Thou then to me art a paternal friend.  
For Ceneus in his house for twenty days  
Bellerophontes, as a guest, received ;  
And they fair tokens to each other gave.  
First Ceneus gave a belt with purple bright ;  
Bellerophontes a gold double cup 220  
Gave, which, here coming, in my house I left.  
I knew not Tydeus ; for he left me young,  
When before Thebes the Grecian people fell.  
So I to thee in Argos am a friend,  
And thou to me, when I to Lycia come.  
So let us shun each other in the crowd.  
To me are many Trojans and allies,  
Whom with Gods' aid I may o'ertake and slay ;  
And many are the Greeks whom thou mayst spoil.  
And we our arms will change, that all may know, 230

We boast ourselves to be paternal friends.

So saying, they, down rushing from their cars,  
Seized on each other's hands, and plighted faith.  
Then Saturn's Son from Glaucus took his sense ;  
And he with Diomedes changed his arms,  
Golden for brass, a hundred beeves for nine.

When Hector at the Scæan gates arrived,  
Round him the Trojan wives and daughters ran,  
Inquiring for their children, brothers, friends,  
And husbands ; he in order bade them all 240  
Pray to the Gods ; and woes o'er many hung.

But when he came to Priam's beauteous house,  
With polish'd porches made ; where all around  
Of polish'd marble fifty chambers stood,  
Built near each other, where the noble sons  
Of Priam by their wedded consorts slept ;  
And for his daughters in the court around  
Of polish'd marble twelve roof'd chambers stood,  
Built near each other, where the sons in law  
Of Priam by their honour'd consorts slept ; 250  
There him his gentle-gifted mother met,  
Leading Laodicè, her fairest child,  
And took him by the hand, and him address'd ;

Why, son, from strenuous battle art thou come ?  
Much thee the hateful sons of Greeks oppress,  
Fighting around the city ; hath thy mind  
Bid thee come here to raise thy hands to Jove ?  
But stay, that I to thee sweet wine may bring,  
That thou to Jove and all the Gods mayst pour  
First, and thyself then drink and be refresh'd ; 260

For wine the vigour of the tired restores,  
As thou hast labour'd, fighting for thy friends.

To her great crested Hector then replied;  
To me, dear mother, bring not honied wine,  
Lest thou unnerve me, and I force forget.  
And I with unwash'd hands to pour to Jove  
Revere; for never to dark-clouded Jove  
A man defiled with blood and gore should pray.  
But go thou to host-leading Pallas' fane  
With incense, and the aged dames collect, 270  
And place upon fair-hair'd Minerva's knees  
The robe, which in the house the best appears  
And most esteem'd and precious to thyself,  
And promise her twelve heifers in her fane,  
Unbroken yearlings, if our wives, and babes,  
And city, she with pity will behold,  
And Tydeus' son from sacred Ilium turn,  
A dreadful warrior, mighty source of fear.  
But go thou to host-leading Pallas' fane,  
And I will Paris seek, and him arouse, 280  
If he my words will hear; I would the earth  
Would yawn beneath him; for him Jove a bane  
To Troy, and Priam, and his sons, has bred;  
If him descending to the grave I saw,  
My mind would then of bitter grief be free'd.

So said he; and she sought the house, and bade  
Her maids; and they the aged matrons call'd.  
She then unto her scented chamber went,  
Where lay the robes, the varied works of maids,  
Whom godlike Alexander brought himself 290

From far Sidonia, sailing the wide sea,  
When he from Sparta noble Helen led.  
Of these one Hecuba for Pallas took,  
The largest and most varied in the work,  
Which, shining like a star, the lowest lay,  
And then, by aged dames surrounded, went.

When Pallas' temple in the citadel  
They reach'd, fair-cheek'd Theano oped the doors,  
Daughter of Cisseus, sage Antenor's wife ;  
For her the Trojans Pallas' priestess made. 300  
Lamenting they to Pallas raised their hands ;  
And fair Theano took the beauteous robe,  
And placed it on fair-hair'd Minerva's knees,  
And then with prayer Jove's Daughter she address'd ;

Revered Minerva, guardian of our state,  
Break Diomedes' spear, and grant, that he  
May headlong fall before the Scæan gates ;  
And we twelve heifers to thy fane will bring,  
Unbroken yearlings, if our wives, and babes,  
And city, thou with pity wilt behold. 310

So said she praying ; nor Minerva heard.  
So to the Daughter of great Jove they pray'd.

Hector meanwhile sought Paris' beauteous house,  
Which he himself had made with men, who most  
As builders then in fertile Troy excell'd ;  
For him they made a chamber, house, and court,  
In Pergamus, near Hector's and the king's.  
There Hector enter'd, holding in his hand  
An eleven-cubit spear, whose brazen point  
Shone, and around it ran a golden ring. 320



Him in his chamber, handling his bright arms,  
The breastplate, curved bow, and shield, he found.  
And Argive Helen 'midst her skilful maids  
Sat, and to each some beauteous work assign'd.  
Him with reproachful words great Hector chid;

Not justly thou this anger hast conceived.  
The people perish, round the lofty wall  
And city fighting; and for thee the war  
And shout arises; thou wouldst others blame,  
Whom thou remiss from hateful war shouldst see. 330  
But rise, lest soon the city be destroy'd.

Then godlike Alexander him address'd;  
Hector, thou me hast not unjustly chid;  
I then will speak; consider and attend.  
I not from anger to the Trojans sit  
Here in the house, but yielding to my grief.  
And now my wife hath me with gentle words  
Aroused to war; and so it to myself  
Seems best; for changeful is the lot of war.  
But stay, while I my warlike arms put on, 340  
Or go, and quickly I will thee o'ertake.

So said he; and great Hector nought replied.  
And Helen him with gentle words address'd;

Ah, brother of me hapless and disgraced,  
I would that day, when me my mother bore,  
An evil storm had borne me far away  
To some lone mountain, or the restless sea,  
Which me had swallow'd, ere these things were done.  
But since the Gods these evils have contrived,  
I would some better man had been my spouse, 350

Who modest shame and manly virtue knew.  
But this man's thoughts nor now are just, nor e'er  
Will be ; of which he soon the fruit will know.  
But enter now, and sit upon this seat,  
Brother, since chiefly toil thy soul surrounds  
For my disgrace and Alexander's wrong ;  
To whom Jove evil fate hath given, that we  
Renown'd in song to future men may live.

To her great crested Hector then replied ;  
Ask me not, Helen, to sit down, though kind ;      360  
For now my mind exhorts me to defend  
The Trojans, who me absent much regret.  
But him arouse, and let himself make haste,  
That he within the gates may me o'ertake.  
For I will seek my house, that I may see  
My servants, and dear wife, and infant child.  
I know not, if I e'er shall home return,  
Or me the Gods beneath the Greeks will tame.

Thus saying, crested Hector went away,  
And quickly at his well-built house arrived,      370  
But found not fair Andromachè within ;  
For with her child and well-robed maid she stood  
Bewailing and lamenting at the tower.  
When he his blameless consort absent found,  
He stood upon the threshold, and inquired ;

Come, tell me, maidens, and the truth declare.  
Where went white-arm'd Andromachè from home ?  
Is she to some one of her sisters gone,  
Or to Minerva's temple, where the rest  
Of Trojan dames the dreadful Goddess sooth ?      380

To him the trusty stewardess replied ;  
Hector, since much thou bidst me say the truth,  
She neither to a sister's house is gone,  
Nor to Minerva's temple, where the rest  
Of Trojan dames the dreadful Goddess sooth ;  
But Ilus' tower she sought, because she heard  
The Trojans by the Grecian might were press'd.  
Hence mad with grief unto the tower she went  
In haste ; and with her the nurse bears the child.

So said the stewardess ; and Hector rush'd 390  
Back from the house the same way through the streets.  
And when he, passing through the city, reach'd  
The Scæan gates, which open'd to the plain,  
There him his many-gifted consort met,  
Andromachè, renown'd Eëtion's child,  
Eëtion, who 'neath woody Placus dwelt  
In Theba, where he the Cilicians ruled ;  
His child by brass-arm'd Hector was possess'd.  
There him she met ; and with her went the nurse,  
And in her bosom bore the tender child, 400  
Loved son of Hector, like a beauteous star.  
Him Hector call'd Scamandrius, but the rest  
Astyanax ; for Hector Troy alone  
Defended ; smiling on his boy he gazed ;  
And by him weeping his fair consort stood,  
And took him by the hand, and him address'd ;  
Thee, hapless spouse, thy courage will destroy.  
Thou pitiest not thy child, nor me, ere long  
Of thee bereft ; for thee the Greeks will slay,  
All rushing on ; but better were it far, 410

That I should die, than lose thee ; for no more  
I joy should know, if thou shouldst suffer fate,  
But griefs ; no more my honour'd parents live ;  
For swift Achilles my dear father slew ;  
The lofty-gated city he destroy'd,  
Cilician Theba, and Eëtion slew ;  
But him he spoil'd not ; for he this revered ;  
But duly burnt him with his varied arms,  
And raised his tomb, round which set beauteous elms  
The mountain Nymphs, the daughters of great Jove.  
To me seven brothers in the house were born,  
Who all in one day went to Pluto's house ;  
For swift divine Achilles slew them all  
Beside the tether'd beeves and silv'ry sheep.  
My mother, who 'neath woody Placus reign'd,  
When her he with the spoil had hither brought,  
Receiving boundless ransom, he released ;  
And her Diana in her sire's house struck.  
But, Hector, thou my mother, and my sire,  
And brother art, and thou my vig'rous spouse.      430  
But come, relent, and stay here on the tower ;  
Nor him an orphan, me a widow make ;  
And place the people near the fig-tree, where  
The town is weakest, and the wall is low.  
Thrice here approaching, have the bravest tried  
Round either Ajax, and Idomeneus,  
And Atreus' sons, and Tydeus' valiant son.  
Either some skilful seer hath this disclosed,  
Or their own mind directs them and exhorts.  
Great crested Hector her again address'd ;      440

All these things are my care ; but much I dread  
The Trojans and the long-robed Trojan dames,  
If, like a coward, I from battle shrink.

Nor so my mind inclines me, since I learn'd  
Aye to excel, and 'midst the foremost fight,  
Seeking my sire's great glory and my own.

For well I know this in my soul and mind,  
The day will be, when sacred Troy shall fall,  
And Priam and his people shall be slain.

But not so for the Trojans' grief I care, 450

Nor for king Priam's, nor e'en Hecuba's,

Nor of so many brothers, brave and good,

Who in the dust by hostile hands would fall,

As for thy grief, when some brass-coated Greek  
Shall thee, a weeping captive, lead away.

Then shalt thou for some mistress tend the loom,

Or water from Messëis' fountain bear,

Or Hyperia, by strong need compell'd.

And then shall some one, as thou weepest, say,

" 'Tis Hector's wife, who was the best in war 460

Of car-borne Trojans, who round Ilium fought."

So will they say ; and thee new grief will seize,

Desiring me thy captive day to ward.

But may the heap'd up earth my bones contain,

Before thy capture and lament I hear.

So saying, Hector sought to take his son ;

But back to his fond nurse's breast the child

Clung weeping, dreading his dear father's sight,

Scared by the shining brass, and horse-tail'd crest,

Which nodded dreadful from the lofty helm ; 470

And his dear sire and honour'd mother laugh'd.  
Soon from his head great Hector took the helm,  
And placed it by him, shining on the ground;  
And when his dear child he had kiss'd and toss'd,  
Praying to Jove and all the Gods, he said;

Jove and all Gods, let this my son become,  
As I, distinguish'd 'midst the Trojan host,  
And strong in battle, o'er the city rule;  
And each shall say, when he from war returns,  
"He far excels his father;" and may him 480  
With spoils adorn'd his mother see with joy.

So saying, in her hands he placed his son;  
And she received him in her fragrant breast,  
Smiling in tears; and Hector pitying saw,  
And sooth'd her with his hand, and her address'd;

Dear wife, not too much to thy sorrow yield;  
For none 'gainst fate will me to Pluto send.  
No mortal, say I, can his fate escape  
Or good or bad, as from his birth decree'd.  
But home return, and to thy works attend, 490  
The loom and distaff, and thy maids exhort  
To ply their tasks; and war shall be the care  
Of men, and chiefly of all Trojans mine.

So saying, Hector took his horse-tail'd helm;  
And his dear consort to the house return'd,  
Oft looking back, and shed a tender tear.  
And quickly she the well-stored mansion reach'd  
Of slaught'ring Hector, and within it found  
Her maidens, and to all lament aroused.  
They Hector living in his house bewail'd; 500

For ne'er, they said, he would from war return,  
Escaping from the Grecian force and hands.

Nor Paris in the lofty house delay'd;  
But when he had his beauteous arms put on,  
He through the city rush'd with rapid feet.  
As when a courser, of his manger tired,  
Breaking his bonds, runs bounding o'er the plain,  
Accustom'd in a flowing stream to bathe,  
Exulting; high he lifts his head; his mane  
Floats o'er his neck; and trusting in his strength 510  
He seeks the pasture and retreat of mares;  
So Paris, Priam's son, from Pergamus,  
Shining in arms, descended, 'like the Sun,  
Rejoicing, and his feet him swiftly bore;  
He found his brother Hector, as he left  
The place, where with his wife he had conversed.  
Him godlike Alexander first address'd;

Brother, I fear, I hasting thee detain,  
And have not, as thou badest, in time arrived.

Replying crested Hector him address'd; 520  
Dear brother, none, who rightly judge, can thee  
In battle's work reproach; for thou art brave.  
But willing thou relaxest; and my heart  
Is grieved within me, when I chidings hear  
From Trojans, who for thee much toil endure.  
But these things shall hereafter be our care,  
If Jove e'er grant us to the deathless Gods  
To raise a free cup in our peaceful home,  
Driving from Ilium the brass-coated Greeks.



# ILIAD,

## BOOK VII.



**T**HUS saying, Hector from the city rush'd,  
And by his side his brother Paris went,  
And both were eager to contend in war.  
As when a God to wishful sailors gives  
A breeze, who long o'er sea with polish'd oars  
Have toil'd ; and weariness their limbs has loosed ;  
So to the wishful Trojans they appear'd.

Then noble Paris first Menesthius slew,  
In Arnè whom Philomedusa bore  
To Areïthous for club renown'd ; 10  
And Hector with his spear Eïoneus  
Struck 'neath the brazen helm, and loosed his limbs ;  
And Glaucus, leader of the Lycian bands,  
Iphinous, the son of Dexius, struck  
Upon the shoulder, as he sought his car,  
And hurl'd him headlong ; and his limbs were loosed.

When Pallas, blue-eyed Goddess, them perceived  
The Greeks destroying in the strife of war,  
She went down rushing from Olympus' tops  
To sacred Ilium ; and Apollo rose 20



From Pergamus the Trojans to defend ;  
And they each other by the beech-tree met ;  
And first Jove's Son, Apollo, her address'd ;

Why dost thou eager, Daughter of great Jove,  
Come from Olympus, by thy mind impell'd ?  
Wouldst thou the vict'ry to the Argives give,  
Since thou no pity for the Trojans feel'st ?  
But if thou me wouldst hear, it thus were best ;  
Let us the contest and the battle end  
To-day ; to-morrow they again may fight,  
Until Troy perish ; since it is decree'd  
By you Immortals to lay waste this town.

30

Blue-eyed Minerva him again address'd ;  
So be it, Phœbus ; for with this intent  
From heaven I 'midst the Greeks and Trojans came.  
But come, how meanest thou the war to end.

Jove's Son, Apollo, her again address'd ;  
Let us the might of car-borne Hector rouse  
Some leader of the Argives to defy

With him alone in battle to contend ;

40

And let the Greeks, with gen'rous envy moved,  
Some chief select great Hector to oppose.

So said he ; nor did Pallas disobey.  
And Helenus, king Priam's son, perceived  
The counsel by immortal Gods approved ;  
And he by Hector stood, and him address'd ;

Like Jove in counsel, Hector, Priam's son,  
Wilt thou thy brother's words obedient hear ?  
Seat all the other Trojans and the Greeks,  
And then the bravest of the Greeks defy

50

Opposed in dreadful contest to engage.  
'Tis not thy fate in battle now to fall ;  
For so I of the Gods the voice have heard.

So said he ; and great Hector heard with joy,  
And stepping forth, restrain'd the Trojan bands,  
Holding his mid spear ; and they all sat down ;  
And Agamemnon seated all the Greeks.  
And Pallas and Apollo, Silver-Bow,  
The form of vulture birds assuming, sat  
Upon the beech of Ægis-bearing Jove, 60  
With men delighted ; and the ranks sat close,  
Bristling with shields, and shining helms, and spears.  
As when the West-Wind, rising o'er the deep,  
Ruffles the billows, and the sea grows black ;  
So sat the ranks of Trojans and of Greeks  
Upon the plain ; and Hector both address'd ;

Hear me, ye Trojans and well-greaved Greeks,  
That I may utter, what my mind exhorts.  
Saturn's great Son hath not the oaths confirm'd,  
But signs of evil thoughts to both displays, 70  
Until ye either well-fenced Troy shall take,  
Or fall yourselves by your sea-passing ships.  
With you are here the chiefs of all the Greeks ;  
Whome'er his mind exhorts with me to fight,  
Let him stand forth with Hector to contend.  
And thus I offer, and be witness Jove ;  
If he shall slay me with long-pointed brass,  
Let him my arms unto the swift ships bear,  
But give my body back, that to the fire  
The Trojans and their wives may me consign. 80

And if I slay him with Apollo's aid,  
I will his arms to windy Ilium bear,  
And hang them at Apollo's sacred fane,  
But send his body to the well-bench'd ships,  
That with due rites the Greeks may him inter,  
And raise beside broad Hellespont his tomb ;  
And each of men hereafter-born shall say,  
Sailing the dark sea in his well-bench'd-ship,  
" This is the tomb of a departed chief,  
Whom bravely fighting noble Hector slew ;" 90  
So shall they say ; and ne'er my fame shall die.

So said he ; and in silence all were mute,  
Shamed to refuse, yet fearing to accept.  
At length Atrides, Menelaus, rose,  
And groaning, them with taunts reproach'd, and said ;  
Ah me, vain threat'ners, Grecian dames, not Greeks,  
What foul disgrace forever will it be,  
If none now of the Greeks will Hector meet.  
But may ye earth and water all become,  
Each sitting heartless and inglorious here. 100  
I now will arm against him ; for above  
The ends of vict'ry by the Gods are held.

So saying, he his beauteous arms put on.  
Then, Menelaus, had the term of life  
To thee 'neath Hector's conqu'ring hands appear'd,  
If thee the Grecian kings had not restrain'd.  
Himself king Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
Seized his right hand, and him by name address'd ;  
What madness, Menelaus ! cast away  
This folly, and restrain thyself, though grieved. 110

Seek not with thy superior to contend,  
Priam's son, Hector, whom all others dread.  
Him e'en Achilles, who far thee excels,  
Fears to engage in man-ennobling war.  
But now retire, and 'midst thy comrades sit ;  
The Greeks against him will some champion place.  
Though he be fearless, and in war untired,  
Yet, say I, gladly will he bend his knee,  
If from the dreadful contest he escape.

So saying, he with just persuasion turn'd 120  
His brother's mind ; and then his friends with joy  
Took from his shoulders the resplendent arms.  
And Nestor 'midst the Argives rose, and said ;  
Ah me, great grief the Grecian land assails.  
Much now would aged car-borne Peleus groan,  
The Myrmidons' good counsellor and king,  
Who erst me gladly question'd in his house,  
And of all Greeks the race and birth recall'd.  
If these from Hector shrinking he should hear,  
Much would he to the Gods raise up his hands, 130  
And pray, his soul to Pluto might descend.  
I would, O Pallas, Phœbus, and Jove Sire,  
I were as young, as when by Celadon  
The gather'd Pylians and Arcadians fought,  
Near Phea's walls, around Iardan's streams.  
There godlike Ereuthalion foremost stood,  
Bearing the arms of Areithous,  
King Areithous, whom men by name,  
And well-zoned women, the club-bearer call'd,  
Because he fought not with the bow or spear, 140

But broke with iron club the ranks of men.  
With craft Lycurgus slew him, not with strength,  
In a close way, where nought his club avail'd  
To ward off fate; for him Lycurgus first  
Pierced with his spear, and cast him on the ground,  
And spoil'd his arms, the gifts of brazen Mars;  
And he himself had borne them oft in war.  
But when Lycurgus in his house grew old,  
He them to faithful Ereuthalion gave.  
These arms he bore, and all the chiefs defied;      150  
And they all fear'd, nor any dared him meet.  
But me my patient mind impell'd to fight  
Against his strength, though youngest born of all;  
With him I fought, and Pallas gave me fame.  
This man of passing height and strength I slew;  
And vast his body here and there was stretch'd.  
Were I thus young, and were my strength entire,  
Soon should great Hector an opponent find.  
But ye, who are the chiefs of all the Greeks,  
Seek not with noble Hector to contend.      160  
    So chid the old man, and nine chiefs arose;  
Far first rose Agamemnon, king of men;  
Next Diomedes, Tydeus' valiant son;  
Then either Ajax, clad in strenuous might;  
Then with Idomeneus, Meriones,  
His comrade, equal to man-slaying Mars;  
And then Eurypylus, Evæmon's son;  
And wise Ulysses, and Andræmon's son;  
All these desired with Hector to contend.  
And sage Gerenian Nestor 'midst them said;      170

By lot decide, who may this contest prove ;  
For much will he the warlike Greeks delight,  
And much too his own soul, if he escape  
From dreadful contest and from hostile war.

So said he ; and each leader mark'd his lot,  
And cast it into Agamemnon's helm.

Then to the Gods the people raised their hands,  
And thus, up-gazing to wide heaven, they said ;

Jove Sire, may Ajax, or brave Tydeus' son,  
Or rich Mycenæ's king, the lot obtain. 180

So said they ; and Gerenian Nestor shook,  
And from the helm, as they desired, the lot  
Of Ajax leap'd ; and bearing through the crowd,  
The herald shew'd it to the Grecian chiefs ;  
But they it knew not, and the sign denied.  
But when he, passing through the crowd, had reach'd  
Ajax, who mark'd and cast it in the helm,  
He held his hand out, and the lot received,  
And knew the sign, and in his mind rejoiced,  
And cast it down beside his feet, and said ; 190

O friends, the lot is mine, and much in mind  
I joy, since Hector to o'ercome I trust.  
But come, while I my warlike arms put on,  
Do ye meanwhile to Saturn's Son, Jove, pray  
Apart in silence, lest the Trojans hear ;  
Or e'en aloud, since we no mortal dread.  
For none by force shall drive me 'gainst my will ;  
Nor want I skill ; for not untaught in war  
I in fair Salamis was born and bred.

So said he ; and they pray'd to Saturn's Son, 200

And thus, up-gazing to wide heaven, they said ;

Jove Sire, from Ida ruling, glorious, great,  
Grant Ajax fame and victory may win ;  
And if thou Hector love and him regard,  
Give equal strength and glory to them both.

So said they ; and in dark brass Ajax arm'd ;  
And when he round him all his arms had placed,  
He rush'd, as giant Mars to battle hastes,  
When he to war advances with the men,  
Whom Saturn's Son in deadly contest joins ;      210  
Such rose vast Ajax, bulwark of the Greeks,  
Smiling with rugged brows ; and with his feet  
He went long-striding, shaking his huge spear.  
Much then the Argives, seeing him, rejoiced ;  
And dreadful terror seized the Trojans' limbs ;  
And Hector's heart within his bosom beat ;  
Yet could he not retire, and seek again  
The crowd, since he had first the fight provoked.  
Ajax came near him, bearing, like a tower,  
The brazen seven-hide shield, which Tychius made ;  
He, best of armourers, in Hyla dwelt,  
And for him made the varied seven-hide shield  
Of vig'rous bulls, and o'er it work'd dark brass.  
This noble Ajax bore before his breast,  
And standing near to Hector, threat'ning spoke ;  
Hector, now one to one thou well shalt know,  
What men amidst the Danaan chiefs are found  
Besides bold lion-hearted Peleus' son.  
But he in his sea-passing beak'd ships lies,  
Enraged with Agamemnon, king of men.      230

Still we are such, as may with thee contend,  
And many ; but the fight and war begin.

Great crested Hector him again address'd ;  
Brave Telamonian Ajax, Jove-born king,  
Think not to fright me, like a senseless boy,  
Or timid maid, who knows not warlike works.  
For well I battle and manslaughter know ;  
I know how right and left my well-dried shield  
To turn, which guards me in the patient fight ;  
I know in battle how to sing to Mars ; 240  
I rushing know the toil of rapid steeds ;  
But still I would not strike thee so renown'd  
With craft, but fairly, if I thee may hit.

He said, and shaking, darted his long spear,  
And struck on Ajax' dreadful seven-hide shield  
Upon the eighth fold of the outmost brass ;  
And through six folds the point dividing went,  
But in the seventh was stopt. Against him next  
Great Jove-born Ajax darted his long spear,  
And struck the equal shield of Priam's son. 250  
Pierced through the shining shield the stormy spear,  
And through the richly varied breastplate pass'd,  
And near the groin cut through the purple vest ;  
But he bent sideways, and escaped black fate.  
They then, the spears withdrawing, both with hands  
Together fell, like lions o'er the prey,  
Or woodland boars, resistless in their might.  
First Priam's son, his mid shield push'd with spear,  
But broke not through it ; and the point was turn'd.  
Then Ajax leaping push'd his shield ; and through 260



The spear's point pass'd, and him, though eager, stay'd,  
Grazing his neck ; and forth the dark blood flow'd.  
Yet not e'en so did Hector cease from war,  
But with his hand, retiring, seized a stone,  
Black, rough, enormous, lying on the plain ;  
With this the mid boss of the seven-hide shield  
He struck ; and sharply rang around the brass.  
Next Ajax lifted a much larger stone,  
And threw it whirling with enormous force,  
And with the mill-stone rock broke through the shield,  
And shook his knees, and stretch'd him on the ground,  
Lean'd on his shield ; but him Apollo raised.  
And now they closing had with swords engaged,  
Had not the messengers of Jove and men  
Come from the Trojans and brass-coated Greeks,  
Idæus and Talthybius, both wise,  
And 'twixt them held their sceptres ; then began  
Herald Idæus, who wise counsels knew ;

No more, dear children, in fierce war contend ;  
For both of you cloud-gath'ring Jove holds dear, 280  
And both are warriors, as we all well know ;  
But now 'tis night ; 'tis good to night to yield.

Replying Jove-born Ajax him address'd ;  
Idæus, bid ye Hector these things say ;  
For he first challenged all the chiefs to war ;  
Let him begin ; and then will I agree.

Great crested Hector him again address'd ;  
Ajax, since God hath given thee size, and strength, .  
And wisdom ; and with spear thee none excel ;  
Let us from war and dreadful contest cease 290

To-day ; hereafter we will fight, till God  
Shall part us, and to one the vict'ry give ;  
But now 'tis night ; 'tis good to night to yield.  
So thou mayst by the ships the Greeks delight,  
And chief thy friends and comrades, who are thine.  
And I shall in king Priam's ample town  
The Trojans and their long-robed dames delight,  
Who will for me the Gods' assembly seek.  
But let us to each other give fair gifts,  
That thus each Trojan and each Greek may say ; 300  
“ They have together in dread contest fought,  
But now are parted, and have friendship join'd.”

So saying, he his silver-studded sword  
Gave with its scabbard, and the well-cut belt ;  
Ajax a girdle, bright with scarlet, gave.  
They parting thus the Greeks and Trojans sought.  
And much the Trojans joy'd, when they beheld  
Hector approaching living and unhurt,  
Escaping Ajax' force and conqu'ring hands,  
And they received him, saved beyond their hopes. 310  
But the brass-coated Greeks to Atreus' son  
Ajax, rejoicing in the vict'ry, led ;  
And when the tent of Atreus' son they reach'd,  
King Agamemnon slew a fatted ox,  
Male, five-year-old, to Saturn's mighty Son ;  
This then they flay'd, and toiling parted all,  
And sliced it well, and fix'd it on the spits,  
And roasted it with care, and drew all off ;  
And when they toil had ceased and spread the board,  
They feasted, and the goodly banquet shared ; 320

And Agamemnon, Atreus' royal son,  
Honour'd great Ajax with the ample backs.  
But when they thirst and hunger had allay'd,  
To them the old man first a plan proposed,  
Nestor, whose counsel was before the best ;  
He spoke with wisdom, and amidst them said ;

O Atreus' son and chiefs of all the Greeks,  
Full many of the long-hair'd Greeks are dead ;  
And Mars their dark blood around Xanthus' streams  
Has scatter'd ; and their souls have Pluto sought. 330  
So let us with the Morn from battle cease,  
And in a circle here collect the dead  
With mules and oxen, and consume them all  
Near to the ships, that each may to his sons  
Bear home the bones, when we to Greece return.  
And let us raise one undistinguish'd tomb  
Upon the plain ; and quickly 'gainst it build  
High towers, a bulwark for ourselves and ships.  
And in them we will make well-fitted gates,  
That through them we may drive our cars and steeds ;  
And all around we will a deep trench dig,  
Which may our steeds and people fence around,  
That ne'er on us the Trojans' war may press.

So said he ; and the kings his words approved.  
So in the citadel near Priam's gates  
A troubled meeting of the Trojans sat.  
And them inspired Antenor first address'd ;

Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies,  
That I may utter, what my mind exhorts.  
Let us give Argive Helen and the stores

350

To Atreus' sons; for now 'gainst faithful oaths  
We perjured fight, nor any good, I think,  
To us will happen, if we do not so.

So saying, he sat down; and 'midst them rose  
The godlike Paris, fair-hair'd Helen's spouse;  
Replying he wing'd words to him address'd;

No more, Antenor, pleasing things thou say'st;  
Thou know'st a better word than this to speak;  
If thou indeed hast this in earnest said,  
The Gods themselves have thee of sense bereft. 360  
But I will 'midst the car-borne Trojans speak;  
I firmly Helen to restore refuse;  
But all the wealth, which I from Argos brought,  
I will give back, and add too from my own.

So saying, he sat down; and 'midst them rose  
King Priam, wise in counsel as a God;  
He spoke with wisdom, and amidst them said;

Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies,  
That I may utter what my mind exhorts.  
Now sup throughout the army, as before, 370  
And each be wakeful, and the watch attend.  
And in the Morning let Idæus seek  
The hollow ships, and tell to Atreus' sons  
The word of Paris, who the strife began;  
And let him add this counsel, that they now  
Should cease from mournful war, until we burn  
The dead; hereafter we will fight, till God  
Shall part us, and to one the vict'ry give.

So said he; and they heard him, and obey'd,  
And supp'd throughout the army in their ranks; 380

And in the Morn Idæus sought the ships,  
And found the Greeks assembled by the stern  
Of Agamemnon's ship ; and in the midst  
The clear-voiced herald stood, and them address'd ;

O Atreus' sons and chiefs of all the Greeks,  
Me Priam and the noble Trojans bade  
Tell, if to you it good and pleasing seem,  
The word of Paris, who the strife began.  
The wealth, which Alexander in his ship  
To Ilium brought,—I would, he first had died— 390  
He will restore, and add too from his own.  
But noble Menelaus' virgin bride  
He will not yield, though him the Trojans bid.  
And this word too they bade me say, that ye  
Should cease from mournful war, until we burn  
The dead ; hereafter we will fight, till God  
Shall part us, and to one the vict'ry give.

So said he : and in silence all were mute.  
At length amidst them Diomedes spoke ;

Let no one now the wealth from Paris take, 400  
Nor Helen ; e'en a fool may understand,  
The ends of fate now o'er the Trojans hang.

So said he ; and the Greeks with shouts approved,  
The speech admiring of brave Tydeus' son.  
And Agamemnon to Idæus said ;

Idæus, thou the answer of the Greeks  
Thyself hast heard ; and so it pleases me.  
As for the dead, I grudge not them to burn ;  
For no one after death should spare to sooth  
At once the dead with expiating fire. 410

Let Jove be witness, Juno's thund'ring Spouse.

He then held up his sceptre to the Gods.

Idæus back to sacred Troy return'd,

Where still the Trojans and Dardanians sat,

Gather'd in council, waiting till he came.

And when he came, his message he declared,

Standing amidst them; and they quickly rose

To bring the dead, and others to seek wood.

So too the Argives hasten'd from the ships

To bring the dead, and others to seek wood. 420

And when the Sun had newly struck the fields,

From unrestrain'd deep-flowing Ocean's streams

To heaven ascending, they each other met.

Then was it hard each person to discern;

But they wash'd off with water the black gore,

Shedding warm tears, and raised them on the carts.

But Priam tears forbade; and grieved at heart,

They silent heap'd the bodies on the pyre,

And burning them with fire, to Troy return'd.

And in like manner the brass-coated Greeks 430

Heap'd, grieved at heart, the bodies on the pyre,

And burning them with fire, the swift ships sought.

And ere the Morn, while still the night was gray,

A chosen band assembled round the pyre,

And o'er it raised one undistinguish'd tomb

Upon the plain, and 'gainst it built a wall,

And lofty towers, to guard themselves and ships.

And in them they prepared well-fitted gates,

That through them they the cars and steeds might drive;

And all around it they a deep trench dug, 440

Spacious and wide, and fix'd sharp stakes within.  
So all the day the long-hair'd Argives toil'd.

But the Gods, seated by loud-thund'ring Jove,  
Admired the great work of the warlike Greeks.  
And 'midst them the earth-shaking King began ;

Jove Sire, what mortal on the boundless earth  
Will now his counsel to the Gods declare ?  
See'st thou not, how the long-hair'd Greeks have built  
A wall around their ships, and driven a trench,  
Nor to the Gods famed hecatombs have given ? 450  
The fame will reach as far as Morn is spread ;  
And all men will forget the wall, which I  
For king Laomedon with Phœbus built.

Him, greatly moved, cloud-gath'ring Jove address'd ;  
Ah, dread Earth-shaker, what is this, thou say'st ?  
Some other God, inferior far to thee  
In hands and might, this thought might entertain.  
Thy fame shall reach, as far as Morn is spread.  
Come now, whene'er again the long-hair'd Greeks  
Shall home with ships to their dear country go, 460  
Break down the wall, and pour it in the sea,  
And cover all the mighty shore with sands,  
Until the Greeks' great wall be level laid.

So they such things unto each other said.  
And when the Sun was set, the work was done.  
And in the tents they slew fat beeves, and supp'd.  
And many ships from Lemnus came with wine,  
Which Jason's son, Eunëus, for them sent,  
Whom fair Hypsipylë to Jason bore ;  
And to the sons of Atreus he apart 470

Of purest wine a thousand measures sent.  
There too the long-hair'd Argives purchased wine,  
Some with dark brass, and others with bright steel,  
And some with hides, and some with fatted beeves,  
And some with slaves; and they a great feast made.  
All night the long-hair'd Greeks the feast prolong'd,  
And in the town the Trojans and allies.  
And all the night great Jove ill deeds design'd,  
Thund'ring tremendous; and pale fear seized all;  
And from their cups they pour'd out wine to earth,  
Nor any drank, ere he to Jove had pour'd;  
They then reposed, and took the gift of sleep.







# IL I A D,

## BOOK VIII.



OW saffron Morn o'er all the earth was  
spread ;  
And thund'ring Jove to council call'd  
the Gods

On many neck'd Olympus' highest top ;  
He them address'd ; and all attentive heard ;  
Listen to me, all Goddesses and Gods,  
That I may utter what my mind exhorts.  
Let neither God nor Goddess seek my word  
To hinder, but together all approve,  
That I most quickly may these deeds perform.  
Whome'er of Gods I shall apart perceive 10  
Seeking the Greeks or Trojans to assist,  
He shall with shameful stripes Olympus reach,  
Or I will cast him to dark Tartarus,  
Where is the deepest gulf beneath the earth,  
Where iron gates on brazen threshold stand,  
As far 'neath Pluto's house, as earth from heaven.  
Ye then shall know me strongest of the Gods.  
Come try, ye Gods, that ye may all well know,  
Hanging aloft a golden chain from heaven,  
And all ye Gods together on it seize ; 20

Ye could not then draw down from heaven to earth  
Jove, sov'reign Counsellor, though much ye toil'd ;  
But when I willing should essay to draw,  
I then could raise it with the earth and sea ;  
And round Olympus' summit I could bind  
The chain ; and all things would in air be hung.  
So far both Gods and mortals I excel.

So said he ; and in silence all were mute,  
His words admiring ; for with force he spoke.  
At length amidst them blue-eyed Pallas said ; 30

Our Father, Saturn's Son, Supreme of kings,  
Full well we know, that matchless is thy strength.  
But pity for the warlike Greeks we feel,  
Who all would perish, and sad fate fulfil.  
But, if thou bidst, we will from war abstain,  
But useful counsel to the Greeks suggest,  
Lest they all perish, when thy wrath is moved.

Her then with smiles cloud-gath'ring Jove address'd ;  
Take courage, Daughter ; with no hostile mind  
I speak, and thee I ever wish to please. 40

So saying, to his car he join'd his steeds,  
Brass-footed, swift, with golden hair adorn'd.  
He too in gold was clad, and seized the whip,  
Golden, well-made, and mounted in his car,  
And lash'd his steeds, which not unwilling flew  
Midway betwixt the earth and starry sky.  
He came to springful Ida, nurse of beasts,  
To Gargarus, where stood his fragrant fane.  
The Sire of men and Gods his horses there  
Loosed from the car, and spread thick mist around. 50

Aloft he sat, rejoicing in his might,  
Viewing the Trojan town and Grecian ships.  
Meanwhile the long-hair'd Argives through the tents  
Quickly took food, and then in arms were clad.  
And so the Trojans in the town were arm'd,  
Fewer, yet eager to engage in fight,  
Dire need compelling, for their babes and wives.  
The gates were oped ; and forth the people rush'd,  
Both foot and horse ; and loud the tumult rose.  
And when they meeting to one place were come, 60  
They join'd the shields, and spears, and strengths of  
In brazen breastplates ; and the bossy shields [men  
Each other touch'd ; and loud the tumult rose.  
Then both the groans and boasts of men were heard,  
Of slain and slaying ; and earth flow'd with blood.  
While it was Morn, and sacred day advanced,  
The darts of both struck, and the people fell ;  
But when the circling Sun mid heaven had reach'd,  
The Father then drew out the golden scales,  
And in them placed two fates of mournful death 70  
Of car-borne Trojans and brass-coated Greeks,  
And raised them up ; and the Greeks' day sank down ;  
The Argives' fates upon the verdant earth  
Sat, and the Trojans' to wide heaven were raised.

He then from Ida thunder'd, and a bolt  
Sent blazing 'midst the Greeks ; and, when they saw,  
They trembled ; and pale terror seized on all.  
Then nor Idomeneus, nor Atreus' son,  
Nor either warlike Ajax, dared remain ;  
Alone Gerenian Nestor, stay of Greeks, 80

Remain'd, not willing ; but his horse had fail'd ;  
Him noble Paris with a shaft had struck  
Just on the crown, where the first hairs of steeds  
Spring on the skull, and fatal is the blow ;  
He pain'd leap'd up ; and in the brain the shaft  
Sank ; and he rolling o'er, the steeds confused.  
And while the old man rushing with his sword  
The traces sever'd, Hector's rapid steeds  
Came in pursuit, and a bold rider bore,  
Hector ; and there the old man would have died, 90  
If quickly Diomedes had not seen,  
And cheering, to Ulysses shouted loud ;

Jove-born Ulysses, wise Laertes' son,  
Where dost thou with thy shield behind thee fly ?  
Some Trojan in thy back will fix his spear ;  
But stay, that we the old man may defend.

So said he ; but Ulysses would not hear,  
And past him to the Greeks' swift ships he rush'd.  
Tydides, though alone, the foremost sought,  
And stood before the steeds of Neleus' son, 100  
And speaking, winged words to him address'd ;

Old man, much youthful warriors thee oppress ;  
Thy strength is loosed, and o'er thee sad age comes ;  
Weak is thy comrade, and thy steeds are slow.  
But come, ascend my car, that thou mayst see  
How swift the Trojan horses o'er the plain  
Know here and there to follow and to fly,  
Which late I from divine Æneas took.  
Our comrades shall thy horses take, and we  
Will 'gainst the Trojans drive, that Hector soon 110

May know, how my spear rages in my hands.

Thus said he ; nor did Nestor disobey ;  
Their comrades then took Nestor's horses back,  
Brave Sthenelus and kind Eurymedon ;  
And they both mounted Diomedes' car ;  
Gerenian Nestor seized the broider'd reins,  
And lash'd the steeds ; and soon they Hector reach'd.  
Tydides then against him eager hurl'd ;  
But him he miss'd, and struck his charioteer,  
Eniopeus, renown'd Thebæus' son, 120  
Who held the horses' reins, upon the breast.  
He headlong fell ; and the swift-footed steeds  
Recoil'd ; and there his soul and strength were loosed.  
But grief seized Hector for his charioteer ;  
Him then he left, though for his comrade grieved,  
And sought another ; nor his horses long  
A driver wanted ; for he quickly found  
Iphitus' son, brave Archeptolemus,  
And gave into his hands the broider'd reins.

Then had destruction and sad deeds arisen ; 130  
And they to Ilium had been driven, like lambs ;  
But that the Sire of Gods and men perceived,  
And dreadful thund'ring, sent a blazing bolt,  
And cast it down before Tydides' steeds ;  
And dread the flame of burning sulphur rose.  
The startled horses cower'd beneath the car ;  
And the bright reins from Nestor's hands escaped ;  
And trembling, Diomedes he address'd ;

Tydides, turn the rapid steeds to flight ;  
Know'st thou not, Jove to thee no aid affords. 140

For now to this man Saturn's Son gives fame,  
To-day; to-morrow he the like to us  
May give; and no one can Jove's will restrain,  
Though valiant; for he all in might excels.

Brave Diomedes then to him replied;  
All this, old man, with justice thou hast said;  
But this sad pain my heart and mind o'ercomes;  
For Hector will amidst the Trojans say,  
"Trembling before me Diomedes fled;"  
So will he boast; then earth for me yawn wide. 150

To him Gerenian Nestor then replied;  
Ah me, what say'st thou, warlike Tydeus' son?  
If Hector thee should base and coward call,  
No Trojan or Dardanian will believe,  
Nor wives of Trojan spearmen, bold at heart,  
Whose vig'rous spouses thou to earth hast cast.

So saying, he the horses turn'd to flight,  
Back on the chase; and Hector and his bands  
With wondrous shout their mournful weapons pour'd;  
And o'er him crested Hector shouted loud; 160

Tydides, thee the car-borne Greeks revered  
With seat, and meats, and full o'erflowing cups;  
But now they, as a girl, will thee despise;  
Perish, base wretch; since ne'er, while I remain,  
Shalt thou our towers ascend, or captive lead  
Our wives; erst fate awaits thee by my hand.

So said he; and Tydides doubting weigh'd,  
If he his steeds should turn, and 'gainst him fight;  
Thrice he revolved within his soul and mind;  
But thrice from Ida, loudly thund'ring, Jove 170

The sign of vict'ry to the Trojans gave ;  
And Hector, shouting loud, the Trojans cheer'd ;  
Trojans, and Lycians, and Dardanians bold,  
Be men, my friends, and valour call to mind ;  
I know, that fav'ring Jove to me has given  
Vict'ry and fame, and to the Danaans loss.  
Fools, who these puny bulwarks have contrived,  
Weak guards, which ne'er my fury will restrain.  
My horses lightly o'er the trench will leap ;  
But when I at the hollow ships arrive, 180  
Let some one then remember hostile fire,  
That I may burn the ships, and by them slay  
The Greeks themselves, confounded in the smoke.

So saying, he his horses cheer'd, and said ;  
White-footed Xanthus, and bay Lampetetus,  
Repay me now the care, which oft to you  
Eëtion's child, Andromachè, has shown ;  
She first to you soul-soothing wheat has given,  
And wine has mix'd, whate'er your soul desired,  
Ere she for me, her vig'rous spouse, has cared. 190  
But follow now and haste, that we may take  
King Nestor's shield, whose fame to heaven ascends  
To be all gold, the handles and itself ;  
And from the shoulders of Tydides strip  
The varied breastplate, which famed Vulcan made.  
If these we take, we then may hope, the Greeks  
This night will fly, and their swift ships ascend.

So said he boasting ; and great Juno grieved,  
And shaking in her seat, Olympus moved ;  
And she the great God, Neptune, then address'd ; 200



Ah me, Earth-shaker, doth not thy great mind  
Grieve in thy breast to see the Argives die.  
They have to Helicè and Ægæ brought  
Fair gifts ; and vict'ry thou to them wouldst give.  
If we, who aid the Greeks, should all unite  
To drive the Trojans, and check wide-voiced Jove,  
He there alone on Ida grieved would sit.

Her the earth-shaking King much moved address'd ;  
O Juno, bold in speech, what hast thou said ?  
I would not, we the rest should war with Jove,      210  
Great Saturn's Son ; since he in might excels.

So they such things unto each other said.  
Then all, that from the ships the trench contain'd,  
With steeds and closely crowded men was fill'd ;  
For Hector, equal to man-slaying Mars,  
Drove them in crowds, when Jove him glory gave.  
And now the good ships he with fire had burnt,  
If Juno had not Agamemnon roused,  
Himself desirous, to exhort the Greeks.  
He hasten'd to the Grecian tents and ships,      220  
And in his firm hand held a purple robe,  
And on the ship of wise Ulysses stood,  
Which in the midst was placed to shout to each,  
As well to Ajax, Telamon's great son,  
As to Achilles ; for they last had drawn  
Their ships, relying on their hands and might.  
And loud he shouted through the Danaan host ;

Shame, Greeks, base cowards, but in form admired,  
Where are the boasts, that we all men excell'd,  
Which erst in Lemnus ye vainglorious spoke,      230

While plenteous flesh of straight-horn'd beeves ye ate,  
And drank off wreathed bowls of ruby wine,  
That each a hundred or two hundred foes  
Would meet in war ; and now we Hector dread  
Alone, who soon will burn the ships with fire.  
Jove Sire, when didst thou any sceptred king  
Thus wrong, and of great glory him deprive ?  
I ne'er, I say, thy beauteous altar pass'd,  
As here I wander'd in my well-bench'd ship,  
But I on all the fat and thighs of beeves 240  
Burnt, hoping Troy's fair city to o'erthrow.  
But, sov'reign Jove, this prayer to me confirm ;  
Grant, that ourselves we may escape and fly,  
Nor by the Trojans let the Greeks be tamed.

So said he ; and the Father saw him weep,  
And granted, that the people should be saved.  
He sent an eagle, perfectest of birds,  
Which in his talons held a timid fawn,  
And cast it down beside Jove's beauteous fane ;  
The Greeks then offer'd to prophetic Jove. 250

And when they saw, the bird from Jove had come,  
They still more eager on the Trojans leap'd.  
Then none of many Greeks his rapid steeds  
Boasted before brave Tydeus' son to drive,  
Or pass the trench, or dare the hostile fight.  
He first a Trojan, Agelaus, slew,  
The son of Phradmon, as he turn'd his car ;  
And straight betwixt his shoulders in his back  
He fix'd his spear, and drove it through his breast ;  
To earth he fell, and o'er him rang his arms. 260

Him follow'd car-borne Atreus' warlike sons;  
And them each Ajax, clad in strenuous might;  
And Creta's ruler, and Meriones,  
His comrade, equal to man-slaying Mars;  
And brave Eurýpylus, Evæmon's son;  
The ninth went Teucer, with his bended bow,  
And stood behind great Ajax' seven-hide shield.  
And he, when Ajax forward bore his shield,  
Watch'd, and whene'er he in the crowd had struck  
Some chief, and him of life depriv'd, again        270  
Retreated, as a child his mother seeks,  
To Ajax; and he hid him 'neath his shield.  
What Trojans then did blameless Teucer slay?  
He Ophelestes, and Orsilochnus,  
And Lycophontes, Dætor, Chromius,  
And Hamopaon, Polyæmon's son,  
And Ormenus, and Melanippus, slew.  
But Agamemnon, king of men, rejoiced  
To see him breaking the firm Trojan ranks,  
And near him stood, and words to him address'd; 280  
    Dear Teucer, Telamon's son, chief of men,  
Strike thus, and glory to the Argives bring,  
And to thy sire, who nurtured thee, when young,  
Though captive-born, and in his house received;  
To him, though now far distant, bring renown.  
And I will tell thee, how it shall be done;  
If Ægis-bearing Jove and Pallas grant,  
That Ilium's well-built city I o'erthrow,  
I thee an honour next to mine will give,  
A tripod, or two horses with a car,        290

Or some fair maid, who may thy bed ascend.

Replying blameless Teucer him address'd ;  
Why, great Atrides, dost thou me exhort,  
Myself desirous? what my power permits,  
I do ; and since we them to Troy have driven,  
I ever watch, and men with bow destroy.  
Already I have sped eight long-barb'd shafts,  
And all the skin of warlike youths have pierced ;  
But still this raging hound I cannot strike.

He said, and from the string another shaft 300

'Gainst Hector sped, desiring him to strike ;  
But him he miss'd, and with the shaft he struck  
Priam's good son, Gorgythion, on the breast ;  
His well-dower'd mother from Æsymba came,  
Castianira, as a Goddess fair ;  
And as a poppy bends aside its head,  
Weigh'd down with seed, and wet with vernal dews ;  
So 'neath his helm his head aside was bent.

And Teucer from the string another shaft  
'Gainst Hector sped, desiring him to strike ; 310

He then too miss'd ; for Phœbus turn'd the dart ;  
And Hector's driver, Archeptolemus,  
Eager for war, upon the breast he struck ;  
He headlong fell ; and the swift-footed steeds  
Recoil'd ; and there his soul and strength were loosed.

But grief seized Hector for his charioteer ;  
Him then he left, though for his comrade grieved,  
And bade Cebriones, his brother, take  
The horses' reins ; and hearing he obey'd ;  
Himself he from his shining car leap'd down, 320

Tremendous shouting, and a huge stone seized,  
And went 'gainst Teucer, eager him to strike.  
And while he from his quiver took a shaft,  
And placed it on the string, and drew it home,  
Him crested Hector with the tearful stone,  
Where the key parts the neck and breast, and where  
The blow is painful, on the shoulder struck,  
And broke the bowstring; and his arm was numb'd;  
And, falling on his knee, he dropt the bow.  
But Ajax for his falling brother cared, 330  
And running, o'er him cast his seven-hide shield;  
And two of his dear comrades came beneath,  
Alastor, and Mecisteus, Echius' son,  
And bore him groaning to the hollow ships.  
Then Jove again the Trojans' courage roused,  
And they straight o'er the trench the Argives push'd;  
And Hector raging, 'midst the foremost went.  
As when a hound, relying on his speed,  
Seizes behind a lion or a boar,  
By haunch or loin, and watches, when he turns; 340  
So Hector follow'd the brass-coated Greeks,  
And ever slew the hindmost, as they fled.  
But when they flying o'er the trench had pass'd,  
And many by the Trojan hands were tamed,  
Then by the hollow ships they turn'd, and stood,  
And cheer'd each other, and to all the Gods  
Lifted their suppliant hands, and loudly pray'd.  
And Hector round them turn'd his beauteous steeds,  
With eyes of Gorgon, or man-slaying Mars.  
But white-arm'd Juno them with pity saw, 350

And quickly winged words to Pallas spoke;

Ah, Child of Ægis-bearing Jove, no more  
Shall we, though late, the dying Greeks regard?  
They then, sad fate fulfilling, by one arm  
Will perish all; for with resistless might  
Great Hector rages, and much ill hath done.

Blue-eyed Minerva her again address'd;  
He surely soon would in his country fall,  
Of force and soul by Grecian hands bereft;  
But our Sire rages with an evil mind, 360  
And aye unmoved, for ever checks my will.  
He nought remembers how I saved his son,  
When by Eurystheus' labours he was worn.  
He cried to heaven; and me Jove, Saturn's Son,  
Sent down from heaven his wearied strength to aid.  
But if I this had in my mind foreseen,  
When him to Pluto's gates Eurystheus sent  
To bring from Erebus stern Pluto's dog,  
He had not the deep Stygian streams escaped.  
Now me he hates, and Thetis' will performs, 370  
Who suppliant kiss'd his knees, and touch'd his chin,  
Beseeching him to honour Peleus' son.  
Some day again, he me dear Child will call.  
But thou for us our one-hoof'd steeds prepare;  
While I retire into the house of Jove,  
And arm myself for war, that I may know,  
If crested Hector, Priam's son, with joy  
Will see us in the paths of war appear.  
Some Trojan by the Grecian ships shall fall,  
And dogs and birds with fat and flesh delight. 380

So said she ; nor did Juno disobey ;  
She went the golden-fronted steeds to yoke,  
Juno, great Goddess, mighty Saturn's child ;  
And Pallas, child of Ægis-bearing Jove,  
Threw down her subtile mantle on the floor,  
Which she herself with varied art had work'd ;  
And she the vest of thund'ring Jove put on,  
And in bright arms to tearful war was clad ;  
Then mounted her bright car, and seized a spear,  
Vast, heavy, strong, with which she tames the ranks  
Of heroes, who the Fearful-born offend.  
And Juno with her whip the horses lash'd.  
Self-moved, the gates expanded ; to the Hours  
Olympus and great heaven in charge are given,  
To close and open the thick cov'ring cloud.  
Through these they quickly drove their goaded steeds.  
But Jove with anger them from Ida saw,  
And his gold-winged herald, Iris, sent ;

Go hence, swift Iris, bid them back retire  
From war ; not well shall we in battle meet. 400  
For thus I say, and so it shall be done ;  
I will the swift steeds in their chariot lame,  
And break the wheels, and hurl them from the car.  
Nor will they then for ten revolving years  
Heal up the wounds, where'er the thunder strikes ;  
That Pallas with her Sire may dread to war.  
Not so much against Juno am I wroth ;  
For she is ever wont to thwart my will.

So said he ; and storm-footed Iris rose,  
And down from Ida to Olympus went ; 410

And close to many-neck'd Olympus' gates  
She met and stopt them, and Jove's will declared ;  
Where hasteyenow? what madness fills your breasts?  
Great Jove forbade you to assist the Greeks.  
For thus the Son of wily Saturn threatens ;  
He will the swift steeds in your chariot lame,  
And break the wheels, and hurl you from the car ;  
Nor will you then for ten revolving years  
Heal up the wounds, where'er the thunder strikes ;  
That Pallas with her Sire may dread to war. 420  
Not so much against Juno is he wroth ;  
For she is ever wont to thwart his will.  
But dreadful thou, and shameless, if in truth  
Thou darest to lift thy giant spear 'gainst Jove.

So saying, thence swift-footed Iris went.  
And Juno to Minerva words address'd ;  
Ah, Child of Ægis-bearing Jove, no more  
I bid, that we 'gainst Jove for mortals fight ;  
Let one man perish, and another live,  
As chance directs ; let him his thoughts perform, 430  
And rule the Greeks and Trojans, as he lists.

So saying, she turn'd back the rapid steeds ;  
The Hours for them the beauteous horses loosed,  
And them at their ambrosial mangers bound,  
And lean'd the chariot 'gainst the shining walls.  
And they themselves on golden couches sat  
Amidst the other Gods, much grieved at heart.  
And Jove from Ida his bright car and steeds  
Drove to Olympus, and the Gods' seats reach'd.  
For him the famed Earth-shaker loosed the steeds,



And rear'd the car, and linen o'er it spread.  
And wide-voiced Jove upon a golden throne  
Sat; and beneath his feet Olympus shook.  
But Juno and Minerva sat apart  
From Jove, nor him or question'd or address'd;  
But he within his mind perceived, and said;

Why do ye, Juno and Minerva, grieve?  
Not long ye labour'd, and in war destroy'd  
The Trojans, against whom dread wrath ye bear.  
Such are my power and my unconquer'd hands, 450  
Not all the Gods in heaven could me restrain.  
And terror first your shining limbs has seized,  
Ere ye saw battle, and war's wondrous deeds.  
For thus I say, and so it shall be done;  
Ye would not in your car, with thunder struck,  
Have reach'd Olympus, where Immortals dwell.

He said; and Juno and Minerva groan'd,  
And sat apart, and woes to Troy design'd.  
Pallas indeed was silent, nor said aught,  
Enraged with Jove; and bitter wrath her seized; 460  
But Juno check'd not her disdain, and said;

Dread Son of Saturn, what is this, thou say'st?  
Full well we know, that matchless is thy strength.  
But pity for the warlike Greeks we feel,  
Who all would perish, and sad fate fulfil.  
But, if thou bidst, we will from war abstain,  
But useful counsel to the Greeks suggest,  
Lest they all perish, when thy wrath is moved.

Cloud-gath'ring Jove replying her address'd;  
To-morrow, ox-eyed Juno, if thou wilt, 470

Thou shalt still more see Saturn's mighty Son  
The host destroying of the warlike Greeks.  
For ne'er shall dreadful Hector cease from war,  
Ere swift Achilles by the ships arise,  
That day, when by the ships' sterns they shall fight  
In dreadful strait around Patroclus' corse.  
For so 'tis fated; nor do I regard  
Thy wrath, though thou the utmost limits seek  
Of Earth and Ocean, where Iapetus  
And Saturn sit, and neither Sun nor winds 480  
Enjoy; but round deep Tartarus is spread;  
There shouldst thou wander, I should nought regard  
Thy wrath, since there is nought more bold than thou.

So said he; and fair Juno nought replied.  
The Sun's resplendent light in Ocean fell,  
And brought dark Night upon Jove-gifted earth.  
The Trojan host unwilling saw it set;  
But dark Night grateful to the Argives came.

Then noble Hector an assembly call'd  
Far from the swift ships near the whirling stream, 490  
Where, free from bodies, a clear space appear'd.  
They from their cars descended, and the speech  
Of Jove-loved Hector heard; his right hand held  
An eleven-cubit spear, before which shone  
A brazen point, and a gold ring ran round.  
On this he lean'd, and winged words address'd;

Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies;  
I said, the ships' destroying and the Greeks,  
I should to windy Ilium have return'd;  
But twilight first has come, which chiefly now 500

The Greeks and ships has on the seabeach saved.  
But let us now indeed dark Night obey,  
And food prepare, and from the chariots loose  
Our beauteous steeds, and place before them food.  
And ye now quickly from the city bring  
Fat sheep, and oxen, and soul-soothing wine,  
And bread from home, and plenteous wood collect,  
That we may all the night till early Morn  
Burn many fires, whose light wide heaven may reach ;  
Lest e'en by night the long-hair'd Argives seek 510  
To fly in swift ships o'er the sea's wide backs.  
Let them not scathless their good ships ascend ;  
But so that each a dart at home may nurse,  
Struck, as he leaps on board, with barbed shaft  
Or thornwood spear, that other men may dread  
'Gainst car-borne Trojans to wage mournful war.  
And let the Jove-loved heralds through the town  
Bid our young sons and hoary-headed sires  
Lie round the city on the well-built towers ;  
And let the women in their houses each 520  
Burn a great fire ; and let the watch be firm,  
Lest they the city in our absence win.  
So be it, noble Trojans, as I say ;  
And let the speech, which now is sound, be said,  
Which I at Morn will 'midst the Trojans speak ;  
I trust, with prayer to Jove and all the Gods,  
We hence into the sea these dogs shall drive,  
Whom here the fates have in their black ships brought.  
But we indeed to-night ourselves will guard,  
And early in the Morning, clad in arms, 530

Against the hollow ships awake sharp war.  
And I will know, if Tydeus' warlike son  
Will drive me from the ships, or I with brass  
Shall slay him, and strip off his gore-stain'd arms.  
He soon shall know my valour, if he wait  
My coming spear; but 'midst the first, I think,  
He slain shall lie, and many comrades round,  
When next the Sun shall rise. I would, that so  
I all my days, from death and old age free'd,  
Like Pallas and Apollo were revered, 540  
As this day evil to the Argives brings.

So Hector counsel'd; and the Trojans cheer'd;  
And from the yoke the sweating steeds they loosed,  
And bound them to their chariots each with straps.  
And then they quickly from the city brought  
Fat sheep, and oxen, and soul-soothing wine,  
And food prepared, and gather'd stores of wood;  
And the winds bore the fat from earth to heaven.

So they with proud thoughts on the paths of war  
Sat all the night; and many fires were burnt. 550  
As when in heaven around the silv'ry moon  
The stars shine beauteous, and the air is still;  
And all watchtowers, and lofty cliffs, and groves,  
Show forth; and boundless æther bursts from heaven;  
All signs are seen; and shepherds' hearts are glad;  
So many 'twixt the ships and Xanthus' streams  
The Trojan fires before the city burnt;  
A thousand fires were burning; and by each  
Sat fifty warriors, shining in the light.  
And cropping barley and dark rye, their steeds 560  
Stood by the cars, awaiting gold-throned Morn.





# ILIAD,

## BOOK IX.



**T**HUS watch'd the Trojans ; but disastrous  
Flight,  
The comrade of cold Fear, the Argives  
held ;

And all the chiefs with endless grief were toss'd.  
As when two winds, in Thracian mountains born,  
The North and West, with sudden rush arouse  
The fishy deep ; and the black gath'ring wave  
Crests ; and much weed beside the sea they pour ;  
So the Greeks' mind was troubled in their breasts.

Atrides, toss'd with mighty grief at heart,  
Went, and himself the clear-voiced heralds bade 10  
Each man by word unto the council call,  
Nor shout ; and he amongst the foremost toil'd.  
They sat in council grieved ; and shedding tears,  
Atrides stood, like some black water'd fount,  
Which pours dark water from a lofty cliff ;  
So he deep-groaning 'midst the Argives spoke ;

O friends, the chiefs and leaders of the Greeks,  
Me Saturn's Son with heavy wrong hath bound ;  
Wretch ; he to me erst promised and confirm'd,  
I, well-wall'd Ilium wasting, should return. 20

But now he hath a base deceit design'd,  
And bids me home with shame and loss return.  
Such is the counsel of almighty Jove,  
Who hath the heads of many cities loosed,  
And still will loose ; for matchless is his power.  
But come, let all, as I advise, obey ;  
Let us with ships to our dear country fly ;  
For we no more wide-streeted Troy shall take.

So said he ; and in silence all were mute ;  
And long dismay'd the sons of Greeks were dumb.  
At length brave Diomedes 'mongst them said ;

I first, O king, thy folly will oppose,  
As meet, in council ; nor do thou be wroth.  
Thou first my valour 'midst the Greeks didst tax,  
Calling me coward and unskill'd in war,  
As all the Argives know, both young and old.  
Thee Saturn's Son a double lot hath given ;  
He gave with sceptre over all to rule ;  
But gave not valour, which is greatest power.  
Wretch, dost thou think, so much the sons of Greeks  
Are coward and unwarlike, as thou say'st ?  
If thy own mind exhorts thee to return,  
The way is open, and thy many ships  
Stand near the sea, which from Mycenæ came ;  
But all the other long-hair'd Greeks will stay,  
Until we Troy o'erthrow ; or if they will,  
Let them too to their country fly with ships,  
And I and Sthenelus will fight, till we  
Find Ilium's doom ; for here with God we came.

So said he ; and the Greeks with shouts approved,

Admiring car-borne Diomedes' speech.  
And car-borne Nestor rising 'midst them said ;  
    Tydides, much thou art in battle brave,  
And of thine age in council art the best.  
No one of all the Greeks thy speech will blame,  
Nor contradict ; yet all thou hast not said.  
Thou still art young and mightst have been my son  
Youngest by birth ; yet thou hast well advised  
The Argive kings, since thou hast rightly said.  
But come, I, who myself thy elder boast,                   60  
Will speak, and go through all ; and none, not e'en  
King Agamemnon, shall my speech despise.  
Be he from kin, and law, and hearth, cut off,  
Who shall desire intestine tearful war.  
But let us now indeed dark Night obey,  
And food prepare ; and let the guards around  
Without the wall beside the deep trench lie.  
I these things to the young enjoin ; and then  
Do thou, Atrides, lead ; for thou art king ;  
The elders feast ; 'tis meet, and thee beseems.                   70  
Thy tents are full of wine, which the Greeks' ships  
Daily from Thrace upon the wide sea bring ;  
Thou all convenience hast, and rulest all.  
When many meet, attend to him, who shews  
The wisest counsel ; for the Greeks have need  
Of good advice, when foemen near the ships  
Burn many fires ; who this with joy could see ?  
And this night will the host destroy, or save.  
    So said he ; and they heard him and obey'd.  
And forth the watchmen hasten'd with their arms,                   80



Round Thrasymedes, and Meriones,  
Ascalaphus, Ialmenus, Mars' sons,  
And round Deipyrus, and Aphareus,  
And noble Lycomedes, Creon's son.  
Seven were the watch's leaders, and with each  
Went twenty youths, with long spears in their hands;  
These issuing sat between the trench and wall,  
And there lit fires, and supper all prepared.

But Atreus' son the elders of the Greeks  
Led to his tent, and gave a grateful feast; 90  
And of the good food present they partook.  
And when they thirst and hunger had allay'd,  
To them the old man first a plan proposed,  
Nestor, whose counsel seem'd before the best;  
He spoke with wisdom, and amidst them said;

King Agamemnon, Atreus' glorious son,  
In thee I end, from thee begin; for thou  
Art king of many people, and to thee  
Jove gave with sceptre and with laws to reign.  
Hence thou shouldst well advise, and others hear, 100  
And his word perfect, whom his mind bids speak  
To good; whoe'er begins, the end is thine.  
But I will speak, what seems to me the best;  
For none than this aught better will devise,  
Which I have counsel'd both before and now,  
From that day, when thou angry took'st the maid  
Brisëis from Jove-born Achilles' tent;  
Not by my will; for I with many words  
Dissuaded; but thou, to thy noble mind  
Yielding, a chief, whom e'en the Gods revere, 110

Didst scorn ; and now thou hold'st his prize ; but still  
Let us consider, how we him may bend,  
Soothing with gentle gifts and honied words.

King Agamemnon him again address'd ;  
Old man, with truth thou hast my faults declared ;  
I err'd, nor this deny ; for he is worth  
Full many people, who to Jove is dear,  
As now he honours him, and tames the Greeks.  
But since I, yielding to my mind, have err'd,  
I will atone, and boundless fine repay ; 120  
And 'midst you all I glorious gifts will name ;  
New tripods seven, ten talents of fine gold,  
Twenty red caldrons, and twelve vig'rous steeds,  
Which countless prizes with their feet have won ;  
Nor would the man deficient be in wealth,  
Or precious gold, who should so much possess,  
As my swift horses with their feet have won.  
And I will give seven damsels, skill'd in works  
Of Lesbus, whom, when he rich Lesbus took,  
I chose, who woman's race in form excell'd. 130  
These will I give, and with them, whom I took,  
The maid 'Brisëis ; and a great oath swear,  
I ne'er her bed ascended, or was join'd,  
As is the manner both of men and maids.  
All these I now will give ; and if the Gods  
E'er grant, we Priam's ample city take,  
Let him a ship heap up with gold and brass,  
First ent'ring, when we Argives share the spoil.  
And let him twenty Trojan damsels choose,  
Who after Argive Helen are most fair. 140

And if we rich Achæic Argos reach,  
He shall become my son, and I will him,  
E'en as Orestes, my own child, regard;  
And I have daughters three, Chrysothemis,  
Iphianassa, and Laodicè;  
Of these he, which he will, undower'd shall lead  
To Peleus' house; and I will gifts bestow,  
Such as ne'er father with his daughter gave.  
For I to him will seven fair cities give,  
Green Ira, Enopè, Cardamylè, 150  
And sacred Pheræ, and Anthea rich,  
Æpea fair, and vine-clad Pedasus;  
All lie near sandy Pylus by the sea;  
And in them dwell men rich in sheep and beeves,  
Who him with gifts will honour as a God,  
And 'neath his sceptre equal laws perform;  
This I will do, if he from wrath will cease.  
Let him then yield; stern Pluto, who ne'er yields,  
Is thence most hateful of all Gods to men.  
And let him me obey, since I o'er more 160  
Am king, and boast myself his elder born.  
To him Gerenian Nestor then replied;  
King Agamemnon, Atreus' glorious son,  
Thou blameless gifts to king Achilles givest.  
But come, let us send chosen men, who soon  
May go to Peleus' son Achilles' tent.  
Come, I will name them, and let them obey;  
In the first place let Jove-loved Phoenix lead,  
And Jove-born Ajax and Ulysses send,  
And with them Hodius and Eurybates. 170

Bring water for the hands, and join in prayer,  
That we may pity of great Jove entreat.

So said he; and his words to all seem'd good.  
The heralds then pour'd water on their hands,  
And the young men crown'd bowls of ruby wine,  
And shared to all in order due with cups.  
When they had pour'd, and drunk, what they desired,  
They issued forth from Agamemnon's tent.  
And much Gerenian Nestor them enjoin'd,  
And both instructed, but Ulysses most, 180  
How they might Peleus' blameless son persuade.  
They then beside the surging sea's shore went,  
And much they to the great Earth-shaker pray'd,  
They might with great Æacides prevail.  
But when they reach'd the Myrmidons' fair tents,  
They found him his soul soothing with the lyre,  
Which, fair and varied, with a silver yoke,  
He took, when he Eëtion's city spoil'd.

On this he sang the glorious deeds of men.  
Alone Patroclus near in silence sat, 190  
Waiting, till Peleus' son should cease from song.  
They then advanced, and wise Ulysses led,  
And stood before him; and Achilles leap'd,  
Holding the lyre, astonish'd, from his seat;  
And so Patroclus, when he saw them, rose;  
And greeting, swift Achilles them address'd;

All hail; dear friends are come, to me, though wroth,  
Of Greeks the dearest; great must be the need.

So saying, them Achilles forward led,  
And on fair seats and purple carpets placed, 200

And then address'd Patroclus, standing near ;  
Bring forth a larger bowl, Menœtius' son,  
And mix it purer, and give each a cup ;  
For now my best friends are beneath my roof.

So said he ; and Patroclus him obey'd,  
And by the fire-light placed an ample board,  
And on it placed a sheep, and fat goat's back,  
And a boar's chine, well-cover'd o'er with fat.  
Automedon held these ; and Peleus' son  
In slices cut, and pierced them well with spits ;      210  
Godlike Patroclus a great fire prepared ;  
And when the fire had burnt, and the flame sank,  
He spread the embers, and stretch'd o'er, and raised  
On props, the spits, and sprinkled sacred salt.  
When all was cook'd, and on the dishes pour'd,  
Patroclus round the table on fair plates  
Set bread ; and swift Achilles shared the meat.  
Himself against divine Ulysses sat,  
And bade Patroclus offer to the Gods ;  
And he into the fire the off'rings cast ;      220  
They of the good food present then partook.  
And when they thirst and hunger had allay'd,  
Great Ajax nodded, and Ulysses rose,  
And fill'd a cup, and greeted Peleus' son ;  
All hail, Achilles ; goodly is the feast,  
As well within the tent of Atreus' son,  
As here too now ; for plenteous is the feast.  
But now we care not for feast's lovely works ;  
For, Jove-beloved, we mighty loss expect,  
And tremble much, and doubt, how we may save      230

The well-bench'd ships, unless thou aid afford.  
For the proud Trojans and far-famed allies  
Have placed their station near the wall and ships,  
And many fires have lighted, and they say,  
They will resistless on the black ships fall.  
Jove, Saturn's Son, displaying right-hand signs,  
Lightens ; and Hector, glaring in his strength,  
Rages, on Jove relying, nor reveres  
Or men or Gods ; and him strong fury fills ;  
He prays, that sacred Morn may soon appear,      240  
And threatens the ships' standards to cut off,  
And burn themselves with cursed fire, and slay  
The Greeks beside them in the smoke confused.  
And in my soul I sadly fear, the Gods  
His threats will perfect, and that we are doom'd  
To perish far from Argos here in Troy.  
But, king, if thou intend, though late, to save  
The wearied Argives from the Trojans' shout,  
Thou wilt hereafter grieve ; for no device  
Can cure an ill, when done ; but long before      250  
Think, how thou ruin from the Greeks mayst ward.  
O friend, thy father Peleus thee enjoin'd,  
That day, when thee he to Atrides sent ;  
" Pallas, my son, and Juno, if they will,  
Will give thee strength ; but thou thy noble mind  
Check in the breast ; for gentle thoughts are best ;  
Refrain from evil strife, that thee the more  
The Greeks may honour, whether young or old."  
So he enjoin'd ; but thou forget'st ; but still  
Cease, and restrain sad wrath ; and Atreus' son      260

Will give due gifts, if thou from wrath wilt cease.  
Come, listen, and to thee I will recount,  
What Agamemnon promised in his tent ;  
New tripods seven, ten talents of fine gold,  
Twenty red caldrons, and twelve vig'rous steeds,  
Which countless prizes with their feet have won ;  
Nor would the man deficient be in wealth,  
Or precious gold, who should so much possess,  
As Agamemnon's steeds for him have won.  
And he will give seven damsels, skill'd in works, 270  
Of Lesbos, whom, when thou didst Lesbos take,  
He chose, who woman's race in form excell'd ;  
These will he give, and with them, whom he took,  
The maid Briseïs ; and a great oath swear,  
He ne'er her bed ascended, or was join'd,  
As is the manner, king, of men and maids.  
All these he now will give, and if the Gods  
E'er grant, we Priam's ample city take,  
Thou shalt a ship heap up with gold and brass,  
First ent'ring, when the Argives share the spoil. 280  
And thou shalt twenty Trojan damsels choose,  
Who after Argive Helen are most fair.  
And if we rich Achæic Argos reach,  
Thou shalt become his son, and he will thee,  
E'en as Orestes, his own child, regard ;  
And he has daughters three, Chrysothemis,  
Iphianassa, and Laodicè ;  
Of these thou, which thou wilt, undower'd shalt lead  
To Peleus' house ; and he will gifts bestow,  
Such as ne'er father with his daughter gave. 290

For he to thee will seven fair cities give,  
~~Green~~ Ira, Enopè, Cardamylè,  
And sacred Pheræ, and Anthea rich,  
Æpea fair, and vine-clad Pedasus ;  
All lie near sandy Pylus by the sea ;  
And in them dwell men rich in sheep and beeves,  
Who thee with gifts will honour as a God,  
And 'neath thy sceptre equal laws perform.  
This will he do, if thou from wrath wilt cease.  
If Atreus' son be hateful to thy heart, 300  
He and his gifts ; yet pity through the host  
The wearied Greeks, who thee will, as a God,  
Honour ; and thou great glory mightst obtain ;  
For now thou mightst slay Hector ; for he near  
Is come, and madly raging, says, that none  
Of Greeks him equal, whom the ships have brought.

Replying swift Achilles him address'd ;  
Jove-born Ulysses, wise Laertes' son,  
'Tis meet, that I distinctly should declare,  
How I intend, and how it shall be done, 310  
That one by one ye may not here complain.  
For hateful is the man, as Pluto's gates,  
Who one thing hideth, and another speaks.  
I then will say, what seems to me the best ;  
Nor Agamemnon, nor the other Greeks,  
Shall me persuade ; since it no favour won  
For ever amidst hostile crowds to fight.  
One fate awaits men in the tent and field ;  
Alike the coward and the brave are prized ;  
As well the active as the slothful die. 320



I care not now, since I have woes endured,  
My life in ceaseless battle to expose.  
For as a bird unto her callow brood  
Brings all she finds, and hungry pines herself ;  
So I too many sleepless nights have pass'd,  
And many bloody days in war have spent,  
With men contending for their consorts' sake.  
With ships twelve peopled cities I o'erthrew,  
On foot eleven, in Priam's fertile realm.  
From all these cities many stores and good 330  
I took, and all to Agamemnon gave ;  
And he, behind remaining by the ships,  
Took all, and little shared, and much retain'd.  
To other chiefs and kings he honours gave,  
To whom they safe remain ; from me alone  
He took, and keeps, my pleasing bride ; by her  
Let him delight. Why 'gainst the Trojans war  
The Greeks ? Why gath'ring hath Atrides led  
The people here ? Was't not for Helen's sake ?  
Do Atreus' sons alone of mortal men 340  
Their consorts love ? Whoe'er is good and chaste,  
His own will love and cherish ; so I her  
Loved from my soul, though captive to my spear.  
Now, since he took my prize, and me deceived,  
Let him not try me ; for I know him well.  
With thee, Ulysses, and the other kings,  
Let him contrive to save the ships from fire.  
He truly without me hath labour'd much,  
And built a wall, and round it driven a trench,  
Wide, vast, thick-set with pointed stakes within. 350

But not so can he slaught'ring Hector's strength  
Restrain ; but while I 'midst the Argives fought,  
Ne'er Hector battle from the wall would rouse,  
But by the Scæan gates and beech-tree stay'd ;  
There scarcely once my onset he escaped.  
And now, since I no more with Hector war,  
To-morrow, to Jove off'ring and all Gods,  
I to the sea my loaded ships will draw ;  
And thou shalt see, if these things be thy care,  
At dawn upon the fishy Hellespont 360  
My swift ships sail, with eager rowers fill'd.  
And if the famed Earth-shaker give good speed,  
I shall the third day fertile Phthia reach.  
There many stores I left, when here I came,  
And thither I the other gold, and brass,  
And hoary iron, and well cinctured dames,  
My lot, will take ; but he himself, who gave,  
King Agamemnon, hath with insult seized  
My prize ; to him tell all things, as I bid,  
Distinctly ; that the Greeks may anger feel, 370  
If still he hopes some Argive to deceive,  
Aye clad in impudence ; let him not dare,  
Bold as he is, my face again behold ;  
With him I will not deed or counsel join.  
He hath deceived and wrong'd me ; ne'er again  
Can he with words deceive ; enough ; at ease  
Perish he now, by Jove of sense bereft.  
His gifts are hateful, and himself I scorn.  
For gave he ten and twenty times as much,  
As now he hath, and may hereafter gain ; 380

Or what comes to Orchomenus, or Thebes  
In Egypt, where unnumber'd treasures lie,  
And through a hundred gates two hundred men  
With horses and with chariots issue forth ;  
Or gave he so much, as the sand and dust ;  
Not so should Agamemnon bend my mind,  
Ere he my whole soul-grieving wrong repaid.  
And I Atrides' daughter will not wed ;  
E'en if as golden Venus she were fair,  
And with blue-eyed Minerva strove in works, 390  
I would not wed her ; let him other choose,  
Who her befits, and who more widely reigns.  
For if the Gods a safe return afford,  
Peleus for me a consort will provide.  
In Greece and Phthia many maids are found,  
Daughters of princes, who o'er cities rule ;  
Of these I may a much-loved consort choose.  
And there my noble mind is much disposed,  
Wedding a plighted bride, a fitting wife,  
The wealth, which Peleus gather'd, to enjoy. 400  
For nothing for my life can pay, not e'en  
All, they say, Ilium, well-built city, held  
Erst in the peace, before the Argives came,  
Nor what the temple of the darting God,  
Phœbus Apollo, amidst Pytho's rocks.  
Oxen and sheep by rapine may be won ;  
Tripods and horses are the prize of war ;  
No rapine can the soul of man restore,  
No plunder, when it once has pass'd the teeth.  
My mother, silver-footed Thetis, says, 410

A double fate conducts me to the tomb ;  
If here, round Troy contending, I remain,  
Return is lost, but ne'er my fame shall die ;  
But if I to my fathers' land return,  
My fame is lost, but life shall long endure,  
Nor quickly shall the term of death approach.  
And all the rest I should advise to sail  
Homeward ; since ye no more shall find the term  
Of lofty Troy ; for much doth wide-voiced Jove  
Protect her, and her people are grown bold. 420  
But go ye now, and to the chiefs of Greeks  
Your message shew, as elders it beseems ;  
That they some better counsel may devise,  
Which may the hollow ships and host of Greeks  
Beside them save ; since this will not avail,  
Which now they have contrived, while I am wroth.  
But in my tent let Phœnix here remain,  
That he to-morrow may with me return,  
If so he will ; for him I would not force.

So said he ; and in silence all were mute, 430  
His words admiring ; for with force he spoke.  
At length old car-borne Phœnix 'midst them spoke  
With tears ; for much he for the Greeks' ships fear'd ;

If thou indeed, Achilles, to return  
Dost mean, nor from the swift ships wilt at all  
Ward hostile fire, since anger fills thy mind ;  
How could I, dear child, here by thee be left  
Alone ? for me old Peleus with thee sent  
That day, when thee he sent to Atreus' son,  
Young, ere thou knewest aught of mournful war, 440

Or of assemblies, where men glory gain.  
Hence me, to teach thee all these things, he sent,  
And both in speech and action to excel.  
So then, dear child, I would not here by thee  
Be left, if God himself would undertake,  
Old age removing, to restore my youth,  
As when I first fair-maiden Hellas left,  
Fearing Amyntor, son of Ormenus,  
My father, who a beauteous harlot loved,  
And his own wedded wife, my mother, scorn'd;     450  
She aye besought me by my knees to woo  
The harlot, that she might the old man hate.  
I her obey'd; and soon my sire perceived,  
And cursed me, and the hateful Furies call'd,  
That ne'er a son should sit upon his knees  
By me begotten; and infernal Jove  
And dreadful Proserpine his prayers have heard.  
Then me my mind no longer bade at home  
Beneath the anger of my sire remain;  
My friends indeed and kinsmen, coming round,     460  
With many prayers detain'd me in the house;  
And many active sheep and tether'd beeves  
They slew; and many boars with fat o'erlaid  
Were singeing o'er the fire of Vulcan stretch'd,  
And from the old man's jars much wine was drunk.  
For nine long nights they watch around me held,  
By turns awaking; nor were e'er the fires  
Extinguish'd, one beneath the fenced court's porch,  
And one in front before the chamber door.  
But when at length the tenth dark night arrived,     470

I then the chamber's closely fitted door  
Broke, and came out, and both the guards and maids  
Escaped, and o'er the court's fence leap'd with ease.

I then away from joyous Hellas fled,  
And came to fertile Phthia, nurse of sheep,  
To Peleus, who with kindness me received,  
And loved me, as a father loves his son,  
Of all his riches only cherish'd heir ;  
He made me rich, and gave me wide domains  
Near Phthia, where I the Dolopians ruled. 480

Thee such I made, Achilles like the Gods,  
And dearly loved ; nor wouldst thou to the feast  
With other go, or in the house be fed,  
Before I thee upon my knees had placed,  
And cut thy food, and fed thee, off'ring wine.

Oft hast thou wet my garments on my breast,  
In peevish childhood blurting forth the wine.  
So much for thee I bore, and much I toil'd,  
Thinking the Gods to me no offspring gave.  
But thee my child, Achilles like the Gods, 490

I made, that evil thou from me mightst ward.  
But check thy mighty soul, and let thy heart  
Feel pity ; for the Gods themselves are turn'd,  
Whose virtue, power, and honour, thine surpass.  
Yet them with incense, and with gentle prayers,  
And wine and fat, men oft entreating turn  
From wrath, when any trespasses and sins.

For Prayers, the daughters of almighty Jove,  
Are lame, and wrinkled, and with eyes askant,  
And going behind Wrong, they care for men. 500

But Wrong is swift and powerful ; hence she all  
Outruns, and gets before them o'er the earth,  
And injures men ; but they behind redress.  
Who then reveres Jove's daughters, when they come,  
Him they assist, and listen, when he prays ;  
But when a man denies them and rejects,  
They seek Jove, Saturn's son, and him entreat,  
That Wrong may him pursue, and them avenge.  
But thou, Achilles, to Jove's daughters yield,  
And take the fine which noble minds subdues. 510  
For if Atrides did not gifts afford,  
And promise more, but still thy anger moved,  
I would not bid thee, casting wrath aside,  
Defend the Greeks, though much they aid require.  
But now he both gives much, and offers more,  
And noble chiefs hath to entreat thee sent,  
The choicest of the Greeks, and to thyself  
The dearest ; do not thou their words reject,  
Nor embassy, though erst with justice wroth.  
For so the tales of former men we hear, 520  
Of heroes, when fierce anger any reach'd,  
They gifts received, and soft persuasion heard.  
This story I remember, how it was,  
Long since, and will it 'mongst you friends relate.  
The bold Ætolians and Curetes fought  
Round Calydon, and they each other slew.  
Those sought the lovely city to defend,  
And these were eager to destroy in war.  
Gold-throned Diana had this evil sent,  
Enraged, that Ceneus had not offer'd fruits, 530

When all the other Gods shared hecatombs.  
Alone to great Jove's Daughter he forgot,  
Or scorn'd to offer, but he greatly err'd.  
For the shaft-loving Goddess, much enraged,  
A dreadful white-tusk'd boar 'gainst Ceneus sent,  
Which in his orchard much destruction wrought.  
For many lofty trees in rows he cast  
To earth with all their roots and fruitful flowers.  
Him Meleager, Ceneus' son, o'erthrew,  
From many cities gath'ring hunters bold 540  
And dogs; for not by few could he be tamed;  
Such was he, and he many sent to death.  
And she around it caused much shout and noise,  
About the boar's head, and his shaggy skin,  
'Twixt the Curetes and Ætolians bold.  
While warlike Meleager 'gainst them fought,  
Then the Curetes suffer'd, nor could they,  
Though many, outside of the wall remain.  
But bitter anger Meleager seized,  
Which in the breast of e'en the wisest swells. 550  
He 'angry with Althæa, who him bore,  
By Cleopatra, his fair consort, lay;  
Her king Evenus' child, Marpissa, bore  
To Idas, strongest of all earthly men  
Then born, who e'en 'gainst king Apollo took  
His vengeful bow for his fair-ankled bride.  
Her then her sire and honour'd mother call'd  
Alcyonè by name; because long time  
Her mother with the mournful Alcyon's woe  
Wept, when King Phœbus her had borne away. 560



By her he lay, indulging his sad ire,  
Excited by his mother's curse, who pray'd  
To all the Gods her brother to avenge;  
And with her hands she beat the genial earth,  
Calling on Pluto and dread Proserpine,  
Wetting her bosom on her knees with tears,  
To slay her son; and her from Erebus  
The pitiless dark-mantled Fury heard.  
Soon round the gates, the din of batter'd towers  
And tumult rose; and him the elders pray'd, 570  
And sent Gods' priests to promise mighty gifts,  
If he would go forth, and the city save.  
They bade him in the plain of Calydon  
The richest portion for himself select  
Of fifty acres, half of fruitful vines,  
The other half of ploughland, smooth to till.  
And much to him old car-borne Ceneus pray'd,  
Ascending to his lofty chamber's floor,  
Shaking the boards, embracing his son's knees;  
And much his sisters and his mother pray'd, 580  
And much his comrades and his dearest friends  
Entreated; but the more he still denied;  
Nor could they in his breast his mind persuade,  
Ere the Curetes struck his doors, and climb'd  
The towers, and burnt the mighty town with fire.  
Then his well-cinctured spouse with tears besought  
Bold Meleager, and recounted all  
The evils suffer'd by a captured town;  
" They kill the men; and fire the city wastes;  
They lead the babes, and cinctured women slaves."

His mind was moved, when he these ill deeds heard ;  
And he arose, and put his bright arms on.

So he from ruin the Ætolians saved,

His own mind pleasing ; hence the lovely gifts  
No more they gave ; and them he saved in vain.

But thou these things consider ; let no God  
Turn thee in this, my friend ; it would be worse  
To save the burning ships ; but take the gifts,  
And thee the Greeks will, as a God, revere.

But if thou without gifts to war shalt go, 600  
Thou wilt not then be in like honour held.

To him replying swift Achilles said ;  
Jove-nurtured Phœnix, nought such honour me  
Befits ; I will be honour'd in Jove's way,  
Which will detain me at the ships, while breath  
Stays in my breast, and while my knees can move.  
And this I say, and cast it in thy soul ;

Do not my mind with tears and griefs confuse,  
Thus pleading for Atrides ; nor shouldst thou  
Love him, lest thou my love to hatred change. 610

Thou him shouldst injure, who has injured me,  
And aid my power, and in my honour share.  
But they shall bear their message back, and thou  
Rest here ; and with the Morn we will resolve,  
If we will home return, or here remain.

He said, and with a nod Patroclus bade  
Strew a soft bed for Phœnix, that the rest  
Might quickly from the tent depart ; and then  
Great Telamonian Ajax 'midst them said ;

Jove-born Ulysses, wise Laertes' son, 620

Let us depart ; for nought will further words  
In this way gain ; and we must quickly tell  
Our message, though not pleasing, to the Greeks,  
Who now sit waiting ; but Achilles still  
Holds an unbending spirit in his breast.  
Wretch, nought doth he his comrades' friendship prize,  
With which we him have honour'd chief of all.  
He knows not pity ; others have received  
The ransom of a son's or brother's death ;  
And he, much paying, in his country stays ;      630  
And the proud heart and mind of him is sooth'd,  
Who takes the ransom ; but the Gods have given  
To thee an evil and unbending mind  
For but one maid ; and now we offer seven,  
And much besides ; then let thy mind be sooth'd ;  
Respect thy hearth ; for we are 'neath thy roof,  
Who most of all the Argives have desired  
To be to thee the best and dearest friends.

To him replying swift Achilles said ;  
O Telamonian Ajax, Jove-born king,      640  
All this to me most pleasing thou hast said ;  
But still my heart within me swells, whene'er  
I call to mind, how me Atrides made  
Dishonour'd 'midst the Greeks, like some base slave.  
But ye return, and bear my message back ;  
For I will not in bloody war engage,  
Ere noble Hector, warlike Priam's son,  
Shall reach the Myrmidons' fair tents and ships,  
And slay the Greeks, and burn the ships with fire.  
Then round my tent and sable ship, I think,      650

Hector, though eager, I from war shall stay.

So said he ; and they, taking each a cup,  
Pour'd, and departed ; and Ulysses led.  
Patroclus bade the comrades and the maids  
Quickly for Phœnix a soft couch prepare ;  
They strew'd the couch obedient, as he bade,  
And skins, and rug, and finest linen, brought ;  
There lay the old man, and awaited Morn.  
But in the inmost tent Achilles slept,  
And by his side a Lesbian damsel lay,  
The fair-cheek'd Diomedè, Phorbas' child.  
And near Patroclus lay, and by his side  
Well-cinctured Iphis, whom Achilles gave,  
When he Enyeus' city, Scyrus, took.

660

And when they at Atrides' tent arrived,  
The Argives greeted them with golden cups,  
And all stood up in order, and inquired ;  
And Agamemnon, king of men, first ask'd ;  
Say, praised Ulysses, glory of the Greeks,  
Will he the ships from hostile fire defend,  
Or hath denied, and anger still retains.

670

Patient divine Ulysses him address'd ;  
King Agamemnon, Atreus' glorious son,  
He will not check his anger, but still more  
With fury fill'd, thee and thy gifts rejects.  
And thee he bids consider with the rest,  
How thou the ships and host of Greeks mayst save.  
Himself he threaten'd, when the Morn appears,  
To draw his well-bench'd nimble ships to sea ;  
And said, he all the others should advise

680

To sail ; since ye no more shall find the term  
Of lofty Troy ; for much doth wide-voiced Jove  
Protect her ; and her people are grown bold.  
So said he ; there are these to say the same,  
Great Ajax, and the heralds, both inspired.  
But Phoenix there remain'd ; for so he bade,  
That he to-morrow might with him return,  
If so he would ; for him he would not force.

So said he ; and in silence all were mute,  
His speech admiring ; for with force he spoke ; 690  
And long dismay'd the sons of Greeks were dumb.  
At length brave Diomedes 'midst them said,

King Agamemnon, Atreus' glorious son,  
Thou shouldst not Peleus' blameless son have pray'd  
With countless gifts ; for he before was proud ;  
And now still more thou hast his pride inflamed.  
But let us leave him, whether he will go  
Or stay ; and he again will fight, whene'er  
His mind exhorts him, and when God excites.  
But come, let all, as I advise, obey ; 700  
Now let us rest, and our dear hearts delight  
With bread and wine ; for that is power and strength.  
But when rose-finger'd beauteous Morn appears,  
Quickly the host to stand before the ships  
Rouse, and thyself amidst the foremost fight.

So said he ; and then all the kings approved,  
Admiring car-borne Diomedes' speech.  
And each pour'd out, and to his tent retired,  
And there reposed, and took the gift of sleep.



# I L I A D,

## BOOK X.



HE other Argive chieftains by the ships  
Reposed all night, by gentle sleep sub-  
dued ;

But sweet sleep Agamemnon, Atreus'  
son,

Held not, sad thoughts revolving in his mind.  
As when, bright-light'ning, fair-hair'd Juno's Spouse  
Sends down unceasing rain, or pelting hail,  
Or snow, which covers o'er the whiten'd fields,  
Or chance the mighty mouth of pitchy war ;  
So frequent groan'd Atrides in his breast,  
Deep from his heart, and trembled in his soul. 10  
And when he gazed upon the Trojan plain,  
He wonder'd at the many blazing fires,  
And din of pipes and reeds, and throng of men.  
And when he view'd the Grecian tents and ships,  
He tore the hair uprooted from his head  
To Jove above, and in his great heart groan'd.  
And the best counsel to his mind it seem'd  
Neleus' son, Nestor, first of men to seek,  
If any blameless plan he might devise,  
Which evil from the Argives might avert. 20

And rising, round his breast he placed his vest,  
And bound fair sandals 'neath his shining feet,  
And round him threw a brindled lion's skin,  
Spotted, which reach'd his feet, and took a spear.  
So Menelaus trembled, nor did sleep  
Sit on his eyelids; for he fear'd, the Greeks  
Might suffer aught, who many for his sake  
Had pass'd the deep sea to arouse bold war.  
First with a varied pard-skin his broad back  
He cover'd, and a brazen circlet placed 30  
Around his head, and took a shining spear;  
He then his brother sought, who greatly ruled  
O'er all the Argives, as a God revered,  
And found him putting on his beauteous arms  
By his ship's stern, and welcome he arrived.  
Him warlike Menelaus first address'd;

Why, brother, dost thou arm? wouldst thou a spy  
Send 'mongst the Trojans? but I sadly fear  
That no one will this office undertake  
To go alone 'midst hostile men to spy 40  
Through sacred night; he must be bold of heart.

King Agamemnon answer'ing him address'd;  
Jove-nurtured Menelaus, much we need  
Some sage advice, which may the Greeks and ships  
Save and deliver, since Jove's mind is changed.  
Much more to Hector's rites he gives his soul;  
For ne'er I saw, nor by report have heard,  
One man in one day e'er such wonders wrought,  
As Jove-loved Hector 'gainst the Greeks hath done,  
Though neither of a God or Goddess born. 50

He deeds hath done, which long and late the Greeks  
Will rue ; for he so many ills hath wrought.  
But running to their ships, Idomeneus  
And Ajax call ; and I will Nestor seek,  
And bid him rise, and with me, if he will,  
Visit the sacred watch, and them enjoin ;  
For they to him will hearken ; since his son  
And bold Meriones command the watch ;  
For chiefly we to them this charge assign'd.

Brave Menelaus then to him replied ; 60  
How dost thou this to me enjoin and bid ?  
Shall I with them remain, until thou come,  
Or run back hither, when I them have call'd ?

King Agamemnon him again address'd ;  
Stay there, lest we perchance each other miss ;  
For many through the army are the paths ;  
And speak, where'er thou go, and bid them wake,  
Each chief addressing by his father's name.  
To all give glory, nor in mind be proud ;  
But we ourselves must toil, since Jove to us 70  
Hath grievous evil from our birth assign'd.

So he his brother sent, instructing well.  
And he the people's shepherd Nestor sought,  
And found him by his tent and sable ship  
In a soft couch, and by him lay his arms,  
His shield, and two spears, and a shining helm ;  
And near the varied belt, with which the sage  
Was girded, when his men to war he led ;  
Since yet he yielded not to mournful age.  
He on his elbow lean'd, and raised his head, 80



And Agamemnon question'd and address'd ;  
Who through the army wanders thus alone  
In sable night, when other mortals sleep ?  
Dost thou some mule, or some lost comrade, seek ?  
Speak, nor in silence come ; what dost thou need ?

King Agamemnon then to him replied ;  
The Greeks' great glory, Nestor, Neleus' son,  
Know Agamemnon, Atreus' son, whom Jove  
O'er all with toils hath loaded, while yet breath  
Stays in my bosom, and my dear knees move. 90  
I wander thus, since sweet sleep flies my eyes,  
And war and the Greeks' sorrows are my care.  
For sadly for the Greeks I fear, and much  
Am I distress'd ; and from my breast my heart  
Leaps, and my shining limbs with terror shake.  
But, if thou wilt, since sleep too holds not thee,  
Let us go down unto the guard, and learn,  
If they, with labour and sweet sleep o'ercome,  
Repose, and wholly have the watch forgot.  
For near us sit the foe ; nor know we aught, 100  
If e'en by night they mean not to contend.

Gerenian Nestor then to him replied ;  
King Agamemnon, Atreus' glorious son,  
Great Jove for Hector will not all his thoughts,  
As now he hopes, perform ; but he, I think,  
Will still more woes endure, if Peleus' son  
Shall e'er his heart from bitter anger turn.  
And I with thee will come ; and let us rouse  
Spear-famed Tydides, and Ulysses wise,  
Swift-footed Ajax, and brave Phyleus' son. 110

I would too, some one would seek out and call  
 Jove-nurtured Ajax and Idomeneus ;  
 For their ships farthest on the shore are drawn.  
 But Menelaus, though revered and dear,  
 I will reprove, though thou mayst anger feel,  
 That thus he sleeps, and lets thee toil alone.  
 He now beseeching amidst all the chiefs  
 Should toil ; for us resistless need o'ercomes.

King Agamemnon him again address'd ;  
 Old man, another time thou him mayst chide ;      120  
 For oft he loiters and omits to toil,  
 Not yielding or to sloth or want of sense,  
 But watching me and waiting my command.  
 But now he first arose, and by me stood ;  
 And I have sent him, whom thou wouldst, to call.  
 But come, and them we at the gates shall find  
 Amidst the watch ; for there I bade them meet.

Gerenian Nestor then to him replied ;  
 So none will him reproach or disobey,  
 When any Greek he rouses and exhorts.      130

So saying, round his breast he placed his vest,  
 And bound fair sandals 'neath his shining feet,  
 And then around him clasp'd his purple cloak,  
 Double, extended, cover'd with soft wool,  
 And took a strong spear, pointed with sharp brass,  
 And went down the brass-coated Argives' ships.  
 Then first Gerenian Nestor roused from sleep  
 Ulysses, who in counsel equal'd Jove ;  
 He spoke ; and round his soul the voice was pour'd ;  
 And coming from the tent, he them address'd ;      140

Why through the host thus wander ye alone  
In sacred night ? what pressing need hath come ?

Gerenian car-borne Nestor then replied ;  
Jove-born Ulysses, wise Laertes' son,  
Be not incensed ; such grief o'erwhelms the Greeks.  
But let us rouse some other, who, 'tis meet,  
Should join in council, or to fly or fight.

So said he ; and Ulysses sought his tent,  
And o'er his shoulders placed a varied shield.  
They then sought Tydeus' son ; and him they found  
Without his tent ; and round his comrades slept  
With shields beneath their heads ; and on the ends  
Their spears were upright fix'd, and far the brass  
Shone, like Jove's lightning ; and the hero slept,  
And underneath a wild bull's hide was strown,  
And 'neath his head a shining carpet lay.  
Him, standing near, Gerenian Nestor roused,  
And stirr'd him with his foot, and him reproved ;

Rouse, Tydeus' son ; why sleep'st thou all the night ?  
Hear'st thou not how the Trojans on the plain      160  
Sit near the ships ; and little space is left.

So said he ; and Tydides started up,  
And speaking, winged words to him address'd ;  
Wretched old man, thou ceasest ne'er from toil ;  
Are there not other younger sons of Greeks,  
Who might go round, and each one of the kings  
From sleep arouse ? thou art unwise, old man.

Gerenian Nestor him again address'd ;  
Yea, friend, with truth thou all these things hast said ;  
I blameless sons and many people have,      170

Who might go round each leader to awake.  
But dreadful need hath all the Greeks o'erwhelm'd ;  
And now stands balanced on a razor's edge  
The ruin or the safety of the Greeks.  
But come, swift Ajax rouse and Phyleus' son ;  
For thou art younger, if thou pity feel.

So said he ; and Tydides round him threw  
A brindled lion's skin, and took a spear,  
And went, and roused, and led them to the gates.

And when they 'midst the gather'd watch arrived,  
Not sleeping they the watch's leaders found ;  
But they all sat attentive with their arms.  
As dogs round sheep a painful watch maintain,  
When they some strong beast hear, who down the wood  
Comes from a mount, and mighty is the din  
Of men and dogs ; and sleep to them is lost ;  
So their sweet sleep was from their eyelids lost,  
As they the ill night watch'd ; for towards the plain  
They turn'd, that they might hear the Trojans come.  
And them the old man saw with joy, and cheer'd, 190  
And speaking, winged words to them address'd ;

Watch thus, dear children ; let not sleep invade,  
Lest we a triumph to our foes become.

He said, and pass'd the trench ; and with him went  
The Argives' kings, who were to council call'd ;  
With them Meriones and Nestor's son  
Went ; for they bade them in the council join.  
And passing o'er the sunken trench, they sat,  
Where from dead bodies a clear space appear'd,  
Whence dreadful Hector, Priam's son, return'd 200

From slaughter, when dark Night was spread around.  
There they sat down, and to each other spoke ;  
And old Gerenian Nestor first began ;

Friends, would not some one in his daring mind  
Confide, and 'midst the noble Trojans go ?  
Perhaps he might some distant foe surprise,  
Or some report amongst the Trojans hear,  
What they amongst them counsel ; if they mean  
Here by the ships to stay, or back return  
To Ilium, since they have the Argives tamed. 210  
This should he hear, and back to us return  
Unhurt, his glory then beneath the sky  
Would all men reach, and he shall gifts receive.  
As many chiefs, as by the ships bear sway,  
Of these shall each to him a milch-ewe give,  
Black, with its lamb, a gift, that all excels ;  
And aye at feasts and banquets shall he sit.

So said he ; and in silence all were mute ;  
And warlike Diomedes 'midst them said ;

Nestor, my heart and spirit me excite 220  
The hostile ranks of Trojans to explore.  
But if some other man would with me go,  
It would my courage comfort and support.  
When two unite, then one may first perceive  
The best advantage ; but, who thinks alone,  
His mind is slower, and his counsel weak.

So said he ; and to join him many sought ;  
The two Ajaces, followers of Mars,  
And bold Meriones, and Nestor's son,  
And Menelaus, Atreus' spear-famed son ; 230

Patient Ulysses too the Trojan ranks  
Sought to explore ; for aye his spirit dared.  
King Agamemnon then amidst them said ;

O Diomedes, grateful to my mind,  
Thyself the comrade, whom thou wilt, shalt choose,  
The best of these ; for many have desired.  
Nor do thou, in thy mind revering, leave  
The better, and the worse from shame select,  
Though he in birth excel, and wider rule.

Thus said he ; for he for his brother fear'd. 240  
Brave Diomedes then amidst them spoke ;

If ye indeed a comrade bid me choose,  
Divine Ulysses how should I forget ?  
His ready heart and noble spirit dare  
In every danger ; and him Pallas loves.  
With such a comrade e'en from burning fire  
We should return, since he in thought excels.

Patient Ulysses him again address'd ;  
Tydides, praise me not too much, nor chide ;  
For this amid the Greeks, who know, thou say'st.  
But let us go ; Night wanes, and Morn is near ;  
The stars are forward, and two parts of Night  
Are now o'erpass'd, and but the third remains.

So saying, they their dreadful arms put on ;  
Brave Thrasymedes gave to Tydeus' son  
A two-edged sword, and shield ; for at the ships  
His own were left ; and on his head he placed  
A bull's hide cap, uncrested, which is call'd  
Catætyx, and the heads of brave youths guards.  
Meriones to wise Ulysses gave 260

A quiver, bow, and sword, and round his head  
He placed a leathern bonnet, thick within  
By thongs defended ; and without appear'd  
A boar's white teeth, disposed around the edge  
With skilful art ; and in the midst was hair.

This from Amyntor, son of Ormenus,  
Autolycus had erst at Eleon stolen,  
And at Scandea to Amphidamas  
Had given ; and he on Molus it bestow'd,  
And Molus on Meriones his son ;

270

And now it cover'd wise Ulysses' head.  
And when they in their dreadful arms were clad,  
They forward went, and left there all the chiefs.  
And Pallas sent a heron on the right  
Close by the way, which in the murky night  
They saw not with their eyes, but heard the clang ;  
Ulysses at the bird rejoiced, and pray'd ;

Hear, Child of Ægis-bearing Jove, who aye  
Stand'st by me in all toils, nor do I thee  
Escape ; now chiefly, Pallas, friendship shew,  
And grant, with glory we the ships regain,  
Doing some great deed, which the foe may rue.

280

Next bold in battle Diomedes pray'd ;  
Hear also me, unconquer'd Child of Jove ;  
Aid me, as thou my noble sire didst aid  
At Thebes, when he the Argives' message bore.  
He at Asopus left the brass-arm'd Greeks,  
And bore a gentle word to Cadmus' sons,  
And, thence returning, wondrous deeds perform'd  
With thee, great Goddess, when thou by him stood'st.

So willing now assist me and protect;  
And a young heifer I to thee will give,  
Untamed, which ne'er beneath the yoke was led;  
This I to thee with gilded horns will slay.

Thus said they praying; and Minerva heard,  
And when to Jove's great Daughter they had pray'd,  
They, like two lions, through the darkness went  
'Midst arms and bodies, slaughter and dark blood.

Nor crested Hector the proud Trojans left  
To sleep, but call'd together all the best, 300  
Who of the Trojans were the kings and chiefs,  
And a close counsel, when they met, proposed;

Who would this work adventure and perform  
For great reward? and rich shall be the gift.  
For I will give the car and arch-neck'd steeds,  
Which are the choicest at the Greeks' swift ships,  
To him, who dares, with glory to himself,  
Approach the swift sea-passing ships, and learn,  
If the swift ships are guarded, as before,  
Or now the Argives, tamed beneath our hands, 310  
Of flight consult amongst themselves, nor mean  
To watch the night, with dreadful toil o'ercome,

Thus said he; and in silence all were mute.  
Amongst the Trojans was Eumedes' son,  
A herald's, Dolon, rich in gold and brass;  
But he in form was mean, though swift of foot,  
And 'mongst five sisters was an only son.  
He then to Hector and the Trojans said;

Hector, my heart and spirit me excite  
To seek the swift sea-passing ships, and learn. 320



But come, to me this sceptre raise, and swear,  
That thou the steeds, and car with brass adorn'd,  
Wilt give, which carry Peleus' blameless son.

I will not be a vain unmeaning spy;  
For I the host will traverse, till I reach  
Atrides' ship, where now the chiefs are met  
In council to decide to fly or fight.

He said; and Hector by the sceptre swore;  
Be Jove now witness, Juno's thund'ring Spouse;  
No other of the Trojan host shall drive 330  
Those steeds; but thou shalt them with glory guide.

He said, and roused him, when he this had sworn.  
And Dolon o'er his shoulders cast his bow,  
And threw around him a wolf's hoary skin,  
And took a weasel cap, and pointed dart,  
And from the army sought the ships; but ne'er  
Should he to Hector from the ships return.  
But when the crowd of steeds and men he left,  
He eager went; and him Ulysses saw  
Approach, and he to Diomedes said; 340

This man, Tydides, from the army comes;  
I know not, if our ships he would explore,  
Or if he some one of the dead would spoil.  
But let him pass a short way o'er the plain  
At first, and then we him with sudden rush  
Might catch; but if he us with feet outrun,  
Aye turn him from the army to the ships  
With threat'ning spear, lest he to Troy escape.

So saying, they aside amongst the dead  
Bent; and he quickly in his folly pass'd; 350

And when he was so far, as are the bounds,  
Of mules, who tardy oxen far excel  
To drag a firm share through a deep clay-field,  
They ran upon him; and he list'ning stood;  
He thought his comrades from the Trojan camp,  
By Hector sent, had to recall him come.  
But when they were a spear's throw off, or less,  
He knew the foes, and quickly moved his knees  
To fly; and swiftly in pursuit they rush'd.  
As when two well-train'd dogs with grinning teeth 360  
A fawn or hare with eager speed pursue  
Through woods; and crying he before them runs;  
So him Tydides and Ulysses turn'd  
Back from the people, and with speed pursued.  
But when he nearly with the watch was mix'd,  
Flying, then blue-eyed Pallas strength aroused  
In Tydeus' son; lest some brass-coated Greek  
Should strike him first, and he too late should come;  
And rushing with his spear, Tydides said;

Stay, or my spear will reach thee; and not long 370  
Shalt thou destruction from my hand escape.

He said, and threw, but him on purpose miss'd;  
And over his right shoulder the sharp spear  
In earth was planted; and he trembling stood,  
Stamm'ring, and pale with terror; and his teeth  
Chatter'd with fear; and him they panting caught,  
And seized; and shedding tears, he them address'd;

Take me on ransom; for within my house  
Are brass, and gold, and iron work'd with skill;  
Of these my sire would boundless ransom pay, 380

If he should learn, I at the Greeks' ships lived.

Replying wise Ulysses him address'd ;  
Take courage, nor let death be in thy mind ;  
But come, this tell me, and the truth declare ;  
Why comest thou through the army thus alone  
Through sable Night, when other mortals sleep ?  
Wouldst thou some body of the slain despoil ?  
Hath Hector sent thee all things to explore  
At the swift ships, or thee thy mind excites ?

Dolon to him with trembling limbs replied ; 390  
Hector with many wrongs my mind deceived,  
And promised, he would give me the swift steeds  
And brass-adorned car of Peleus' son ;  
He bade me, going through swift sable Night,  
Approach the ranks of hostile men, and learn,  
If still the ships are guarded, as before,  
Or now the Argives, tamed beneath our hands,  
Consult of flight amongst themselves, nor mean  
To watch the night, with dreadful toil o'ercome.

Prudent Ulysses smiling him address'd ; 400  
Truly thy mind hath mighty gifts desired,  
The steeds of great Æacides ; but they  
Are hard for mortal men to tame and guide,  
Save for Achilles, whom a Goddess bore.  
But come, this tell me, and the truth declare ;  
Where didst thou Hector, the host's shepherd, leave ?  
Where lie his warlike arms, and where his steeds ?  
And where the other Trojans' watch and beds ?  
What do they 'mongst them counsel ? do they mean  
To stay here by the ships, or will return 410

To Ilium, since they have the Argives tamed?

Dolon, Eumedes' son, to him replied;  
All this to you I truly will declare;  
Hector with those, who are to council call'd,  
Consulting sits by sacred Ilus' tomb,  
Far from the tumult; but no chosen watch;  
Of which thou ask'st, the host defends and guards.  
For round the Trojan fires, where need compels,  
They all are wakeful, and each other guard;  
But the renown'd allies in peace repose, 420  
And to the Trojans leave the needful watch;  
For neither wives nor children near them sit.

Replying wise Ulysses him address'd;  
How sleep they? with the car-borne Trojans mix'd,  
Or far apart? relate to me the whole.

Dolon, Eumedes' son, to him replied;  
I this too truly will to you declare;  
Seaward the Carians, and Pæonians bold,  
Lelegians, Caucons, and Pelasgians, lie;  
The Lycians, Mysians, and Mæonians brave, 430  
And car-borne Phrygians, are by Thymbra placed.  
But why do ye all this of me inquire?  
For if ye with the Trojan crowd would mix,  
These are the Thracians, new-come, last of all;  
Eioneus' son, Rhesus, is their king,  
Whose steeds in size and beauty all excel,  
Whiter than snow, and rapid as the winds;  
His car with gold and silver is adorn'd;  
And golden arms, enormous, strange to see,  
He wears, that seem not fit for mortal men 440

To bear in war, but for immortal Gods.  
But send me now to the swift-passing ships,  
Or bind, and leave me here in piteous bonds,  
That ye may go, and of me trial make,  
If I all this to you have rightly said.

Bold Diomedes frowning him address'd ;  
Think not of flight, O Dolon, in thy mind,  
Though good thy tidings, since thou me hast reach'd.  
For if I now release thee and dismiss,  
Thou mightst again approach the Greeks' swift ships,  
Either to spy or fight in hostile arms ;  
But if thou by my hands thy life shalt lose,  
Ne'er wilt thou then be to the Greeks a loss.

He said ; and Dolon sought to touch his chin  
With suppliant hand ; but with his sword he rush'd,  
And struck his mid neck, and both tendons cut ;  
And, as he spoke, his head in dust was mix'd.  
Then from his head they took the weasel cap,  
The wolf-skin, springing bow, and shining spear.  
And these divine Ulysses raised aloft 460  
To spoiling Pallas, and exulting said ;

Accept these, Goddess ; for of all the Gods  
We first to thee will offer ; but again  
Conduct us to the Thracians' steeds and beds.

So said he, and uplifting, placed the spoils  
High 'gainst an elm, and a clear signal made  
With gather'd reeds, and verdant boughs of elm,  
Lest in the dark night it might them escape.  
And they through arms and black blood onward went,  
And quickly reach'd the band of Thracian men. 470

These slept, o'ercome with labour; and their arms  
Lay by them in due order on the ground  
In triple ranks; and near to each two steeds;  
And Rhesus slept amidst; and his swift steeds  
Before the chariot front with straps were bound.  
Him first Ulysses to Tydides shew'd;

This is the man, Tydides, and the steeds,  
Which Dolon, whom we slew, to us described.  
But come, put forth thy might; it is not meet  
To stand here idle; but the horses loose; 480  
Or thou slay men, and I will lead the steeds.

So said he; and Minerva him inspired;  
He slew around; and dreadful were the groans  
Of slaughter'd men; and blood bestain'd the ground.  
And as a lion 'midst unguarded flocks  
Of goats or sheep with evil thoughts invades;  
So Tydeus' son amidst the Thracians went,  
Till he slew twelve; and wise Ulysses those,  
Whom Diomedes with his sword had struck,  
Seized by the foot behind, and drew aside, 490  
In mind revolving, how the beauteous steeds  
Might pass with ease, nor, trampling on the dead,  
Might tremble; for as yet they were not used.  
But when at length Tydides found the king,  
Him panting he the thirteenth of sweet life  
Deprived; for at his head an evil dream,  
Ænides' son, by Pallas' counsel stood.  
Meanwhile Ulysses loosed the rapid steeds,  
And with their straps he drove them from the crowd,  
And lash'd them with his bow,—for he the whip 500

Thought not to take down from the varied car—  
And whistled as a sign to Tydeus' son.  
But he remaining bolder deeds design'd ;  
Should he the car, where lay the beauteous arms,  
Drag by the pole, or lifting bear away,  
Or should he of more Thracians take the life.  
While these things he revolved, Minerva came,  
And Diomedes, standing near, address'd :

Think of return, great-minded Tydeus' son,  
To the swift ships, lest frighten'd thou arrive,      510  
If any God the Trojans should awake.

So said she ; and he knew the Goddess' voice,  
And on the steeds leap'd ; and Ulysses struck  
With bow : and to the Greeks' swift ships they flew.

Nor did Apollo keep an idle watch,  
When he saw Pallas by Tydides stand.  
With her enraged, he sought the Trojan crowd,  
And roused Hippocoon, a Thracian chief,  
Kinsman to Rhesus ; and he, starting up,  
Saw the place empty, where the horses stood,      520  
And the men struggling in the pangs of death ;  
He then cried out, and his dear comrade named.  
And loud the Trojans' shout and tumult rose,  
As crowding they the wondrous deeds beheld,  
Which men had done, and to the swift ships gone.

And when they came, where Hector's spy they slew,  
Ulysses dear to Jove the swift steeds stopp'd ;  
And leaping down, Tydides the gored spoils  
Placed in Ulysses' hands, and then leap'd up,  
And lash'd the steeds, which not unwilling flew,      530

Where he desired, unto the hollow ships.  
And Nestor first the horses heard, and spoke ;  
O friends, the kings and leaders of the Greeks,  
As my mind bids, shall I say false or true ?  
The tread of rapid horses strikes my ears.  
I would Ulysses and brave Tydeus' son  
Thus soon might swift steeds from the Trojans drive ;  
But much I tremble, lest the best of Greeks  
May suffer aught amidst the Trojan crowd.

The whole was scarcely spoken, when they came,  
And leap'd to earth ; and them rejoicing all  
Greeted with right hand, and with gentle words ;  
And first Gerenian car-borne Nestor ask'd ;

Say, praised Ulysses, glory of the Greeks,  
Where did ye take these horses ? 'midst the crowd  
Of Trojans ? or did them some God bestow ?  
Much are they like the Sun's resplendent rays.  
Aye mix I with the Trojans, nor, I say,  
Though an old warrior, by the ships remain.  
But ne'er such horses did I there behold ;                   550  
But them, I think, some God to you hath given.  
For both of you cloud-gath'ring Jove regards,  
And Pallas, Child of Ægis-bearing Jove.

Replying wise Ulysses him address'd ;  
The Greeks' great glory, Nestor, Neleus' son,  
With ease a God, if willing, better steeds  
Than these could give, since they far all excel.  
But these, of which thou askest, lately came  
From Thrace ; and brave Tydides slew their king,  
And by him twelve of all his comrades best ;                   560



The thirteenth near the ships a spy we caught,  
Whom Hector and the other Trojan chiefs  
Had of our army sent to be a spy.

Thus saying, through the trench he drove the steeds,  
Exulting ; and the rest rejoicing went.  
And when they reach'd Tydides' well-built tent,  
They bound the horses down with well-cut straps  
Before the manger, where the other steeds  
Of Diomedes, eating sweet wheat, stood.  
And at his ship's stern wise Ulysses placed,                    570  
Sacred to Pallas, Dolon's bloody spoils.  
And then they enter'd the salt sea, and wash'd  
The sweat around their legs, and crests, and thighs.  
And when the sea-wave from the skin had wash'd  
The sweat, and they were in their hearts refresh'd,  
Again they enter'd the well-polish'd baths ;  
And then, well-wash'd and ointed with smooth oil,  
They sat to supper, and sweet honied wine  
Drew from a full bowl, and to Pallas pour'd.



# ILIAD,

## BOOK XI.



WHEN rosy Morn from fair Tithonus' side  
Arose to carry light to Gods and men ;  
Jove sent sad Discord to the Greeks'  
swift ships ;

And holding in her hands the sign of war,  
Upon Ulysses' huge black ship she stood ;  
This midmost lay to shout to either side,  
As well to Telamonian Ajax' tents,  
As to Achilles' ; for they last had drawn  
Their good ships, trusting in their hands and might.  
There stood the Goddess, shouting vast and dread, 10  
Shrill to the Greeks, and strength in every heart  
Awoke, unceasing to contend and fight ;  
And war became far sweeter, than to sail  
To their dear country in their hollow ships.  
Atrides shouted, and the Argives bade  
Arm, and himself in shining brass was clad ;  
And first around his legs he placed his greaves,  
Fair, to his ankles bound with silver clasps ;  
He then his corslet buckled on his breast,  
Which, as an off'ring, Cinyras had given,

- . When he the mighty fame at Cyprus heard,  
The Argives were about to sail to Troy ;  
Hence this a present to the king he gave.  
Of this ten circlets were of dark steel made,  
And twelve of gold, and twenty of fine tin ;  
And to the neck three azure serpents stretch'd,  
Shining like rainbows, which great Saturn's Son  
A sign to mortals in the clouds has set.  
And o'er his shoulders a bright sword he placed,  
Whose studs shone golden, and the sheath was made  
Of silver, and the hangings were of gold.  
And then he took the fair man-circling shield,  
Varied, round which ten brazen circles ran ;  
And there were twenty bosses of white tin,  
And in the midst was one of azure steel.  
And there the dark-brow'd Gorgon was display'd,  
Dread looking ; and around were Fear and Flight.  
And by a silver belt it hung, whereon  
An azure snake was twisted ; and its heads  
Were three, round-crested, growing from one neck. 40  
And on his head he set a plated helm,  
Horse-tail'd ; and dreadful nodded o'er the crest ;  
And then he took two strong brass-pointed spears ;  
And far the brass shone from him up to heaven.  
And Juno and Minerva thunder'd loud  
From heaven, to honour rich Mycenæ's king.  
And then each leader bade his charioteer  
His horses hold in order by the trench ;  
And they on foot, resplendent in their arms,  
Hasten'd ; and vast the shout towards Morn arose. 50

And they were first beside the trench array'd,  
And near them were the cars ; and Saturn's Son  
Roused evil tumult, and cast down from high  
Blood-stained dewdrops, since he meant that day  
To send to Pluto many valiant chiefs.

So too the Trojans on a gentle rise  
Round Hector and Polydamas were ranged,  
And round Æneas, honour'd as a God,  
And round Antenor's three sons, Polybus,  
Divine Agenor, and bold Acamas ; 60  
And Hector 'midst the foremost bore his shield.  
As 'midst the clouds a fatal star appears,  
And then behind the shadowy clouds is hid ;  
So Hector one while 'midst the first was seen,  
Then 'midst the last, exhorting ; and he shone  
With brass, like lightning sent by Father Jove.

And they, as reapers in a rich man's field  
Against each other haste to clear a balk  
Of wheat or barley, and the sheaves fall thick ;  
So Greeks and Trojans on each other leap'd, 70  
And slew, nor either thought of hateful flight ;  
Long time the war stood equal ; and like wolves,  
They raged ; and groanful Discord joy'd to see ;  
For she alone was present at the fight ;  
The other Gods were absent, and at ease  
Sat in their beauteous chambers, where for each  
Their houses in Olympus' folds were built ;  
And they all blamed dark-clouded Saturn's Son,  
Because he glory to the Trojans gave.  
For them he cared not, but, apart retired, 80

Alone, rejoicing in his glory, sat,  
Viewing the Trojans' city and Greeks' ships,  
The blaze of brass, the slaying and the slain.

While it was Morn, and sacred day advanced,  
The darts of both reach'd, and the people fell ;  
But when the woodcutter prepares his food  
In mountain thickets, who his hands has tired,  
Cutting tall trees ; and toil o'ercomes his mind,  
And love of sweet food seizes all his soul ;  
Then by their might the Danaans broke the bands, 90  
Each other cheering through the ranks ; and first  
Atrides rush'd, and huge Bianor slew,  
Him, and Oileus, who his horses drove.  
He, leaping from his car, opposing stood ;  
But Atreus' son his forehead with his spear  
Hit ; nor the brazen circlet stopp'd the point ;  
But through it and the bone it went ; and all  
The brain was smash'd ; and him he eager tamed.  
And royal Agamemnon left them there  
With shining breasts, when he had stript their arms.  
And then he Antiphus and Isus sought,  
Two sons of Priam, in one chariot borne ;  
Isus was base-born, and the horses drove,  
And Antiphus stood by ; Achilles erst,  
Them, as in Ida's glades they fed their sheep,  
Had bound with withes, and had on ransom loosed.  
And then king Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
Struck Isus with his spear upon the breast,  
And Antiphus with sword upon the ear,  
And quickly from them stript their beauteous arms,

He knew them well ; for them he erst had seen,  
When swift Achilles them from Ida brought.  
And as a lion with his powerful teeth  
Tears down with ease a swift deer's tender young,  
Ent'ring their lair, and takes their life away ;  
And she, though she be near, can them in nought  
Avail ; for dreadful terror shakes her limbs ;  
And quick she rushes through the brakes and wood,  
Hasting and sweating from the furious beast ;  
So then no Trojan could from them avert                    120  
Destruction ; for they trembled 'neath the Greeks.  
Next Agamemnon, Atreus' son, o'ertook  
Warlike Pisander and Hippolochus,  
The sons of bold Antimachus, who most,  
Receiving gold of Paris, splendid gifts,  
Dissuaded fair-hair'd Helen to restore ;  
They standing in one car, the swift steeds held ;  
But from their hands the broider'd reins escaped ;  
And 'gainst them, like a lion, Atreus' son  
Arose ; and from the car they him besought ;                    130  
Save us, Atrides, and meet ransom take ;  
For many treasures hath Antimachus,  
Both brass, and gold, and iron work'd with skill ;  
Of these our sire would boundless ransom pay,  
If he should hear, we at the Greeks' ships lived.  
Thus weeping they Mycenæ's king address'd  
With gentle words, but harsh reply received ;  
If ye of that Antimachus be sons,  
Who bade the Trojans Menelaus slay,  
Nor send him back in safety to the Greeks,                    140

When he to Ilium with Ulysses came,  
Ye shall your father's shameless deeds repay.

He said, and thrust Pisander from the car,  
Striking his breast ; and back to earth he fell.  
Hippolochus then fled ; and him he slew,  
And with his sword cut off his hands, and head,  
And whirl'd it, like a millstone, through the crowd.  
And them he left there, and where most the ranks  
Were crowded, rush'd, and with him all the Greeks.  
Then foot slew foot, as they in terror fled,                   150  
And horse slew horse ; and 'neath them from the plain  
The dust arose, which horses' sounding feet  
Stirr'd up ; and Agamemnon, king of men,  
Destroying follow'd, and the Argives cheer'd.  
As when a wasting fire a dry wood burns,  
Urged forward by the wreathing wind ; and trees  
Fall round uprooted, in bright flames involved ;  
So then 'neath Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
The flying Trojans fell, and arch-neck'd steeds  
Shook empty chariots through the paths of war,           160  
Grieved for their warlike lords, who on the ground  
Lay dearer far to vultures than their wives.  
But Jove led Hector from the darts and dust,  
And from the tumult, slaughter, and dark blood.  
Atrides follow'd, cheering oft the Greeks.  
And part by ancient Dardan Ilus' tomb  
Across the mid plain by the fig-tree rush'd,  
Seeking the town ; and he with shouts pursued,  
And his unconquer'd hands with gore were stain'd.  
But when the beech and Scaean gates they reach'd,

They turn'd, and there against the Argives stood.  
The rest were scatter'd o'er the plain, like kine,  
Which in the milky night a lion scares  
All; and destruction unto one appears;  
And seizing with strong teeth, he breaks her neck,  
And then sucks out her entrails and dark blood;  
So them Atrides, king of men, pursued,  
And slew the hindmost, as they trembling fled;  
And many headlong from their chariots fell  
Beneath his hands; for much with spear he raged. 180  
But when the city and the lofty wall  
They reach'd, the Father then of men and Gods  
Upon the tops of springful Ida sat,  
From heaven descending, and his lightning held,  
And gold-wing'd Iris bade a message bear;  
Go hence, swift Iris, and to Hector say;  
While Agamemnon, king of men, he sees  
Amidst the foremost, slaying ranks of men,  
Let him retreat, and bid the other host  
Against the foe in dreadful contest fight. 190  
But when he, with a spear or arrow struck,  
Shall seek his car, I then will give him strength  
To slay, until he reaches the swift ships,  
And the Sun sets, and sacred twilight comes.  
So said he; and swift Iris him obey'd,  
And down from Ida went to sacred Troy,  
And found great Hector, warlike Priam's son,  
Standing behind his horses in his car;  
And standing near, swift Iris him address'd;  
Priam's son, Hector, wise in thought as Jove, 200



Jove Sire, hath sent me to declare these words ;  
While Agamemnon, king of men, thou see'st  
Amongst the foremost, slaying ranks of men,  
Retire from war, and bid the other host  
Against the foe in dreadful contest fight.  
But when he, with a spear or arrow struck,  
Shall seek his car, he then will give thee strength  
To slay, until thou reachest the swift ships,  
And the Sun sets, and sacred twilight comes.

Thus saying, gold-wing'd Iris flew away ; 210  
And Hector from his car in arms leap'd down,  
And shaking two spears, through the army went,  
To war exciting, and dread contest roused.  
And they all turn'd, and 'gainst the Argives stood.  
And so the Argives strengthen'd all their bands ;  
And firm they stood opposed ; but Atreus' son  
First rush'd, and far before the foremost fought.

Now tell me, Muses, who Olympus hold,  
Who first against king Agamemnon went  
Of noble Trojans, or renown'd allies. 220  
Iphidamas, Antenor's huge brave son,  
Brought up in fertile Thracia, nurse of sheep ;  
Him Cisseus nurtured in his house when young,  
His mother, fair Theano's, aged sire.  
And when the term of glorious youth he reach'd,  
He kept him there, and his own daughter gave ;  
And 'gainst the Greeks he from his bridal came,  
With twelve beak'd ships, which follow'd him o'er sea ;  
He then his good ships at Percotè left,  
And thence on foot to sacred Ilium came ; 230

He then against king Agamemnon went.  
And when they near against each other came,  
Atrides miss'd, and his spear turn'd aside;  
And him Iphidamas upon the belt  
Struck, and push'd, pressing with his powerful hand,  
But pierced not the rich girdle; and the point  
The silver met, and back, like lead, was turn'd;  
And this Atrides, seizing with his hand,  
Drew towards him, like a lion, and with sword  
Struck him upon the neck, and loosed his limbs. 240  
So he there falling, slept a brazen sleep,  
His country aiding, far from his fair bride,  
Whose charms he ne'er enjoy'd, though much he gave;  
He gave a hundred oxen, and of sheep  
And goats a thousand from his countless flocks.  
Him then Atrides, king of men, despoil'd,  
And bore his fair arms to the Grecian ranks.  
But when renowned Coon this perceived,  
Antenor's eldest offspring, dreadful grief  
For his slain brother o'er his eyes was spread; 250  
And he stood sideways, hid from Atreus' son,  
And his mid arm beneath his elbow push'd;  
And through the arm the shining spear's point pass'd.  
Then shudder'd Agamemnon, king of men;  
But he not so from war and battle ceased,  
But rush'd on Coon with his polish'd spear.  
He eager his sire's son, Iphidamas,  
Drew by the foot, and call'd on all the chiefs;  
And as he drew him, 'neath the bossy shield  
Atrides push'd with spear, and loosed his limbs, 260

And o'er Iphidamas his head cut off.  
Thus by Atrides' hands Antenor's sons,  
Their fate fulfilling, enter'd Pluto's house ;  
And he went through the ranks of other men  
With spear, and sword, and huge hand-fitting stones,  
While yet the warm blood issued from the wound.  
But when the wound dried, and the blood was staunch'd,  
Then bitter pains Atrides' strength subdued.  
As when in labour sharp darts woman pierce,  
Which the birth-toiling Ilithyæ send, 270  
Daughters of Juno, source of bitter pains ;  
So did sharp pains Atrides' strength subdue ;  
And to his car he rush'd, and grieving bade  
His comrade drive him to the hollow ships ;  
And loud he shouted through the Danaan ranks ;  
O friends, the kings and leaders of the Greeks,  
Do ye now ward from the sea-passing ships  
Dread war, since me all-ruling Jove forbids  
All day against the Trojans to contend.  
So said he ; and his comrade to the ships 280  
Lash'd the fair steeds, which not unwilling flew ;  
And foam and dust were sprinkled o'er their chests,  
As they the wearied king from battle bore.  
But Hector, when he Agamemnon saw  
Retiring, cheer'd the Trojans and allies ;  
Trojans, and Lycians, and Dardanians bold,  
Be men, my friends, and valour call to mind ;  
The best of men is gone, and Saturn's Son  
To me gives glory ; but drive straight your steeds  
'Gainst the bold Greeks, that ye may glory gain. 290

Thus saying, he of all the courage roused.  
And as when some bold hunter white-tooth'd dogs  
Against a wild boar or a lion slips ;  
So Hector, equal to man-slaying Mars,  
The noble Trojans roused against the Greeks ;  
And he himself amidst the foremost fought,  
And fell amongst them, like a raging storm,  
Which leaping down, stirs up the darken'd sea.  
Whom first, whom last, did Hector, Priam's son,  
Slay, when Jove, Saturn's son, him glory gave ? 300  
Assæus first, and Dolops, Clytus' son,  
And Agelaus, and Autinous,  
Æsymnus, Orus, and Hipponous,  
Opites, and Opheltius ; these he slew,  
And then the crowd ; as when the West-Wind strikes  
The clouds collected by the fleecy South ;  
The swelling wave rolls on ; and high the spray  
Is scatter'd by the breath of wand'ring winds ;  
So thickly men's heads before Hector fell.  
And now had ruin and sad loss arisen, 310  
And flying, in the ships the Greeks had fallen,  
Had not Ulysses Diomedes roused ;  
Tydides, why do we bold war forget ?  
But come, stand by me, friend ; for it were shame,  
If crested Hector should the ships destroy.  
Brave Diomedes answer'd him address'd ;  
I will stand by thee, and endure ; but short  
Will be our joy, since now cloud-gath'ring Jove  
Much more the vict'ry to the Trojans wills.  
He said, and push'd Thymbræus from his car, 320

Striking his left breast; and Ulysses slew  
Godlike Molion, who the horses drove.  
And them they left there, ne'er again to war,  
And 'midst the crowd a tumult raised, as when [fall;  
Two boars 'midst hunting dogs with proud thoughts  
So they the Trojans routed; and the Greeks  
Gladly, escaped from noble Hector, breathed.  
They then a car, and two brave chieftains took,  
The sons of Merops, the Percosian seer,  
Who knew the future, nor his sons allow'd 330  
To go to man-destroying war; but they  
Obey'd not, by the fates of black death led.  
Them Diomedes, Tydeus' spear-famed son,  
Slew and despoil'd; and wise Ulysses spoil'd  
Hippodamus and bold Hyperochus.  
Then Saturn's Son to both gave equal strength  
From Ida's mount; and they each other slew.  
Tydides Pæons' son, Agastrophus,  
Struck on the groin; nor were his horses near  
To fly; and for his folly he atoned; 340  
For them his servant held apart; and he  
Rush'd 'midst the foremost, till he lost his life.  
But Hector soon perceived, and on them rush'd  
With shout; and with him went the Trojan bands.  
And Tydeus' warlike son, when him he saw,  
Shudder'd, and quickly to Ulysses said;  
Truly on us dread Hector rolls this wave;  
But let us stand, and firmly him await.  
He said, and shaking, darted his long spear,  
And struck, nor miss'd him, aiming at his head, 350

Close by the crest ; but brass from brass was turn'd,  
Nor reach'd the skin ; for him the triple helm  
Defended, which Apollo gave him erst.  
But Hector quickly to the crowd retired,  
And falling on his knee, upon his hand  
Rested ; and sable night his eyes o'erspread.  
And while Tydides went to seek his spear  
Far through the foremost, where in earth it sank,  
Hector revived, and to his chariot rush'd,  
And driving 'midst the crowd, dark fate escaped. 360  
But Diomedes rushing him address'd ;

Dog, thou hast death escaped, which near thee came ;  
Phœbus Apollo thee again hath saved,  
To whom thou prayest in the crash of spears.  
When next I meet thee, I may thee o'ercome,  
If any God to me will aid afford.  
I now will others seek, whom I may catch.

He said, and Pæon's spear-famed son despoil'd.  
But Alexander, fair-hair'd Helen's spouse,  
Against Tydides stretch'd his bended bow, 370  
Lean'd 'gainst a pillar, raised by man, the tomb  
Of Dardan Ilus, erst the people's king.  
While Tydeus' son the corslet and bright shield  
Stript from the shoulders of Agastrophus,  
And weighty helmet, he the bowstring drew,  
And struck him—nor in vain the shaft was sped—  
On the right heel, and pinn'd him to the ground ;  
Right through it pass'd ; and he with joyous laugh  
Leap'd from the ambush, and exulting said ;

The shaft hath struck thee, nor in vain was sped ;

I would it in thy belly had been fix'd.  
The Trojans then from sorrow would have ceased,  
Who thee, as bleating goats a lion, dread.

To him Tydides without fear replied ;  
Woman-deceiver, bowyer, foul disgrace,  
If thou wouldst meet me now in equal arms,  
Nought thee thy bow and swift shafts would avail ;  
Thou hast but scratch'd me, and thy vaunts are vain.  
So strikes a woman, or a senseless boy ;  
For weak the dart is of a worthless man. 390  
Far other flies a sharp dart from my hand ;  
And he, whome'er it reaches, quickly dies.  
His wife lamenting, tears her widow'd cheeks ;  
His sons are orphans ; and he stains the ground  
With blood ; and round him are more birds than wives.

So said he ; and Ulysses coming near,  
Before him stood ; and he retiring, drew  
The sharp shaft out ; and bitter pain arose ;  
Then to his car he rush'd, and grieving bade  
His comrade drive him to the hollow ships. 400  
Spear-famed Ulysses then alone was left,  
Nor any Greek remain'd, since fear seized all ;  
And he much-moved, his patient mind address'd ;

Ah me, what shall I do ; 'tis base to fly,  
Fearing the crowd ; and worse, if I be caught  
Alone ; and Jove the other Greeks hath scared.  
But why does my dear mind these things revolve ?  
I know, that only cowards fly from war ;  
And who in fight excels, it him beseems  
Boldly to stand, and to be slain, or slay. 410

While he these things within his mind revolved,  
Right on the ranks of Trojan spearmen came,  
And closed around, and 'midst them placed a loss.  
As round a boar swift dogs and vig'rous youths  
Toil ; and he rushes from a deep recess,  
Sharp'ning his white teeth in his crooked jaws ;  
They rush around him ; and the cranch of teeth  
Resounds ; and him, though dreadful, they await ;  
So then round Jove-beloved Ulysses rush'd  
The Trojans ; and he leaping, with sharp spear 420  
Dēiōpites on the shoulder struck.

And then he Ennomus and Thoon slew.  
And then Chersidamas he, 'neath his shield  
Struck on the navel, as he leap'd to earth ;  
And falling in the dust, he bit the ground.  
And then he Charops, son of Hippasus,  
Brother of well-born Socus, struck with spear.  
But godlike Socus to defend him came,  
And near him stood, and words to him address'd ;

Much-praised Ulysses, famed for wiles and toils,  
Thou o'er two sons of Hippasus shalt boast,  
And slaying two such men, strip off their arms,  
Or tamed beneath my hand, thy life shalt lose.

So saying, 'gainst his equal shield he push'd ;  
Pierced through the shining shield the dreadful spear,  
And through the richly varied corslet pass'd,  
And from his ribs stript off the skin ; nor yet  
Did Pallas let it reach the inward parts.  
He knew, the weapon had not rightly sped,  
And back retiring, Socus he address'd ; 440



Ah wretch, thee surely dreadful death o'ertakes ;  
Thou me hast 'gainst the Trojans stay'd to fight ;  
But slaughter and black fate to thee, I say,  
This day shall come ; and thou shalt 'neath my spear  
To me give glory, and to Pluto life.

He said ; and Socus turning, sought to fly ;  
But, as he turn'd, he 'twixt the shoulders fix'd  
His spear behind, and drove it through his breast.  
He falling sounded ; and Ulysses said ;

O Socus, son of car-borne Hippasus, 450  
Death's term hath reach'd thee, nor hast thou escaped.  
Ah wretch, thy sire and honour'd mother ne'er  
Thine eyes in death shall close ; but rav'ning birds  
Thy flesh shall tear, and o'er thee flap their wings ;  
But when I die, the Greeks shall me inter.

So saying, warlike Socus' dreadful spear  
From his own skin and bossy shield he drew ;  
And the warm blood rush'd out, and grieved his soul.  
But when the Trojans saw Ulysses' blood,  
They cheer'd each other, and against him rush'd ; 460  
And he retiring, to his comrades call'd.  
Three times he shouted with extended throat ;  
And three times Menelaus heard him shout ;  
And Ajax he address'd, who near him stood ;

O Jove-born Ajax, Telamonian king,  
The shout of bold Ulysses strikes my ear,  
As if the warlike Trojans round him press'd,  
And he in strenuous battle stood alone.  
But let us pierce the crowd, and him defend.  
I fear, lest aught he suffer 'midst the foe, 470

Though brave; and grief would to the Greeks arise.

He saying led, and Ajax with him went;  
They found Jove-loved Ulysses, and around  
The Trojans toil'd, like jackalls in a wood  
Around an antler'd stag, by some man struck  
With shaft from string; and flying he escapes,  
While still his blood is warm, and strong his knees;  
But when the pointed arrow him has tamed,  
'The rav'ning jackalls in a shady grove  
Tear him; but Jove a brindled lion sends;       480  
And him the jackalls fear, and leave the prey;  
So then around Ulysses, brave and wise,  
Many bold Trojans toil'd; but he with spear  
Rush'd, and destruction warded from himself.  
But Ajax, bearing, like a tower, his shield,  
Came, and stood near him; and the Trojans fear'd;  
And Menelaus led him from the crowd,  
Until his comrade drove his horses near.  
Then Ajax on the Trojans leap'd, and slew  
Doryclus, Priam's son, and Pandocus,       490  
Lysander, Pyrasus, Pylastes, thrust.  
As when a swelling river seeks the plain  
From hills in winter, yielding to Jove's rain,  
And many spreading oaks and lofty pines  
Bears down, and casts much wreck into the sea;  
So noble Ajax rushing clear'd the plain,  
And steeds and men destroy'd; but Hector him  
Perceived not; for he by Scamander's banks  
Fought on the left, where many noble heads  
Of heroes fell, and ceaseless shout arose,       500

Around great Nestor and Idomeneus.  
'Midst these was Hector, doing wondrous deeds  
With spear and horses, wasting ranks of youths.  
Nor would the Greeks have yielded from the path,  
If Alexander, fair-hair'd Helen's spouse,  
Had not Machaon, as he bravely fought,  
Struck on the shoulder with a three-barb'd shaft.  
For him the courage breathing Argives fear'd,  
Lest they should slay him, when the battle turn'd.  
And king Idomeneus to Nestor said ; 510

The Greeks' great glory, Nestor, Neleus' son,  
Ascend thy car, and let Machaon mount  
Beside thee, and drive quickly to the ships ;  
For a skill'd leech is worth full many men  
To cut out arrows, and spread soothing balms.

So said he ; nor did Nestor disobey ;  
And by him in the car Machaon went,  
The son of Æsculapius, blameless leech ;  
He lash'd the steeds, which not unwilling flew  
Back to the hollow ships, as he desired. 520

But Hector's charioteer, Cebriones,  
The Trojans routed saw, and him address'd ;  
Hector, we here amongst the Greeks remain  
Upon the battle's verge ; and all the rest  
Are routed yonder, men and horse confused.  
'Tis Ajax routs them ; and I know him well ;  
For he his great shield bears ; but let us now  
Our steeds and chariot there direct, where most  
The horse and foot, in evil contest press'd,  
Destroy each other, and loud shouts arise. 530

So saying, he the beauteous horses lash'd ;  
And they, the shrill whip hearing, swiftly bore  
The car amidst the Trojans and the Greeks,  
Trampling on shields and bodies ; and with blood  
The car and axle underneath were stain'd,  
Which spatter'd from the tires and horses' hoofs  
Was dash'd around ; and he the crowd desired  
To break and enter, and sad tumult raised  
Amongst the Greeks, close leaping on their spears.  
Thus on the ranks of other men he drove 540  
With spear, and sword, and huge hand-fitting stones,  
But Telamonian Ajax' battle shunn'd.

Jove Sire then terror in great Ajax roused ;  
And he, with shield behind, astonied stood,  
And like a lion, looking on the crowd,  
Backward retired with slow reluctant step.  
And as when nimble dogs and shepherd youths  
A brindled lion from an ox-stall drive ;  
And they permit him not to take bull's fat,  
Watching all night ; and eager to taste flesh, 550  
He rushes, but in vain ; for frequent darts  
From powerful hands against his sides are thrown,  
And flaring brands, which he, though eager, fears ;  
And in the Morn he grieved at heart retires ;  
So Ajax then before the Trojan host  
Retired reluctant, fearing for the ships.  
As when an ass through boys has forced his way  
Into a field ; and many sticks they break ;  
He then the deep corn crops ; and they with sticks  
Beat him ; and all their childish force is vain ; 560

But him, when sated, they with ease expel ;  
So then the Trojans and renown'd allies  
Great Jove-born Ajax, Telamon's brave son,  
Pursued, and aye his mid shield push'd with spears.  
Now Ajax strenuous valour call'd to mind,  
And turning back, restrain'd the serried bands  
Of car-borne Trojans, and now turn'd to fly ;  
But all he hinder'd to the ships to pass ;  
And standing 'midst the Greeks' and Trojans' ranks,  
He rush'd ; and many spears from powerful hands,  
Part rushing forward, in his shield were fix'd,  
And part midway, ere they his white skin reach'd,  
To wound desirous, in the green earth stood.

But when Eurypylus, Evæmon's son,  
Him sore oppress'd with frequent darts perceived,  
He by him stood, and darting with bright spear,  
Struck warlike Apisaon, Phausus' son,  
Right through the liver, and soon loosed his knees ;  
He then rush'd forward, and stript off his arms.  
When godlike Alexander him perceived 580  
Spoiling the arms, against Eurypylus  
He drew his bow, and his right thigh with shaft  
Struck ; and the broken reed weigh'd down the limb ;  
He then his comrades sought, avoiding fate,  
And shouted loudly through the Danaan host ;  
O friends, the kings and leaders of the Greeks,  
Turn back, and stand, and dreadful fate avert  
From Ajax ; for darts press him ; nor, I say,  
Will he sad war escape ; but quickly now  
Stand round great Ajax, Telamon's brave son. 590

So said Eurypylus ; and they stood near,  
And 'gainst their shoulders lean'd their shining shields,  
And raised their spears ; and Ajax towards them came,  
And turn'd, and stood, when he his comrades reach'd.  
So they contending fought, like burning fire.

But the Nelean horses sweating bore  
Nestor from battle, and Machaon led.  
And swift divine Achilles them perceived ;  
For at the stern of his great ship he stood,  
Viewing the mighty toil, and sad pursuit. 600  
And he his friend Patroclus from the ship  
Call'd, and address'd ; and in the tent he heard,  
And came, like Mars, whence all his ills arose.  
Him first Menœtius' valiant son address'd ;

Why me, Achilles, hast thou hither call'd ?  
Replying swift Achilles him address'd ;

Divine Patroclus, grateful to my mind,  
I think, now round my knees the Greeks will stand  
Entreating ; for resistless need is come.

But go, Jove-loved Patroclus, and inquire, 610  
Whom Nestor wounded from the battle leads.

He seem'd to me like Æsculapius' son,  
Machaon ; but I saw not the man's eyes ;  
For the swift horses eager past me rush'd.

So said he ; and Patroclus him obey'd,  
And quickly ran by the Greeks' tents and ships.

And when they reach'd the tent of Neleus' son,  
They both descended on the verdant earth.  
And soon Eurymedon the horses loosed,  
The old man's comrade ; and they 'gainst the breeze,

Stood on the shore, and cool'd the sweat, and then  
Enter'd the tent, and on the couches sat.  
For them fair Hecamedè mix'd a bowl,  
Arsinous' child; he her from Tenedus  
Took, when Achilles sack'd it; and the Greeks  
Gave her, since he in council all excell'd.  
She first before them a fair table placed,  
Dark-footed, polish'd, and upon it set  
A brazen dish with thirst-exciting leeks,  
And honey fresh, and cakes of finest flour, 630  
And then a beauteous goblet, which from home  
The old man brought, with golden studs adorn'd;  
Around it were four handles, and o'er each  
Two golden doves were work'd, and two beneath.  
This others scarcely from the board could move,  
When full, but Nestor lifted it with ease.  
In this the godlike maiden for them mix'd  
Pramnean wine, and grated o'er goat's cheese  
With brazen rasp, and sprinkled o'er white crumbs,  
And bade them drink, when she had all prepared. 640  
When they had drunk, and parching thirst allay'd,  
With sweet discourse each other they refresh'd.

But at the door divine Patroclus stood;  
And from his shining seat the old man rose,  
And took him by the hand, and bade him sit;  
But he refused, and winged words address'd;

I must not sit, nor wilt thou me persuade;  
For dread his wrath, who sent me to inquire,  
Whom struck thou leadest; but myself I know,  
And see, Machaon, shepherd of the host. 650

And now I to Achilles must return.

For well thou know'st, Jove-loved old man, how dread  
He is, and oft the blameless he will blame.

To him Gerenian Nestor then replied ;  
Why doth Achilles for the Argives mourn,  
Who are with weapons wounded ? knows he not,  
What sorrow through the host has risen ? for all  
The chiefs lie struck and wounded at the ships.  
Brave Diomedes, Tydeus' son, is struck,  
And famed Ulysses, and Mycenæ's king, 660  
And in the thigh Eurypylus is hurt.

And this man late I from the battle led,  
Struck with an arrow ; but Achilles still,  
Though good, the Greeks nor pities nor regards.  
Waits he, until the swift ships near the sea,  
Despite the Greeks, with hostile fire are burnt,  
And we in rows are slain ? No more my strength  
Is such, as erst-while in my supple limbs.

Would, I were youthful, and my strength remain'd,  
As when a strife 'twixt us and Elis rose 670

For oxen, when Itymoneus I slew,  
Son of Hyperochus, in Elis bred,  
Seeking reprisals ; guarding then his beeves,  
He 'midst the foremost by my hand was struck,  
And fell ; and round him all the herdsmen fear'd.

We then great spoil collected from the plain ;  
Of oxen fifty herds, as many droves  
Of swine, and countless flocks of sheep and goats ;  
A hundred too and fifty choice bay steeds,  
All mares, and 'neath them many beauteous foals. 680



These we to Pylus, Neleus' city, drove  
All night ; and Neleus in his mind rejoiced,  
Because so young a warrior much I brought.  
And with the Morn the heralds loud proclaim'd,  
That all their debts from Elis should receive ;  
The Pylian chiefs the spoil amongst them shared ;  
For the Epeans debts to many owed ;  
Since few and weak in Pylus we remain'd ;  
For Hercules the city had destroy'd  
In former years ; and all the best were slain. 690  
For we to Neleus were twelve blameless sons,  
And I alone was left ; the rest were dead.  
So the brass-clad Epeans us despised,  
And spoil'd us oft with insolence and wrong.  
The old man took a herd of beeves and sheep,  
Choosing three hundred with the shepherd youths.  
To him from Elis a great debt was due,  
Four racing horses and a beauteous car,  
Which for a tripod he had sent to run.  
And these Augeas, king of men, detain'd, 700  
And sent the driver grieving for his steeds.  
The old man, angry at these words and works,  
Took much himself, and bade the people share  
The rest, that none might his just portion want.  
We thus were busied, off'ring to the Gods,  
About the town ; and when the third day rose,  
They all assembled with their horses came,  
And 'midst them were the two Molions arm'd,  
As yet but youths, nor skill'd in warlike arts.  
There is a city, Thryoessa named, 710

Far from Alphëus, last on Pylus' sands.  
This they surrounded, and desired to take.  
But when they cover'd all the plain, by night  
Minerva came, and bade us quickly arm,  
And she the people not unwilling' roused,  
But eager to engage ; but Neleus me  
Permitted not to arm, and hid my steeds ;  
For yet, he said, I knew not warlike works.  
But still amidst our horsemen I appear'd,  
Though all on foot ; for so Minerva led. 720  
There is a river, Minyëius,  
Which falls beside Arena to the sea,  
Where with the foot the horsemen waited Morn.  
'Thence we in full array in bright arms clad  
At midday reach'd Alphëus' sacred stream ;  
There off'ring fair rites to almighty Jove,  
And bulls to Neptune and Alphëus' stream,  
And a free heifer to the blue-eyed Maid,  
Our army took the evening meal in ranks ;  
And we reposed around the River's streams 730  
Each in his arms ; and round the city stood  
The bold Epeans, eager to destroy.  
But first a mighty work of Mars appear'd ;  
For when the Sun above the earth arose,  
Praying to Jove and Pallas, we engaged.  
But when the Pylians and Epeans met,  
I first slew Moulius, and his horses seized ;  
He yellow Agamedè, eldest born  
Of king Augeas, for his bride possess'd,  
Who knew all simples, which the earth affords. 740

Him I advancing struck with brazen spear;  
He fell to earth ; and rushing to his car,  
I stood amongst the foremost ; and dismay'd  
The bold Epeans saw a chieftain fall,  
Who led the horsemen, and excell'd in war.  
But I rush'd forward, like a darkling storm,  
And fifty chariots took ; and two men bit  
The ground from each, subdued beneath my spear.  
I then the two Molions, Actor's sons,  
Had slain, if them their Grandsire had not saved, 750  
Earth-shaking Neptune, in thick darkness hid.  
Then Jove great glory to the Pylians gave ;  
And them we o'er the boundless plain pursued,  
And slew themselves, and gather'd their fair arms,  
Till we our steeds to rich Buprasium drove,  
The rock Olenian, and Alesian hill ;  
And thence Minerva turn'd the people back.  
There I the last man slew ; and back the Greeks  
Their steeds to Pylus from Buprasium drove,  
And all their vows to Jove and Nestor made. 760  
Such was I once 'mongst men ; but Peleus' son  
Alone enjoys his virtue ; he, I think,  
Much, when the people perish, will repent.  
O friend, Menœtius thus to thee enjoin'd,  
That day, when thee he to Atrides sent ;  
For I and wise Ulysses then within  
Heard all, he in the house to thee enjoin'd,  
When we to Peleus' pleasant mansion came,  
Collecting people through rich-pastured Greece.  
We there renown'd Menœtius found within, 770

And thee, and swift Achilles ; and his sire,  
Peleus, was burning a bull's thighs to Jove  
Within the court ; and he a golden cup  
Held, and pour'd dark wine on the burning thighs.  
Ye two were toiling round the flesh ; and we  
Stood at the entrance ; and Achilles rose  
Wond'ring, and took our hands, and bade us sit,  
And offer'd all, that is the stranger's due.  
And when both food and wine we had enjoy'd,  
I first began, and bade you with us go ; 780  
And ye were willing ; and they much enjoin'd ;  
Peleus his son Achilles first enjoin'd  
Aye to be best, and other men excel.  
And thus Menœtius, Actor's son, enjoin'd ;  
“ My son, Achilles thee in birth and strength  
By much excels ; but thou art elder born ;  
Hence prudent counsel give, and well suggest,  
And him direct ; and he to good will yield.”  
Thou hast his words forgotten ; but e'en now  
All these things to divine Achilles say. 790  
Who knows, if thou his mind with God might move ;  
For the persuasion of a friend is good.  
But if he in his soul some God's word shuns,  
And if his Mother aught from Jove has shewn,  
Let him with thee the other people send,  
That some relief thou to the Greeks mayst bring ;  
And let him give thee his immortal arms,  
That thee the Trojans may for him mistake,  
And cease from battle ; and the Greeks awhile  
May breathe ; for short is the repose from war. 800

And ye untired might wearied men with ease  
Thrust towards the city from the ships and tents.

So saying, in his breast his mind he roused ;  
And by the ships he to Achilles ran.  
But when he reach'd divine Ulysses' ships,  
Where the assembly and the courts were held,  
And where the altars of the Gods were built,  
Jove-born Eurypylus, Evæmon's son,  
Met him, as, wounded in the thigh with shaft,  
He limp'd from battle ; and the dewy sweat 810  
Flow'd from his brows ; and from the bitter wound  
The dark blood trickled ; but his mind was firm.  
Him then Menœtius' son with pity saw,  
And grieving, winged words to him address'd ;

Ah wretched chiefs and leaders of the Greeks,  
Ye surely will, from friends and country far,  
Sate here in Troy swift dogs with your white fat.  
But come, Jove-nurtured hero, tell me this ;  
Will yet the Greeks enormous Hector check,  
Or perish now beneath his spear subdued ? 820

To him inspired Eurypylus replied ;  
No more, Jove-born Patroclus, can the Greeks  
Resist, but in the sable ships will fall.  
For now all they, who were before the best,  
Lie struck and wounded in the hollow ships  
By Trojan hands ; and aye their strength prevails.  
But save and lead me to my sable ship,  
And cut the arrow from my thigh, and wash  
The wound with water, and spread soothing balms,  
Which thou, they say, hast from Achilles learn'd, 830

Whom Chiron, justest of the Centaurs, taught.  
For king Machaon, wounded in his tent,  
Himself, I think, a skilful leech requires ;  
And Podalirius on Scamander's plain  
Still the sharp battle of the Trojans meets.

Him then Menoetius' valiant son address'd ;  
How may this be ? what, hero, shall we do ?  
I go, that I may to Achilles say,  
What Nestor, guardian of the Greeks, enjoin'd.  
But yet I will not leave thee thus distress'd. 840

He then the people's shepherd to his tent  
Supported ; and his comrade ox-hides strew'd ;  
And there he stretch'd him, and with dagger cut  
The sharp shaft out, and with warm water wash'd  
The dark blood off, and rubbing with his hands,  
Spread o'er a bitter root, which eased the pains,  
And cleansed the wound, and stopp'd the welling blood.





# IL I A D,

## BOOK XII.



O in the tent Menœtius' valiant son  
Tended Eurypylus ; but mingled fought  
The Greeks and Trojans ; nor the Da-  
naans' trench

Should long resist, nor the wide wall above,  
Which they around the hollow ships had made,  
But had not to the Gods given hecatombs,  
That it for them the swift ships and much spoil  
Might guard within ; so it despite the Gods  
Was built, and firm not long should it remain.  
While Hector lived, and swift Achilles raged,      10  
And while the city of king Priam stood,  
So long the great wall of the Greeks was firm ;  
But when the best of Trojans were all dead,  
And many Greeks were slain, and many left,  
And Priam's city in the tenth year fell,  
And back the Argives to their country sail'd,  
Then Neptune and Apollo counsel join'd  
The wall to level, and they turn'd the streams,  
Which flow from Ida's summits to the sea,  
Rhesus, Caresus, and Heptaporus,      20



Granicus, black Æsepus, Rhodius,  
Xanthus, and Simois, where many shields  
And helms of heroes in the dust had fallen ;  
Phœbus of these together turn'd the mouths,  
And nine days drove the stream against the wall ;  
And great Jove ceaseless to o'erthrow it rain'd.  
And the Earth-shaker, holding in his hands  
The trident, led, and all the trunks and stones  
Sent to the waves, which the Greeks toiling laid,  
And made them level with swift Hellespont, 30  
And cover'd all the mighty shore with sands,  
And hid the wall ; and then he turn'd the streams  
To flow, where erst their beauteous waters ran.

So Neptune and Apollo should the wall  
O'erthrow ; but then the shout and battle burnt  
Around the well-built wall, and the tower's beams  
Resounded ; and the Greeks, by Jove's scourge tamed,  
Crowded beside the hollow ships remain'd,  
Dreading great Hector, powerful source of fear ;  
And, as before, he, like a tempest, fought. 40  
As when amidst bold hunters and swift dogs,  
Glaring in strength, a boar or lion turns ;  
And they together banded, like a tower,  
Opposing stand, and many pointed spears  
Dart from their hands ; but ne'er his noble heart  
Trembles or fears ; and him his courage slays ;  
And turning oft, he tries the ranks of men,  
And where he rushes, to his might they yield ;  
So Hector through the tumult turn'd, and bade  
His comrades pass the trench ; nor did his steeds 50

Dare, though swift-footed ; but they neighing stood  
Close on the brink ; for them the wide trench scared,  
Not easy to o'erleap, nor smooth to pass ;  
For the steep banks on both sides cover'd stood  
From end to end, and sharpen'd stakes above  
Were planted, which the sons of Greeks had set  
Frequent and large, a fence from hostile men.  
Not there with ease a horse with polish'd car  
Could pass, and e'en the foot consid'ring stood.  
Polydamas bold Hector then address'd ; 60  
Hector, and chiefs of Trojans and allies,  
We idly drive our swift steeds through the trench ;  
For it is hard to pass, and sharp stakes stand  
Within, and near them is the Grecian wall.  
'Tis not for horsemen to descend or fight ;  
For it is strait, and we should wounds receive.  
For if loud-thund'ring Jove with evil thoughts  
The Greeks o'erthrows, and will the Trojans aid,  
I would indeed, it quickly might befall,  
The Greeks here nameless far from home should die ;  
But if they turn, and chase us from the ships  
Again, and we against the sunk trench strike,  
I think, that then not e'en a messenger  
Would reach the city, when the Argives turn'd.  
But come, as I advise, let all obey ;  
Our comrades at the trench shall check our steeds ;  
And we on foot, close-banded, clad in arms,  
Will follow Hector ; and the Greeks will yield,  
If o'er them now the terms of fate impend.  
Thus said Polydamas ; and from his car 80

Hector, approving, leap'd in arms to earth ;  
Nor did the Trojans in their cars remain,  
But rush'd dismounting, when they Hector saw.  
And then each leader bade his charioteer  
His horses hold in order by the trench ;  
And they, advancing in close serried ranks,  
In five divisions with their leaders went.  
The most and bravest, and who chiefly sought  
To break the wall and fight beside the ships,  
With Hector and Polydamas advanced, 90  
And with Cebriones ; for Hector left  
A weaker with the car ; Alcatous,  
And Paris, and Agenor, led the next ;  
Deiphobus and Helenus the third,  
Two sons of Priam, with Hyrtacides,  
Heroic Asius, whom his vast bay steeds  
Brought from Arisba by Sellëis' stream ;  
Anchises' son, Æneas, led the fourth ;  
And with him sage Antenor's valiant sons,  
Archelochus and Acamas, were join'd ; 100  
But brave Sarpedon led the famed allies,  
And Glaucus and Asteropæus chose  
To aid him ; for they far the best appear'd  
After himself ; for he 'midst all excell'd.  
And when they had their shields together join'd,  
They eager march'd, and said, the Greeks no more  
Would them resist, but in the black ships fall.  
The other Trojans and renown'd allies  
The counsel of Polydamas obey'd.  
But Hyrtacus' son, Asius, chief of men, 110

Would not his steeds and comrade leave behind,  
But with them he the hollow ships approach'd ;  
Fool ; for not so, escaping evil fate,  
With steeds and car exulting, from the ships  
Should he again to sacred Troy return ;  
For hateful fate first tamed him by the spear  
Of king Idomeneus, Deucalion's son.  
Far to the left he hasten'd, where the Greeks  
With cars and horses from the plain retired ;  
There he his steeds and chariot drove, nor found 120  
The gates with planks and pond'rous bolt secured ;  
For careful warders them still open held  
Some comrade, flying from the war, to save.  
There he drove straight his steeds ; and shouting loud  
His comrades follow'd ; for no more, they said,  
The Greeks would stay, but in the black ships fall ;  
Fools ; at the gates they found two valiant chiefs,  
The proud sons of the spear-famed Lapithæ,  
Strong Polypœtes, king Pirithous' son,  
And bold Leonteus, like man-slaying Mars. 130  
These then before the lofty portals stood,  
As when in mountains lofty-headed oaks,  
Which all their days have wind and rain endured,  
Fix'd with enormous wide-outstretching roots ;  
So they, relying on their hands and strength,  
Great Asius' onset waited without fear.  
But they against the lofty wall their shields  
Uplifted, and with mighty shout advanced,  
Round Asius, Adamas, Iamenus,  
Orestes, Thoon, and CEnomaus. 140

And these awhile within the wall remain'd,  
And roused the Argives to defend the ships ;  
But when the Trojans rushing 'gainst the wall  
They saw, and the Greeks' cry and flight arose,  
They, rushing out, before the portals fought,  
Like savage boars, which on a wooded hill  
The fierce assault of men and dogs await ;  
And rushing sidelong, they around them break  
The wood, uprooting ; and the cranch of teeth  
Is heard, till some one take their life away ;        150  
So rang the shining brass upon their breasts,  
Struck with sharp spears ; for they undaunted fought,  
Relying on their strength, and comrades' aid,  
Who from above upon the well-built towers,  
Themselves defending, and the tents, and ships,  
Cast pond'rous stones ; which frequent fell, like snow,  
Which a fresh breeze upon the verdant earth,  
Whirling the shadowy clouds, pours thickly down ;  
So thickly pour'd the weapons from the hands  
Of Greeks and Trojans ; and their bossy shields    160  
And helms rang shrilly, with great millstones struck.  
Then Asius, son of Hyrtacus, exclaim'd,  
And striking both his thighs, indignant spoke ;  
    Jove Sire, thou ever lovest to deceive.  
I said, the warlike Argives would no more  
Resist our valour and unconquer'd hands.  
But they, as bees, or wasps with agile waists,  
Who build their houses near a rocky path,  
Will not their hollow mansion leave, but wait  
The skilful hunters, and defend their young ;        170

So from the gates these will not, though but two,  
Retire, before they slay us or be slain.

So said he ; but he did not move Jove's mind ;  
For he to Hector glory meant to give.

The others fought against the other gates ;  
I cannot all things, as a God, relate ;  
For all around the wall a ceaseless fire  
Of stones arose ; and they, by need compell'd,  
The ships defended ; and the Gods were grieved  
All, who in war were wont to aid the Greeks. 180

The Lapithæ then war and battle join'd ;  
Strong Polypoetes, king Pirithous' son,  
With spear struck Damasus right through the helm ;  
The brazen helm resisted not ; but through  
The sharp point broke the bone ; and all within  
The brain was shaken ; and he tamed his strength.  
And then he Ormenus and Pylon slew.  
With spear Leonteus on the girdle struck  
Hippomachus, Antimachus' bold son ;  
And drawing forth his sharp sword from the sheath,  
He, rushing through the crowd, Antiphates  
Struck hand to hand ; and prone on earth he fell.  
And then Orestes, and Iamenus,  
And Menon, heap'd he to the green earth cast.

While they were stripping off the shining arms,  
They, who round Hector and Polydamas  
Were most and bravest, and who chiefly sought  
To break the wall, and burn the ships with fire,  
They, standing by the trench, consider'd still.  
For as they sought to pass, to them appear'd 200

A soaring eagle on the people's left,  
Bearing a monstrous serpent in his claws,  
Alive, still struggling; nor forgot he war;  
For him upon the neck and breast he cut,  
Bent backwards; and he cast him to the ground,  
Madden'd with pain, and threw him 'midst the crowd,  
Then screaming, down the wind's blast flew away.  
The Trojans shudder'd, when they saw the snake  
Lying amidst, the sign of sov'reign Jove.

At length Polydamas to Hector said; 210

Hector, thou aye my counsel to reprove  
Art wont, though prudent; since it is not meet,  
The people to persuade in council aught,  
Nor yet in war, but aye thy power increase.  
And now I say, what seems to me the best.  
Let us not fight the Danaans at the ships.  
For thus, I think it will be, if in truth  
This bird hath come, as we desired to pass,  
A soaring eagle on the people's left,  
Bearing a monstrous serpent in his claws, 220  
Alive; yet cast him down, before he reach'd  
His nest, nor bore him safely to his young;  
So though we now the Argives' gates and wall  
May break with great strength, and the Greeks may  
We shall not safely from the ships return. [yield,  
For we shall many of the Trojans leave,  
Whom the Greeks, fighting for their ships, will slay.  
So would a prophet say, who in his mind  
Knew well of signs, and whom the host believed.

Crest-shaking Hector frowning him address'd; 230

No more, Polydamas, thy counsels please ;  
Thou know'st a better word, than this, to speak ;  
And if indeed thou this in earnest say'st,  
The Gods themselves have thee of sense bereft.  
Hast thou the counsels of loud-thund'ring Jove  
Forgot, which late he promised and confirm'd ?  
And now thou bidst me long-wing'd birds obey,  
For whom I care not, nor to them attend,  
Or fly they to the right towards Sun and Morn,  
Or to the left unto the shades of eve. 240

Let us the counsel of great Jove obey,  
Who o'er all mortals and Immortals reigns.  
To guard our country is the best of birds.  
Why dost thou war and noble battle dread ?  
For if we all the rest be slain around  
At the Greeks' ships, thou need'st not fear to die ;  
For ne'er thy craven heart the fight awaits.  
But if thou shrink from battle, or persuade  
With speeches others to retire from war,  
Struck by my spear thou soon thy life shalt lose. 250

So saying, he led on ; and shouting loud,  
They with him went ; and thunder-bearing Jove  
A storm of wind from Ida's mountains sent,  
Which bore the dust against the ships, and tamed  
The Greeks, and glory to the Trojans gave.  
And they, relying on his signs and strength,  
To break the Argives' mighty wall essay'd.  
They dragg'd the turrets, and the bulwarks tore,  
And rooted up the pillars, which the Greeks  
In earth had planted to sustain the towers. 260



These they drew back, and hoped the Grecian wall  
To break ; nor did the Danaans yet give way ;  
But they the bulwarks guarded with bulls' hides,  
And struck the foes advancing 'gainst the walls ;  
And either Ajax cheer'd them on the towers,  
And walk'd around, and the Greeks' courage roused ;  
And some with gentle, some with taunting words,  
They chid, whome'er they saw from battle shrink ;

O friends, the choicest and the midst of Greeks,  
And e'en the weakest ; for not all in war 270  
Are equal ; work hath now for all appear'd ;  
And ye yourselves know this ; let no one turn  
Back to the ships, when he our chiding hears,  
But still rush forward, and each other cheer,  
If so Olympian Jove to us will give  
To flee reproach, and drive the foemen back.

So they two shouting the Greeks' battle roused.  
And as the winged flakes of snow fall thick  
In wintry hour, when sov'reign Jove designs  
To snow to mortals, and his arms display ; 280  
He lays the winds, and constant pours, until  
High mountains' tops and lofty peaks he hides,  
And flow'ry meads, and fertile works of men,  
And shores and havens of the hoary sea ;  
Alone the wave restrains it, and the rest  
Is cover'd deep, when Jove's shower all o'erwhelms ;  
So to both sides the stones, cast frequent, flew,  
As well against the Trojans, as the Greeks,  
And loud the din o'er all the war arose.  
Nor would great Hector and the Trojans then 290

Have broken through the gates and mighty bolt,  
If Jove Sire had not 'gainst the Greeks his son,  
Sarpedon, as 'midst beeves a lion, roused.  
He then before him placed his equal shield,  
Fair, brazen, beaten, by an artist made,  
Who all within it frequent bulls' hides sew'd  
With golden rods extending round the rim.  
This he before him held, and shook two spears,  
And, like a hill-bred lion, went, who long  
Has wanted flesh ; and him his soul exhorts,        300  
Trying for sheep, to enter a close fold ;  
And though he by it shepherd youths may find  
With dogs and spears prepared to guard the sheep,  
He means not without trial to depart ;  
But leaping, one he seizes, or himself  
With dart by strong hand 'midst the first is struck ;  
So then his mind divine Sarpedon roused  
To reach the wall, and through the bulwarks break.  
And soon his kinsman, Glaucus, he address'd ;  
    Why, Glaucus, most of all are we revered        310  
With seat, and flesh, and full o'erflowing cups,  
In Lycia ? there all us as Gods regard ;  
And we large portions hold by Xanthus' banks  
Of fruitful vineyard and wheat-bearing fields.  
So we should 'midst the foremost Lycians stand,  
And boldly meet the front of burning war ;  
That thus may all the well-arm'd Lycians say ;  
" Not without glory do our kings bear rule  
In fertile Lycia, and fat sheep consume,  
And drink choice honied wine ; their power is just,

Since they amidst the foremost Lycians fight.”  
O friend, if we, escaping from this war,  
Aye youthful and immortal should remain,  
Myself I would not 'mongst the foremost fight,  
Nor thee exhort to man-ennobling war.  
But since ten thousand fates of death stand round,  
From which no mortal can escape or fly,  
We fame to them, or they to us shall give.

So said he ; nor did Glaucus turn away ;  
And they right on the Lycian nation led. 330  
Shudd'ring, Menestheus, Peteus' son, them saw ;  
For 'gainst his tower they, bearing evil, came.  
And he look'd down the line of Greeks to see  
Some chief, who from his comrades loss might ward,  
And there he either warlike Ajax saw  
Standing, and Teucer lately from the tent  
Return'd ; but them no mortal voice could reach ;  
Such mighty din arose, such noise reach'd heaven  
From batter'd shields, and horse-tail'd helms, and gates ;  
For 'gainst them all it went ; and they around 340  
Stood, and by force to break and enter sought.

But he Thootes to great Ajax sent ;  
Thootes, go and either Ajax call,  
Both of them rather ; for it so were best ;  
Since dire destruction soon will here arise.  
For so the Lycian chiefs press on, who erst  
Were aye distinguish'd in the strife of war.  
But if with them too toil and contest rise,  
Let Telamonian Ajax come alone,  
And with him Teucer, skilful with the bow. 350

So said he ; and the herald him obey'd ;  
And ran within the brass-clad Argives' wall,  
And by each Ajax stood, and them address'd ;  
Ajaces, leaders of brass-coated Greeks,  
**Jove-nurtured Peteus' dear son bids you go**  
**Thither, that ye awhile the toil may meet ;**  
Both of you rather ; for it so were best ;  
Since dire destruction soon will there arise.  
For so the Lycian chiefs press on, who erst  
Were aye distinguish'd in the strife of war. 360  
But if with you too toil and contest rise,  
Let Telamonian Ajax go alone,  
And with him Teucer, skilful with the bow.  
So said he ; nor did Ajax disobey ;  
And quickly he Oileus' son address'd ;  
Ajax, do thou and Lycomedes here  
Remain, and bid the Danaans bravely fight ;  
And I will thither go and meet the war,  
And soon return, when them I shall have saved.  
Thus saying, Telamonian Ajax went, 370  
And with him Teucer, his dear father's son,  
And bold Pandion bore his bended bow.  
And when they reach'd great-soul'd Menestheus' tower  
Within the wall, they found him sorely press'd ;  
And, like a dark storm, 'gainst the bulwarks went  
The kings and leaders of the Lycian bands,  
And join'd impetuous war ; and shout arose.  
First Telamonian Ajax with a stone  
Sarpedon's comrade, brave Epicles, slew ;  
The rough sharp stone within the Argives' wall 380

Upon a bulwark lay ; and not with ease  
A man, though young, could bear it in one hand,  
As men now are ; but he it whirling cast,  
And broke his helmet, and within his head  
Crush'd all the bone ; and from the lofty tower  
He, like a diver, fell, of life bereft.  
And Teucer from the lofty wall with shaft  
Hippolochus' son, Glaucus, struck, where bared  
He saw his arm, and him from battle stay'd.  
He from the wall then leap'd, lest any Greek 390  
Should see him wounded, and with words exult.  
And grief Sarpedon seized, when he beheld  
Glaucus retire ; yet he forgot not war ;  
But he with spear Alcmaon, Thestor's son,  
Push'd, and then drew it back ; and with it prone  
To earth he fell ; and o'er him rang his arms.  
Jove's son then seized a bulwark with strong hands,  
And dragg'd it down ; and all the wall above  
Was bared ; and he a path for many made.  
But Teucer with an arrow struck the belt 400  
Of his man-circling shield upon his breast ;  
But Jove dark fate averted from his son,  
Lest at the ships' sterns he should then be tamed.  
Ajax too, leaping, push'd his shield ; and through  
The spear's point pass'd, and him though eager check'd.  
He then a little from the wall retired,  
Not far ; for still he glory hoped to gain ;  
And turning, he the godlike Lycians cheer'd ;  
O Lycians, why relax ye thus from war ?  
'Tis hard for me, though strong, to break the wall 410

Alone, and open to the ships a path.

But come, the work of many is the best.

So said he ; and they fear'd the king's reproach,

And still more press'd around their noble chief.

And so the Argives strengthen'd all their bands

Within the wall ; and dreadful strife arose ;

For neither could the valiant Lycians break

The wall, and open to the ships a path ;

Nor could the warlike Greeks the Lycians push

Back from the wall, since they had first approach'd.

But as two men about their bounds contend,

Holding their measures, in a common field,

And they in small space for their portion strive ;

So them the bulwarks parted ; and above

They round each other's breasts the rounded shields

Of bulls' hides made, and winged targets, pierced.

And many with unfeeling brass were struck,

Some, as they turn'd in battle, where their backs

Were bared, and many through the shield itself.

And all the towers and bulwarks on each side 430

With blood of Greeks and Trojans were bestain'd.

But not so could they turn the Greeks to flight.

For they stood fix'd ; and as a spinster holds

Well-balanced scales, and nicely weighs the wool,

To earn a scanty pittance for her babes ;

So then the war in equal balance hung ;

Till Jove superior might to Hector gave,

Who first against the Grecian wall had leap'd ;

And he loud shouted through the Trojan ranks ;

Rise, car-borne Trojans, and the Argives' wall

Break through, and in their ships cast quenchless fire.

So said he cheering ; and they all obey'd,  
And forward push'd close-banded 'gainst the wall,  
And scaled the bulwarks, holding pointed spears.  
And Hector seized a stone, which blunt beneath,  
And sharp above, before the gates was placed ;  
And this scarce two men, of the people best,  
Could lift with levers on a cart from earth,  
As men now are ; but he alone it hurl'd ;  
For Saturn's Son for him had made it light. 450  
And as a shepherd bears a pack of wool  
With ease in one hand, and scarce feels the weight ;  
So Hector bore the stone against the planks,  
Which closely guarded the well-fitted gates,  
Double and lofty ; and within two bolts  
Alternate held them, fitted with one key.  
And standing near, he struck them in the midst,  
Well-poising, that the cast might firmly fall,  
And broke both hinges ; and the pond'rous stone  
Burst in ; and much the gates groan'd ; and the bolts  
No longer held ; and shatter'd by the blow,  
The planks were riven ; and Hector leap'd within,  
Like sable Night in visage ; and he shone  
With wondrous brass, and in his hand he shook  
Two spears ; then none his onset might resist,  
Except the Gods ; and his eyes burnt with fire.  
And turning round, he bade the Trojan crowd  
Pass o'er the wall ; and they his hests obey'd,  
And scaled the wall, and others through the gates  
Pour'd in ; and back the Danaans to the ships 470  
Trembling retired ; and dreadful tumult rose.

**END OF VOL. I.**



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